

¶ **A Dialogue**
betweene *Experience* and

a *Courtier*, of the miserable state
of the Worlde,

Compiled in the Scottissh tung

by *Syr David Lindsey Knight*, a man of
great learning and science :

*first turned and made perfect En-
glishe* : And now the seconde time cor-
rected and amended according
to the first Copie.

*A worke very pleasant and profit-
table for all Estates, but chiefly for
Gentlemen, and such as are in
auctoritie.*

Herevnto also are annexed certain other
workes inuented by the saide Knight, as
may more at large appeare in
a *Table following.*

*Imprinted at London, in
Newgate Market within the New
Rentes, by Thomas
Purse.*

An. Dom. 1581.

A Dialogue

between Experience and

a Course of the miserable State
of the World.

Compiled in the 20th Year

of the 17th Century by
John Locke

First Edition and improved

Second Edition

to the first Edition

It is now being printed and sold

at the following Places

in London and the

Provinces

It is also to be seen in

the following Places

in the Kingdom of

England

Printed at London, in

Newgate Market within the New

Gate

by Thomas

Wentworth

At the Sign of the

24
An Epistle to the Reader.



Lato the Prince of Philoso-
phers perfectly perceyuing by
prooffe of experience, that we
are not borne to benefite oure
selues alone, but likewise our friends, to-
gether with the common wealth, & coun-
trei wherein we haue receiued life and ly-
uing: did not onely commend this sacred
saying vnto letters; for profite of posterity,
but also laboured to accomplishe it with toy-
ling trauaile and great anxietie. For how
much he hath deserued, as well of straun-
gers studious in vertue, as of his owne na-
tue nation: his worthy workes, & deuine
volumes most abundantly declare & te-
stifie. Whose counsell & example, diuers
men diuersly haue followed, studying ra-
ther the wealth of many than the ease &
pleasure of one. But in my iudgement,
they are first to bee registred in the booke
of fame, who by their watch and labour,

(ij.)

leau

leauē in letters, ornately and pleasantly
penned, the state and condition of former
time, wherein (as it were in a glasse) what
end, doings good or euil haue had, we may
clearly see & behold. Therefore the Au-
thor of this booke meriteth no smal praise:
who being a Gentleman, borne of a wor-
shipfull house, had his childhood furni-
shed with good letters, as he that was plai-
felow with the Prince: & after that spent
all his youthe, and moost of his age in the
Court, where, for his wisdom, grauity, &
learning, he was alwayes occupied in the
mooste waightie affaires of the kingdome.
And now, after he came vnto crooked old
age, applied himselfe to write such things
as the court had taught him by experiece,
for the behoofe and instruction of others.
But what inditeth he? the semely sights?
the plesure or delight? the blisse & bra-
uery of the Court? nothing lesse: but the
misery, the change, & instabilitie of the
world.

world Why (I pray you) is that to be lear-
ned in the Court? In no place soner, for the
higher a tree groweth, the more he is sub-
iect to the blast and tempest: so that if the
roote be loosed & shaken, moste great &
fearesful is the fall therof, as in this worke
by many reasons and examples, is made
most plaine and manifest. Therefore I will
no longer detaine thee (gentle Reader)
from reading so fruitfull a booke, but
now keepe silence, that thou mayst
heare thine selfe speake the
word of God. Farewell.

FINIS

For the Buyer of this booke.
Reade and regard, the grateful gain
Thou shalt receive heereby,
Both to requite thy cost and paine,
Though deare thou do it buy.
Thy peccocks pride it pulleth downe,
Thy hart to honour bent:
It tels thee how fortune cā frowne,
And take that she had lent.
It telles thee how the lowest tree
The wind both seldome blow,
But those that are grown vp on hie,
Doth often ouerthrow.
Therefore to heauen lift vp thy hart,
This world is short and vaine:
Then from it willingly depart,
With God in toyes to raigne.

FINIS.

The table to this present booke.

Sheweth the first side of the lease,
and B. the second.

The Prologue. 2. a
The first booke. 4. a
An Exhortation to the
Reader touching the
using of vulgar speech. 7. b
The creation of Adam and
Eue. 10. a
Of the miserable transgression
of Adam. 12. b
How God destroyed all living
creatures in earth for sinne
and drowned them by a
terrible flood in the tyng
Of Noe. 17. b
The seconde parte
Of the first building of Baby-
lon by King Nimrod
began the first Monarch, &
of their Idolatry; and how
Semiramis governed the
Empire after King Ni-
rod. 24. a
How God made the diuersity
of languages, and destroyed
the builders of Babel. 26. a
Of the first inuention of Ido-
latry, how Nemrod com-
pelled the people to adore
the fyre in Caldea. 26. b
Of the great misery that com-
meth of warres: how King
Ninus stroke the first bat-
tell. 28. a

A short description of the. iiii.
Monarchies, & how King
Ninus began the first. 29. a
How King Ninus inuented
the first Idolatry. 33. a
Of Images vled among crist-
ian men. 34. a
How King Ninus builded the
great citie Ninus, & van-
quished Sardanapalus King of
Bactria. 35. b
An exclamation against Ido-
latry. 36. a
Some of the wonderfull deeds
of the lusty Queene Semi-
ramis. 37. a
Of King Ninus sepulchre. 42. b
How Semiramis with a gret
armye passe into Inde, and
fought with Scaurobates,
& of his miserable end. 45. a
How King Sardanapalus for
his vicious living, made a
miserable end. 48. a
The third parte
The miserable destruction of
the five Cityes, Zodome,
Gomorre, Seboin, Segore
and Adama, and a short des-
cription of the second, thirde
and fourth Monarch, with
the destruction of Ierusalem
& spirituall monarchy. 51. a
Of

102

The Prologue.

Musing and marueling on the miserie
 That doth on earth fro day to day increase,
 And on the troublouse instabilitie
 Proceeding of the restlesse businesse,
 Wherewith the moste part do their minds oppresse
 Inordinatly through hungry couetice,
 Vaine gloriousnesse, Deceypt, and other vice,

When tumbling in my bed I could not rest,
 I went forth early in a morne of May,
 To seeke some comfort for my combred brest:
 And ere fresh Phebus gan to cheere the day,
 Into a pleasant parke I tooke my way,
 Whiche natures art had deckt in euery thing,
 Where I might heare the birdes full sweetly sing.

It were a proesse ouer long to tell,
 What kindly comfort I receyued there,
 As how the sweet & wholsome hearbes did smell,
 Whereon the Balmy Dew hung euery where,
 Like orient pearles in drops right faire & cleere:
 Or how the sent like spice and pleasant odoures,
 Proceeded from the yong and tender flowers:

Or how that Phebus that king etheriall
 Ascending swiftly in the Orient,
 And sitting in his throne imperiall,
 With bright and royall beames resplendent,
 Whose light from east to west on all things went,
 Did comfort euery creature bodily,
 That nature formeth vnderneath the sky.

The Prologue.

And how his purple nightgowne and his gray
Embroydred mourning mantle he a syde,
Within his Easterne palace gan to lay,
To mixe with him againe at euening tyde,
When westwarde he his fyre steeds should guide:
And rose in robe more glorious vnto sight,
Thā burnisht gold or p̄cious stones most bright.

But horned Phebee Lady of the night,
Who kepes by kynd another lower race,
Whē once her soueraigne lord was come in sight,
Wext pale and dim, and cast vpon her face,
A misty beyle, and so did in like cace
The goddesse venus, subtile Mercury,
Unfriendly Mars, and Ioue that rules the sky.

And crabbed Saturne with his grisly looke,
Perceiuing Titan with his beames most bright
Aboue the earth, no longer leysure tooke,
But gat him thence full quickly out of sight,
And durst not shew him selfe againe till night,
The Plough, & Beares & other stars which whole
Are wont to shine aboute the Arctike Pole

To sailing shippes, directly them to guide
Amid the stormy waues in cheerelesse night,
Within their frostie circle did them hide:
And all the other stars which take their lyght
Shedding forth of Titans beames most bright,
Durst not that day within the skye appeare,
Till he had passed all our hemisphere.

He thought it was a heauenly sight to see,
So Angellike fresh Phebus to ascend
In fyrie chariot most triumphantly,
Whose beuty bright I could not comprehend:

All worldly care anon did from me wend,
 When flora fresh spied forth hir Capistray,
 wrought by dame Nature fine and curiously,
 wel paynted out with many heauenly beuoes,
 And cheered with the rising of their King,
 Among the blossomes on the tender bowes,
 which did prouoke my hart for ioy to spring,
 No noise of wind or wether then did ring:
 When might a far heare pleasant sound
 Of birdes, whose songes did by to heuen rebound.

The gallant Paracocke prouid his fethers sayre,
 The Myrthfull Shalms made great melody,
 The lusty Lark ascending in the ayre,
 Recorded all her notes right cunningly:

The goldfinch gay, the Shrike right merrily,
 The pleasant tunes of Noble Nychtingales
 Rang through mountaines, meadows, woods, and
 all round did I heare in dales.

At sight of this melodious harmony,
 How euery bird himselfe did forth aduance,
 To greet dame Nature with their melody,
 I goode me gazing more than halfe in traunce,
 To heare them keepe their kindly obseruance
 So royall that all the rocks did ring,
 with cheerefull reere of song that they did sing.

But now I lose my tyme thus to behearse
 Such frutlesse matters, whose description
 Set downe in rude ragged homely verse,
 Can yeeld no good edification,
 Considering how that mine intent thereon
 Is to bewaile mens wretched miseries,
 Their endlesse toyles and sore calamities,

The Prologue.

Whiles they be dwelling in this vale of sorrow,
But matters sad I sadly must indite,
Therewithall termes behoues it me to borrow
To set forth mourning thinges without delight.
In dolefull termes now therefore I wright,
With sobbing sighes that from the spleene arise,
And bitter teares distilling from myne eyes.

No baine and heathnisch invocation,
To learned Minerva or Helponene
I mynd to make, nor supplication
For helpe to Clio or Calliope:

Such feyned Muses cannot further me,
Apollo, Juno Ioue, and Proserpyne,
Ericho, and Euterp are no Gods of mine.

Although to Poets they be comforting:
Yet sith I am not of their livery,
I craue of them no kind of mainteyning.
For in Barnabus I did neuer lye

A sleepe, as did the Poetes specially
The eloquent and cunning Ennius,
I neuer dranke with sweet Hesiodus,

The cheefe of Grecian Poets, of the well
Of Hellicon which giueth eloquence,
To such as drinke thereof as Poets tell:
Wherefore I owe to them no reuerence,

Ne mynd to yeld by any obedience
To such lewde verses made of Sotometrie
Afore times bled in foolish Poetrie:

The rauining Rhamnuse goddesse of despite
Myght be to me a Muse right couenable,
If I desyred such helpers to indite

This

This mourning matter mad and miserable,
 I must go seeke a muse more comfortable,
 And such fond suspicion quite refuse,
 Beseeching God alone to be my muse.

By whose gret wisedome every thing is wrought
 The skies above with all their Ornaments,
 For he creating all thinges euen of nought,
 Set the earth amidst the other Elements,
 That Muse inuide I to seeke for all euents.
 Which gaue true wisedome vnto Salomon,
 To Dauid grace, and strength vnto Sampson.

And of the fisher Peter made a preacher,
 And by the power of his high deitie,
 Of cruel Saule made Paule a fruitfull teacher:
 His high and farre surmounting maiestie,
 Must I besech right lowly on my knee,
 That with his holy Ghost he me inspire,
 To vtter nought agaynst his iust desire.

His deare sonne Iesus also I beseeke,
 Conceined soothly by the holy spirite,
 Incarnate of the virgin pure and meeke,
 In whome the Prophets sayings had their might
 That Prince of peace which ruleth all with right
 Which vnder Pilate suffered passion,
 Upon the crosse for our saluation.

And by that cruell death intollerable,
 Did set vs free from bands of Belliall,
 Which deede was doubtlesse so auailable,
 That to this hower came neuer man, nor shall,
 Hereafter come to ioy celestiall,

The Prologue.

Heb. 9.

(Although that he were nere so pure and good)
But by the vertue of his precious blood.

Wherefore in sted of forked mount Peruash,
I will right forth to seeke my soueraine,
Directly to mount Caluarie now goe,
My hart and mynd is very glad and faine
To get a tast of that most sweet fountaine
Of Helicon, which Longius deepe and wide,
By dint of speare hath doluen in his syde.

Joh. 10.

From that fresh fountaine sprang a famous fould
Which through the world in helthful streames doth
Of Chrystal water mixt with scarlet blood, (flow
Whose waues aboue the highest heuens do grow
And yet do wash all sinns away below:
And therefore I besech his influence,
To graunt me wisedome, grace and eloquence.

And for to bath me in those streames most sweete,
Which on the crosse right speedily did spring,
From his most guiltlesse handes and precious fecte,
That throgh his grace I may not write the thing
Which shall not be to his high honor and liking,
Without whose help ther can be nothing wrought
A right in deed, in word, or yet in thought.

Therefore O Lord I pray thy maiestie,
That as thou diddest shewe thy poure diuine,
By open prooffe in Cane of Galilee,
In turning water into pleasant wine:
Conuey my matter vnto fruitfull syne,
And saue my sayinges both from shame & scorne.
Giue eare, for now I purpose to beginne.

FINIS.

The first booke of the Monarchie.



When that parke I saw appeare,
An aged man which drew me neare,
whose berd was well.iii. quarters long,
His heare down both his shoulders hong,

Courier.

The which as any snow was white,
whome to be hold I had delight,
His garment Angellike of hew,
Of cullour like the Saphire blew.

Under an Olive he reposed,
And of his presence I reioysed:

I did salute him reuerently,
So did he me right courteously.

To sit downe he required me,
Under the shadow of that tree,

To saue me from the burning heate,
Amongst the flowers soft and sweet,

For I was weary of walking.
Then we began to fall in talking.

I asked him his name, with reuerence.
I am (saith he) Experience.

Then sir (said I) ye cannot fayle,
To giue a needy man counsaile.

We seeme to be a man of fame,
And since Experience is your name,

I pray you father honorable.
Giue me counsaile comfortable.

What is then thy vocation,
which makest such supplication?

Experience.

I haue alway bin to this hower,
Since I could ride, a Courier:

Experience.

A.iii.

But

But now good father I thinke best,
 By your aduice to liue at rest,
 And from henceforth to take mine ease,
 And quietly my God to please,
 And leauing curiosity,
 Forsake the Courte and learne to dye.
 I oft haue sayled ouer the strandes,
 And trauaile thozow diuers landes,
 Both South and North, both East and West,
 Yet find I not the place where rest
 Doth make his habitation,
 without your supportation,
 when I beleue to be best eased,
 Most sodenly I am displeased,
 from trouble when I fastest lie,
 Then finde I most aduersity,
 Shew me I pray you hartely,
 How I may liue most pleasantly,
 To serue my God, of kinges the king,
 Since I am tyred with trauailing:
 And learn fo, to be content
 with quiet life and easy rent,
 That I may thanke my God therefore,
 As though I had a Million more.
 Since euery court is variant,
 Ennious, spitefull, and inconstant:
 Might I vntroubled liue in rest,
 Now in myne age I thinke it best,
 Thou art a foole sonne I tell thee,
 That to desire that may not be,
 Thinking to haue prerogative,
 Aboue all wightes that are aliuē,
 Since Adam was created in
 Damasco feeldest yet boyde of sin,

Experience.

May no man say vnto this houre,
 That euer he found the perfect pleasure,
 Nor neuer shall till that he see
 God in his high Maiestie,
 Wherefore prepare thee for to trauell,
 For heere mans lyfe is but a battaile.
 All men forth with to dye,
 Euen from their natiuitie:
 And walking on they doo procede,
 Till Atropos cut of their threede,
 And in the short time that they haue
 Betwixt their birth day and their graue,
 Thou seest what mutabilities,
 What sore and great calamities,
 What trouble trauell and debate,
 Here raigne in euery mortall state,
 Begin at poore and simple wightes,
 Ascending vp to noble knightes,
 To mightie kings and Potestates,
 And thou shalt finde in no estates,
 Since the beginning generally,
 Nor in our time now specially,
 But tedious restlesse businesse,
 Quite boyde of quiet plesauntnesse.

Job. 7.

Right prudent father now alas,
 You tell me here a wofull case,
 We say that no man to this houre
 Hath found in earth a perfect pleasure,
 without unhappye variaunce:
 Since we be thrall to such mischaunce,
 why set we so our whole intentes
 On riches, honour, wealth, and rents?
 Sith one the earth is no man sure
 One day vntroubled to endure.

Covise.

And

The first Booke

And worst of all when least we weene,
By cruell death suppressed we beene,
If I your fatherhood durst deniaund,
The cause I faine would vnderstand:
And also father I you pray,
Some former things before me lay,
That hearing others indigence,
I may the more haue patience:
For Histories in tribulation
Are vnto wretches consolation.

Experience.

My sonne now after my smal skill,
To thee an answer make I will:
And orderly for to beginne,
This miserie proceedes of sinne:
But long it were for to define,
How all men do to sinne incline.
Howbeit sith sin so sore doth raine,
Of iustice God must sende vs payne,
Wherefore our God in both his hands
To strike the worlde hath diuers wands.
And after as our state requires,
So giues vs he our rightfull byres,
With hunger, death and indigence,
Sometime with plague and pestilence,
And sometime eke with bloudie bande,
Through cruell warre by sea and land,
And soothly all our miserie
Proceedes of sinning vterly.

Concluse.

I pray you father shew you me
The cause of this fragilitie,
That we are all to sin inclinde,
In worke, in worde, and in our minde:
I would the truth were fully shovne
Who hath this seede among vs sowne,

And

And why we are condemn'd to dye,
And how we may haue remedye.

My sonne the Scripture hath concluded,
That men from welfare were excluded,
By Adam our progenitor,
Of Paradise once the possessor,
By whole most wilfull arrogance,
Mankinde was brought to this mischance,
When he was disobedient

Experiences,

Gen. 3.

In breaking Gods commandement,
By counsell of his wittles wiffe,
He lost that perfect pleasant life,
In eating the forbidden tree,
There first gan all our miserie.

Rom. 5.

So Adam was cause principall
That we are now frayle sinners all,
He brought vpon his generation,
Sinne, death, and eke damnation:
Who so will say he is no sinner,
Christ sayth he is a great lyer.

1. John. 1.

Mankind sprong forth of Adams loynes,
And tooke of him flesh, bloud and bones,
And so through Adams qualitie,
To sinning all inclined be.
But yet my sonne dispayre thou not,
For God that all the world hath wrought in,
Hath made a soueraigne remedie,
From sinne to saue vs not to dye,
And from eternall damnation.

1. John. 1.

Therefore take consolation
For God (as Scriptures testifie)
Hauing of man so much mercy,
Sent downe his onely sonne Iesu,
Which lighted in a Virgin true,

And

And clad his hye diuinitie
with our pooze humanitie,
And through his precious blood so brought,
That from our sinnes he quite vs brought,

Apo. 2.

Rom. 5.

Heb. 10.

And through our Lorde we rise one hye,
And euey man he shall releue,
which in his blood doth sure beleue,
And so to glory we be bozne,

1. Cor. 15.

The which through Adam are forlorne,
without that we for lacke of fayth
In him, procure his rightfull wrath.

Job. 3.

But firmlye who in Christ beleue
Shall be released from all mischeues.

Courtier.

what fayth is that which you call firme?
Sir let me vnderstande that teame:

Experience.

Fayth without hope and charitie,
Auayleth not my sonne truly.

Courtier.

Experience.

That charitie I sayne would know:
My sonne forsooth that shall I show:

1. Tim. 2.

First loue thy God above all thing,
Thy neighbour next without feyning,
Doe thou no wrong nor vilanie,
But as thou would were done to thee.
A liuely faith, as write great Clarke,
Can neuer be without good workes,
No more then fyre without some might,
Of heate or sunne without some light.
If charitie within thee fayle,
Thy faith and hope no whit auayle,
The feende hath fayth, and quakes for drede,
But yet wantes hope and loue in dede,
Doe all the good that may be wrought,
without good loue it profiteth nought.

where

Wherefore pray to the Trinitie,
For to support thy charitie.

Now haue I shewed thee as I can,
How father Adam that first man,
Brought in this world both death and sin;
And how Christ Iesu brought life in,
Which in the day of iudgment
Shall vs deliuer from torment,
And bring vs vnto ioy great store,
Which shall indure for euermore.
But in this world thou getst no rest,
I make it to thee manyfest.
Therefore my sonne be diligent,
And learne for to be patient,
Thy trust vpon the Lord let test,
And then shall all turne to the best.

Father I thanke you hartely;
Of your comfort and companie
And heauently consolation,
Making you supplication,
(If I durst put you to soche payne)
That ye woulde please to be to me playne,
And let me clearely vnderstande
How Adam brake that God commaunde,
And how through his transgression
were punnished his succession.

My sonne if that thou list to loke
On Scripture write in holy booke:
Within the booke of Genesis,
That storie there thou shalt not misse,
And also sandry cunning Clarke,
Haue made rehearfall in their workes,
Of Adams fall more decently
A thousande times, and mo than I

Experiences

Courtier

Experiences

Can

The first booke.

Can write of that unhappie man :
But I shall doe the best I can,
Shortly to shew that carefull care,
By furthering helpe of Gods good grace.

*An exhortation to the Reader tou-
ching the writing of vulgar speeche.*

Gentle Reader haue thou no despite,
Thinking that I presumptuously intend
In vulgar tong so hye matters to write,
But where I misse I pray thee it amende,
To the vnlearned I would the cause were kend,
Of our miserable trauell and torment,
And how in earth no place is permanent.

Howbeit that diuers deuout cunning Clarke,
In Latin tong haue written diuers booke,
The vnlearned know full little of these warkes,
More than they doo the rauing of the Hooke,
Wherefore to Colliers, Carters, and to Cooke,
To Jacke and Tommy time shall be directed,
Of cunning men I know it will be lacked.

Though every common may not be a Clarke,
Nor other than his mother tong doo know,
Why should of God the wondrous heuently wark
Be hid from him that were not as I trow
Scarfe brotherly. The heauenly king did shewe
His law by Moses from the mountaine Synay,
Not in the Greeke nor Latin I heare say.

Exod. 20.

He wrote the law in tables harde of stone,
 In their owne language of the Hebrew,
 That children, men, and women euery one
 Might know the law, and so the same ensue,
 Had he in Latin written neere so true,
 It had bin to them but an idle iest:
 He may well know God wrought al for the best.

Aristotle nor Plato, I heare say playne,
 wrote not their Philosophie naturall
 In Dutche nor French, nor speech Italian,
 But in their mother tong conueniently,
 whose name and fame reigne euerlastingly.
 The famous Virgill Prince of Poetrie,
 Nor Cyero the flower of Oratorie,

wrote not in Chaldee language this is trew,
 Nor in the language of the Sarazene,
 Nor in the bulgar language of Hebrew.
 But in the Romane toung as may be seene,
 which was their proper language as I weene.
 When Romanes did as Gouvernours proceede,
 The decked Latin was their speech in deede.

The Romanes hauing once by happy chaunce
 ouer all the worlde obteyned dominion,
 Made Latin scholes their glory to aduaunce,
 That ouer all their language might be common.
 And by that meanes in my opinion
 They hoped that their Empire should endure,
 But they of fortune were not alway sure.

Of languages the first diuersity
 was made by Gods own curse, when Babilon

was

was buydded in the lande of Chaldee,
 For then did God send that confusion:
 Before the time of that affliction,
 There was but one which Adam spake himselue,
 Where now of tonges are threescore ful & twelue.

Howbeit I thinke it a great pleasure
 Where cunning men haue languages inowe,
 And in their youth by diligent labour,
 Haue learned Latin, Greke, and also Hebrew:
 That I am none of that sorte soze I rewe.
 Wherefore I wold all bookes that might vs teach
 Our faith, were altered into common speach.

Christ after his most glorious ascent,
 To his Disciples sent the holy Sperite
 In clouen tungs of fyre, to thintent
 That hauing skill of euery tung, they might
 Through all the worlde teach every man aright.
 The Christian faith, and in their mother tong
 Deliuer forth Gods lawe to olde and yong.

Therefore I thinke it great derision,
 To heare these Nunnes and sisters night & day,
 Singing and saying Psalmes and Orlson,
 Not knowing what they mumble, sing, or say,
 But like a Harling or a Dopingay,
 Which learned are to speake by long vsage,
 And are no wiser than birds in a cage.

Right so children and Laydies of Honours
 Pray all in latin, through the land so wide,
 Mumbling their Mattens, Euen song & howres,
 Their Vater noster, Ane, and the Crede.

It were more pleasant to their spirit in deede,
 To say O God haue mercy on me pious,
 Than for to say, Miserere mei Deus.

Saint Jerome in his own tongue Romayne,
 The law of God did truly translate,
 From Greeke and Hebrew into Latine playne,
 Which hath bin hid fro vs long time God wate,
 Unto this time. But after my conceite,
 Had Saint Jerome bene borne in Argile,
 Into Irish his booke he would compile.

Prudent Saint Paule doth make narration,
 Touching the diuers speech of euery land,
 Saying there is more edification,
 In some fyue wordes that men did vnderstande.
 Then to pronounce of wordes ten thousand
 In language straunge, whereof there is no reason,
 I thinke such pattering is not worth two peason.

1. Cor. 14.

Unlearned people on the holy day,
 Heere solemnly the holy Gospel sung,
 Not knowing what the priest at al doth say,
 But as a bell when they do heare it rung,
 But if the priests would in their mother tung,
 The pulpet take, and wholesome lore declare,
 The simple people should the better fare.

I would Prelats and doctours of the law,
 With vs lewd people were not discontent,
 Although we in our vulgar tongue did knowe,
 Of Iesus Christ the life and testament,
 And how to keepe his commaundement,
 Both in our language let vs pray and reede,
 The praye of our lord and the our Creede.

I would some Prince of great discretion,
In vulgar language woulde translate,
The needefull Lawes of this religion,
Then would there not be halfe so greate debate,
Among vs people of the lowest state,
If euery man the certayne truch did know,
We needed not to increate these men of law,
To do our neighbours wrong we would beuot,
If we did know the rightfull punishment,
There would not be such blaunting at the bar,
Nor men of law leape to such royal rent,
To keepe the Lawe if all men were consent,
And eche man do as he would be done vnto,
The Judges should haue but little ado,
The Prophet Dauid king of Israell,
Compilde the pleasaunt psalmes of the Psalter,
In his owne proper tongue as I here tell,
And Salomon which was his sonne and heyre,
Did make his booke in the speech bulgar,
Why should not their saying to vs be shewne,
In our own language I would it were knowne.

Let Doctours write their curious questions,
And argumentes so ful of sophistry,
Their Logick and their high opinions,
Their darke some iudgement of Astronomy,
Their Physick and their deepe Philosophy,
The glory of their wits let Poets seeke,
Where they thinke best, in Latine or in Greeke,
But let vs haue the bookes that do vs teache,
Our owne common welfare and saluation,
Translated truely in our mother speech,

And also I make to thee supplication,
O gentle Reader, haue no indignation,
As thinke I meddle with to hie a matter,
Now to my purpose forward will I fare.

Here foloweth the Creation

of Adam and Eve.

VWhen God had made the heauens so bright,
The Sunne, the Moone for to giue light,
The starry heauen and christalline,
And by his sapience diuine,
The planets on their cyrcles round,
Whirling about with merry sound,
Of whome the sunne was principall,
Just in his line Eclipticall.
And gaue by Godly sapience,
To euery starre their influence,
With motion continuall,
Which doth indure perpetuall.
And farthest from the hie Emppre,
The earth, the water, ayre, and fyre,
He clad the earth with hearbes and trees,
All kinde of fishes in the Seas,
All kinde of beastes he did prepare,
With foules ay flying in the ayre:
Thus by his word all thinges were wrought,
Without materiall made of naught.
And so by wisdom infinite,
Where all thinges set in perfect plight:
When heauen and earth, and their contentes,
Were ended with their Ornamentes:
Then last of all the Lord began,
Of most vile earth to make the man,

Not of the Lilly nor of the rose,
Nor Cypers tree as I suppose,
Nor yet of Gold and precious stones,
Of earth he made flesh, blood and bones:
To that intent God made him thus,
That man should not be glorious,
Nor in himselfe ought find or see,
But matter of humilitie.

Gen. 2.

When man was made as I haue tolde,
God in his face did him beholde,
And brethd on him a liuely spire,
When all his workes were set in pligh,
He made man to his similitude,
Excelling all in pulchritude:
Decked with giftes of Daine nature,
Aboue all other earthly creature,
And pleasauntly did him conuay,
Into a region full of ioy,
And pleasure which did beate the price,
And hight the earthly Paradise,
There brought he by his prouidence,
All beastes and byrdes to Adams presence,
And Adam gaue to them anon,
A speciall name to euery one,
And to all thinges materiall,
He gaue them names especiall,
How he them named it is vnknotone,
He to the worldes end shall be showane,
Within that Garden of Delight,
There grew two trees most fayre to sight,
Aboue oill other bearing price,
Amid that goodly Paradise,
The one was called the tree of life,
The other tree began our strife,
The tree to know both good and euill,

no hich

which by perswasion of the Diuell,
 Began our misery and wo,
 But let vs to our purpose go.
 God charged Adam, saying: see
 Thou taste not of this pleasant tree,
 All other fruites of Paradise,
 He bad him eate at his deuise,
 Saying if thou eate of that tree,
 To double death thou thyall shalt bee,
 Therefore I charge thee to beware,
 And from this tree to keepe the chare,
 Yet father Adam was alone,
 Without companion any one.
 Then thought the Lord that good it were,
 For him to make another helper,
 God cast on Adam such a vapure,
 That for to sleepe he tooke pleasure,
 And layde him doونه vpon the ground,
 When Adam was so sleeping sound,
 God tooke a rib forth from within,
 And filde it vp with flesh and skin,
 And made a woman of that bone,
 Of fayrer fourme was neuer one,
 Then vnto Adam incontinent,
 That fayre Lady he did present.
 And Adam sayd with ioyfull hart,
 My flesh, and bone, and blood thou art,
 And woman he did call her than,
 Because she did proceede of man,
 But Eua was her proper name,
 Because of her all mankinde came,
 Then did the Lord them sanctifie,
 Saying increase and multiplye,
 Therefore should men their kin forsake.

And with their wines their dwelling make,
 And for their sakes leaue father and mother,
 And loue them best aboue all other.
 For God hath ordained them truely,
 To be two sonles in one body.
 My wit is weake for to indite
 Their heavenly pleasure infinite,
 There was neuer any earthly creature,
 Since that time forth which had such pleasure,
 For they had power impertall,
 Aboue all thing materiall.
 And as most cunning clarkes conclude,
 Adam excelde in pulchritude,
 Most naturall the fayrest man,
 That euer was since world began.
 Except Christ Iesu, Gods owne son,
 To whome was no comparison,
 And Eua was the fayrest creature,
 That formed was by nature.
 Though they were naked as they were made,
 No shame they either of other had.
 What pleasure might a man haue more,
 Then haue his Lady him before.
 So lusty, pleasaunt, fayre and perfit,
 Redy to serue his appetite?
 They had no other care ywis,
 But past the time with ioy and blis,
 As wilde beastes did vnto them repaire,
 So did the foules that flye in ayre,
 With noise that was Angelical,
 Making them mynth most musicall.
 The fyshes swimming in the strand,
 Would at their pleasure come to hand.

All creatures eke with one accorde,
 Obayde them as their soueraigne Lorde,
 They suffered neyther heate nor colde,
 They had what pleasure that they wolde.
 Also to death they were not thiall,
 No more should any of vs all,
 For he and all his successours,
 Should haue possessed all these pleasures,
 And from that ioy materiall,
 Gone to the glory celestiaall.
 They had if I can well discerne,
 Great ioye in al their wits fine,
 In hearing, seeing, tasting smelling,
 Indyring their delitesome dwelling.
 Hearing the byrdes armonious,
 Tasting the fruite of diuers trees,
 Smelling the balme sweete odours
 Which did procede from fragrant flowers,
 Seing so many heauenly beues,
 Of blossomes breaking on the bowes,
 Of touching also they had delight,
 Eche others bodies soft and whight,
 Howbeit without those pleasures,
 Which long to fleshly paramoures,
 No maruaile though it should so be,
 Considering their great bewty,
 And god had given them leane expresse,
 To multiply and to increase,
 So that their seede and their succession,
 Might replenish every nation,
 I wil not tarry now to trace,
 The properties of that goodly place,
 To shew how herbes and trees grew greene,
 And fayre weather was still there seene.
 How pleasaunt fruites of sent and tast,

were alwayes ripe, and neuer did wast,
 Nor how fayre flowers and other thinges,
 Did grow about the streames and springes,
 That matter Clarke haue shewed before,
 Wherefore I speake thereof no more.
 The scripture makes no mencion,
 How long they raigned in that region.
 But I beleue the time was short,
 As diuers doctours do report.

Of the miserable transgression

of Adam.

Courtier.

F Alther how happened this mischaunce,
 I pray you shew me the circumstance,
 Shewing to me that careful case,
 How Adam lost that pleasaunt place,
 From him and his succession,
 How came that transgression.

Experience.

My sonne according to my skill,
 That ruine shew to thee I will.
 When God the workemayster of all,
 Within the Heauen imperiall:
 Created all the Angels bright,
 He made an Angell most of might,
 To whome he gaue prehemience,
 Aboue them all in sapience.
 Because he past all other farre,
 He named was bright Lucifer,
 He was so pleasaunt and so fayre,
 He thought himselfe he might compare,
 And grow to so gay and glorious,
 He gan to be presumptuous.

And

And thought that he would set his seat,
 Into the North, and worke his seat,
 Agaynst the Sunne the diuine,
 Which was the cause of his ruine,
 For he incurred Gods iust ire,
 And banisht was from his Emperre,
 With Angells many a legion,
 That were of his opinion.
 Innumerable with him there fell,
 Some lighted in the lowest hell.
 Some in the Sea did make repaire,
 Some in the earth, some in the ayre,
 That moſte vnhappie companie,
 At father Adam had enuie.
 Perceiuing Adam and his ſeede,
 Them in their places ſhould ſucceede,
 The Serpent was the ſubtilleſt,
 Aboue all beaſtes and craftieſt,
 Then Sathan with a falſe intent,
 Did enter into that Serpent.
 Imagining ſome craftie wyle,
 How he might Adam firſt beguile,
 And make him breake commaundement,
 But to the woman firſt he went.
 Truſting the better to auayle,
 And thereupon did her aſſaile,
 With pleaſant wordes full falſe and lye,
 In hope to wounde her in thereby.
 What is the cauſe that Adam quoth hee,
 That ye forbear this pleaſant tree,
 Which doubtleſſe is moſt precious,
 Whoſe fruite is moſt delicious,
 I will (quoth ſhe) thereto accorde,
 We are forbidden of the Lord:

The which hath giuen vs libertie, to eate of euery fruite and tree, which groweth within this Paradise. If we it breake we are not holle. The Lord did straightly vs commaunde, we should not touche it with our hande. And if we eate it we shall die. Without all doubt or remedye. Beleeue not that sayd the Serpent. Eate ye of it incontinent. We shall be filled with science. And haue perfect intelligence. Like God himselfe of euill and good. Then hastily where she then stood. Hearing of this prerogative. She pulled downe the fruite beate. Through counsell of the false serpent. And eate of it to that intent. And put hir husbände in beleeue. The pleasant fruite if he would proue. That he should be as sapient. As was the God omnipotent. Is it not pleasant sayd she plaine. That we like God should euer raigne. When Adam heard those wordes of hire. His wauering minde they did foster. That being puffed with pride and ambition. He eate on that condition. The cheefest pointes of this offence. Were pride and disobedience. Desiring for to be equal. To God the workemaister of all.

Alas Adam why didst thou so. Why causedst thou this mortall too.

Hadst thou bene constant, firme and stable; hadst thou
 Thy glory had bene incomparable; hadst thou
 Where was thy consideration; hadst thou not
 Which hadst the Dominion of all things
 Of every living creature; hadst thou not
 That God had formed by nature; hadst thou not
 Tell us then now by sad advice; hadst thou not
 Hadst thou not Prince of Paradise? hadst thou not
 There was since no man alive; hadst thou not
 That God gave such prerogative; hadst thou not
 He gave thee strength above Sampson; hadst thou not
 And wisdom more then Salomon; hadst thou not
 Brought Absolon in his time most fayre; hadst thou not
 With thy beauty might not compare; hadst thou not
 Aristotle thou didst excell; hadst thou not
 In his Philosophie truth to tell; hadst thou not
 Virgill in all his Poetrie; hadst thou not
 Nor Cicero in his Oratorie; hadst thou not
 Where neuer halfe so eloquent; hadst thou not
 Why brakst then Gods commaundement? hadst thou not
 Where was thy wit that would not see; hadst thou not
 Farre from the presence of that tree; hadst thou not
 Gave not thy maker thee free will; hadst thou not
 To take the good and leave the ill; hadst thou not
 How may thy faulte be now excused; hadst thou not
 That Gods commaundement hast refused; hadst thou not
 Through thy wifes persuasion; hadst thou not
 Which hath bene the occasion; hadst thou not
 Since then that many noble men; hadst thou not
 By euill counsel of women; hadst thou not
 All utterly destroyde haue bene; hadst thou not
 As in olde stories may be seene; hadst thou not
 Which now we neede not to declare; hadst thou not
 But for ward to our purpose faue; hadst thou not
 when

When they had eaten of the fruite, and were naked
 Of ioy then were they destitute and naked
 Then gan they both their shame to see, and shewen
 It greeued them naked to be seen, and shewen
 They made them breeches of leaues greene, in
 Because their secretes should not be seene, in
 But in the time of innocencie, when they were
 They had no such experience: Of sin nor shame
 But when they were to liue subiect, and shewen
 Then shame and dread did them detect, and shewen
 And in a Bush they did them hide, in
 Gods voyce ashamed to abide, in
 Which called Adam by his name, in
 (Quoth he) my Lord I thinke great shame, in
 Naked to come into thy presence, in
 Thou had no such experience, in
 (Quoth God) when thou wast innocent, in
 Why brakest thou my commandment, in
 Alas (quoth Adam to the Lorde) in
 The veritie I shall recorde, in
 This woman that thou gavest mee, in
 Made me eate of that pleasant tree, in
 Right so the woman her selfe excused, in
 And sayd, the serpent me abused, in
 Then to the serpent God sayd thus, in
 O thou deceiver benemous, in
 Because the woman thou hast beguiled, in
 From henceforth thou shalt be cursed, in
 Be a curst and banned thing thou bee, in
 So shall thy seede be after thee, in
 Colde earth shall be thy foode also, in
 Thou creeping on thy belly shalt goe, in
 Also I will put enmitie, in
 Betwixt the woman and thee, in
 Betwixt

Betwixt thee and the womans seede,
 Continuall hate shal stil p[ro]ceede,
 Although thou now hast wrought their wo,
 Yet shall it not ay happen so,
 A seede shall once of woman grow,
 Which shall thy power quite overthrow,
 And crush thy head, as thou shalt seekest assercion
 And thou shalt tread him on the heele,
 This ment his promise as I weene,
 That the immaculate virgine
 Should beare the Prince omnipotent,
 Which should treade doone the false serpent,
 Sathan and al his company,
 And them confound all utterly.

Father, if that the prince of hel,
 Spake in the Serpent as you tel,
 And beastes can no way sinne at al,
 Why was the serpent made to thral,
 I heare men say before that howe,
 The Serpent had a fayre fygure,
 And did go straight vpon his feete,
 And had his members fashioned meete.

Consider

As others be vpon the bene,
 My sonne, for he was the instrument,
 To Sathan in his miserie,
 Punisht he was as you may see,
 As by experience you may know,
 Express within the common Law,
 When one is cast for buggeree,
 The beast is burnt as well as hee,
 Howbeit the beast is innocent,
 And so befel of the Serpent.
 It was the feend ful of despise,
 Of Adams fall that had the blame.

Experience

As he hath had of many mo,
 But to our purpose let us go,
 Then to the woman for her offence,
 God did pronounce this short sentence.
 All pleasure earth that did thee followe,
 Shall chaunged be to lasting sorrowe,
 Whereas thou should with ioy and myght,
 All thy life time haue borne thy byght.
 Now all thy children shalt thou beare,
 With dolour, and continuall care,
 And thou shalt be for all thou can,
 For ever subiect to the man.
 By this sentence it is concluded,
 That women are from liberty excluded,
 As by experience ye may see,
 How Queenes of most renounde degree,
 Are vnder most subiection,
 And suffer most correction,
 For they like bydes in every thing,
 Are kept in homage to the king,
 So all women in their degree,
 Should to their husbands subiect bee,
 Howbeit some will strue for state,
 And for the maystry make debate.
 If they it want, both even and morrow,
 Their husbandes are like to suffer sorrow.
 Of Eue they take that qualitie,
 For to desire soueraintie.
 And then to Adam sayd the Lord,
 Because thou diddest so accord:
 Thy will and hart to thy wife,
 Now shalt thou lose this pleasaunt life.
 Thou wast to her obedient,
 And brakest my commandement,
 Cursed

Cursed and barren the earth shall be;
 Where euer thou goest till thou die;
 Without labour it shall beare no coine,
 But thistle, nettle, hyxe and thorne,
 For foode thou getst no other thing;
 But eate the hearbes in fieldes growing,
 Soe labouring till thy browes do sweate,
 From henceforth shalt thou win thy meate,
 I made thee of the earth certayne,
 And into earth thou shalt turne agayne,
 Then God did make a Letherne cote,
 For eche of them, which serued I wrote,
 To keepe them from heate and colde,
 Then grew their dolour manifolde,
 Now Adam are ye like to be,
 With your gay garment glorious,
 To them these wordes the Lord did say,
 They cride him merrey both night and day,
 Then from that garden with hart full sore,
 Banisht they were for euermore,
 Into this wretched vale of sorow,
 To dayly trauaile euen and morrow,
 After whole dolourous departing,
 The Lord gaue Paradise in keeping,
 Unto an Angell Cherubin,
 That none should after enter in,
 For at the entrie he doth stand,
 With flaming fyrie sword in hand,
 To keepe that Adam and his wife,
 Should tast no more the tree of life,
 For if they of that tree had pood,
 Perpetually they might haue pood,
 So Adam and his whole succession,
 Of paradise lost the possession,
 And

And by this sinne original, which caused our downfall
were men to misery made. Thus all mankind
My sonne now mayst thou clearely see,
This world began with misery,
With misery it doth proceede,
Whose end shall dolour be and dread.

Courtier.

Father I pray ye what kind of life
Led Adam with his lusty wife,
After their dolefull banishing.

Experience.

My sonne continuall lamenting,
My hart hath yet compassion,
How they went wandering up and downe,
Weeping with many lowde alas,
That they had lost that pleasant place,
In wilderness to be exiled;
Where they foundenought but beastes most wilde;
Now threatening them for to deuoure,
Where eate they had no will nor power.

Courtier.

Father I pray you in what countrie,
Did Adam liue, after that he
Was banisht from that great delight.

Experience.

Some Clerkes of Adam thus do write,
How Adam dwelt with mickle bale,
In Hamre, in that lusty vale,
Which after was the Jewish lande,
Where yet his Sepulchre doth stande.
I list not tarry to discerne,
The woe of Adam and his wife,
Nor tell how when they had somes too,
False Cayne and Abell and no more;
The cursed Cayne for very wrath
Did slea his brother cruelly;
Nor of their mourning and their moene,
When they were childlesse left alone.

Abell

Abell laye flatne vpon the ground,
 And Caine was gone like a vncabound,
 Nor how god of his speciall grace,
 Sent them the third sonne faire of face.
 Most like Adam of fleshe and blood,
 Seath was his name, gracious and good,
 Nor how blind Lamech recklessly,
 Did slay false Cayne unhappily,
 Adam (as is in writing rife)
 Begat of Eue his wofull wife,
 Of men children thirtie and two,
 and of Daughters as many also,
 By this ye may well vnderstand
 That Adam saw many a thousand
 That of his body did descend,
 Of he out of this world did wend.
 For Adam liude in this earth heere,
 Nine hundred full and thirtie yeere,
 But wofull yet were all his dayes,
 Remembryng in his minde alwayes
 Of Paradise the prosperitie,
 And eke his great aduersitie,
 His hart did neuer greatly ioy,
 For thought that heauen was put away
 From him and his succession,
 And that by his transgression,
 After his death as I haue tell,
 His soule descended into hell,
 And there remayned prisoner,
 In that Dongeon three thousande yeere,
 As did all other bad and good,
 Till Christ for them had shed his blood,
 For then by that most precious ransome,
 They were deliuered out of prison.

I haue declared now as I can, what shall say I shall
The miserye of the first man, howe hee was made

Here followeth howe God destroyed all
liuing Creatures in earth for sin, and drowned
them by a terrible flood, in the
time of Noy.

Comtise.

Pudent Father Experience,
Declare to me or ye go hence,
what was the cause God did destroy,

Experience.

All Creatures in the time of Noy,
(My sonne) I tremble for to tell,
That great misfortune as it fell;
The cause is so abhominable,
And matter eke so miserable,
But for to shew the circumstance,
Now plainly of the sayd mischaunce,
First I must lette thee vnderstande,
Howe Adam straightly did commaunde,
That those which came of Seaths blood,
Because they gracious were and good,
Should not contract with Caynes kin,
Which were inclined all to sinne,
To further that commaundement,
Cayne past into the Dyent,
His wife Calmaua with him went,
Which was his sister becoment,
His offspring long did there remaine,
Beside the Mountayne of Terbane,
And Seath did long time leade his life,
With Delbora his prudent wife,

which was his sister good and fayre,
 And in Damasco kept repaire,
 In that countrey of Seath as thou,
 Descended many a holpe man,
 So long as Adam was liuing,
 They did obserue his commaunding,
 When he was dead and layde in grounde,
 The people greatly did abounde,
 And Caine was slayne as I haue shewne,
 And Seaths dayes all ouer blowne,
 The sonnes then of Seaths race,
 Beholding the beuty and comely grace,
 Of the Ladies of Caynes kinne,
 (Howbeit they knew well it was sinne)
 Opprest with sensuall lustes rage,
 Did take them into marriage,
 And so corrupted was that blood,
 The good with ill, and ill with good,
 Then as the people did increase,
 They did abound in wickednesse,
 As holy Scriptures doth rehearse,
 Which I abhorre to put to hearse,
 To tell with tongue I am not able,
 (The vice was so abhominable)
 How men and women shamefully,
 Abused themselves vnnaturally,
 Whose foule abomination,
 And wicked fornication,
 I thinke great shame the same to write,
 That Haule Orosius did indite,
 Which if I should at length declare,
 It were ynough to fyle the ayre,
 Great clearkes of olde antiquities,
 Haue wozitten many histories,

Which worthy are to be commended, but which
 Howbeit they be not comprehended, nor in this
 At length in the diuine scripture, as in the first
 But I shall doe my best cure, as in the first
 To take the best as I suppose, as in the first
 That most pertaines to my purpose, as in the first
 And with support of Christ our king, as in the first
 I purpose to confinne nothing, as in the first
 Out of the olde histories, as in the first
 Contrary to his excellence, as in the first
 Howbeit some mens traditions, as in the first
 Against Christes institutions, as in the first
 Of them though something I declare, as in the first
 Yet let vs now proceede further, as in the first
 And with a language lamentable, as in the first
 Describe this matter miserable, as in the first

Courtes.

father the cause would I know, as in the first
 why they of nature make the law, as in the first

Experience.

Thou knowest (my sonne) that wickedness,
 Ingendered is thoro idle nesse,
 The seed with all the craft he can,
 When he perceiues an idle man,
 Or woman giuen to idlenesse,
 Both enter easily more or lesse,
 Right so by this occasion,
 And by the feeders perswasion,
 The whole world vniuersally,
 Corrupted was all utterly

Courtes.

What was the cause they idle were,
 That case (good sir) to me declare.

Experience.

By my imagination,
 For lack of vertuous occupation,
 Of sciences the life was small,
 No marchandise they vsde at all.

The

The earth then was so plentiful, and so good,
 Of fruite and spice delicious,
 The hearbes were so comfortable,
 Delitescome, and so medicionable,
 The fresh fountaines so redolent,
 To labour was not their intent,
 All manner of beastes at their pleasure,
 Did multiply without labour,
 The time betwixt Adam and Noe,
 To see the earth it was great joy,
 Planted with precious trees of price,
 Foure famous founts of Paradise,
 In sundry partes ran thorow the earth,
 Sheading their streames, there was no dearth,
 The water was strong and fyne,
 They would not labour to make wine,
 The fruite and hearbes were then so good,
 They tooke no care for other foode,
 They did not care if you insure,
 But past the time at their pleasure,
 And new inuentions still did finde,
 To satisfie the lusses of mynde,
 So that the Lord omnipotent,
 That he had made man did repent,
 And shewed vnto his seruant Noe,
 That he would all the world destroy,
 Saue Noe himselfe and his meyne,
 Alas (quod Noe) when shall that be,
 Then sayd the Lord it is not neere,
 As yet by five or six score yeere,
 I tarry yet for their repentance,
 Or I fulfill my rightfull sentence,
 In the meane time fall thou to worke,
 Incontinent, and build an Arke.

Then Noe began obediently, and was diligent
 And wrought thereof continually, and still he
 And still he preached and them besought, and
 To crie for grace and still them taught,
 And to them plainly did declare,
 That Gods iust rod no more would spare,
 But on them he would take vengeance,
 To Noe yet gave they no credence,
 And so they were unteformable,
 Using their lustes abominable,
 And tooke his counsell in despite,
 And followed aye their soule delight,
 Still more and more, till that foyr day,
 Which all the world did put to fray.

Courtier.

Father of you I vnderstande,
 When Adam did Gods beaſt withſtande,
 He did augment his wretchedneſſe,
 And God did ſende all curſedneſſe,
 Upon the earth which was ſo fayre,
 That it ſhould barren be and bare,
 And without labour beare no come,
 Nor fruite, but thistle, brere and thorne,
 And now ſay ye in the time of Noe,
 To ſee the earth it was great tope,
 Planted with fruites both good and rare,
 The truth of this to me declare,
 Theſe ſayinges two, make me conſider,
 How ye make them gree together.

Experience.

God made that promiſe beſtylly,
 Howbeit it came not inſtantly,
 My ſonne, as clarkes right well do ſhew,
 But after when the flood had quite
 Deſtroyed the earth all utterly,
 Then came his promiſe beſtylly

So likeholle God did once commande, *as did*
 That Adam should not touch with hande, *as did*
 Nor eate of the forbidden tree, *as did*
 Or if he did then should he die, *as did*
 Howbeit he died not very neere, *as did*
 After that day nine hundred yere, *as did*
 Right so the prophet Esayas *as did*
 Speaking of Christ our Messias, *as did*
 Did say a childe is to be borne, *as did*
 To saue mankinde that was forlorne, *as did*
 As he had bene borne then instantly, *as did*
 Yet was he not borne certainly, *as did*
 After that sayng many a yere, *as did*
 As in the scripture both appeare, *as did*
 A thousand yere who reckens right, *as did*
 Is but an houre in Gods sight, *as did*
 Examples many I might tell, *as did*
 Were it not tedious for to dwell, *as did*
 To our purpose let vs proceede, *as did*
 Shewing the length, the height, the breade, *as did*
 And qualitie of Noyses Arke, *as did*
 Which was a right excellent worke, *as did*
 Of Pinetree made, bound well about, *as did*
 Layde ouer with pitch within and without, *as did*
 Joynd full close with nayles most strong, *as did*
 And was three hundred cubits long, *as did*
 Fiftie in bredth, thirtie in height, *as did*
 And balest with a merueilous weight, *as did*
 Three loftes one about another, *as did*
 Withoute anker sayle or rather, *as did*
 A right cubite as I heare tell, *as did*
 Of measure now may be an ell, *as did*
 In the mid side a doore there was, *as did*
 Whereby the beasts might easily passe, *as did*

Esay. 9.

2. Pe. 3.

Gen. 2.

This arke which was both long and large,
 Made in the bottome like a barge,
 Then couered was with boards above,
 Most like a house therein a roofe,
 Whose ridging was a cubite broad,
 Wherein there was a window made,
 Some say well closed with cristall cleare,
 Wherethrough the Daylight might appeare,
 This worke the more was to be prayed,
 Because by God it was deuised,
 The making of this arke well nere,
 Indured full an hundred yere,
 When Noe had thoroughly made his warke,
 God did him close within the Arke,
 With him his wife and sonnes three,
 With their three wiues a while to bee,
 And eake of all foules of the ayre,
 Of euery kinde there were a payre,
 Also two beastes of euery kinde,
 For why it was the Lordes good minde,
 That generation should not faile,
 Wherefore a female and a male,
 Of euery sort were saued the,
 But to rehearse my hart is tody,
 The dolent lamentation,
 That time of euery nation,
 Saying alas with many cries,
 When wind and raine began to rise,
 The rockes that rounde began to rine,
 When ougly cloudes did shewres out dyne,
 And darkened so the heauens bight,
 That Sunne and Moone might shew no light,
 The dreadfull trembling of the earthquake,
 Made buildinges bowe and cities shake,
 The

The thunder sent the Cloudes of Sable, laden
 With horrible sounde and lamentable, and rashes
 The fyrie flames fell downe from hies, and rashes
 Then was there nought but shoutes and cries,
 Then they percieined without remedy, and rashes
 That all Creatures should die, and rashes
 The fountaines from the earth bysprang, and rashes
 And from the heauen the rayne downe strong,
 Full forty dayes and forty nightes: and rashes
 Then ranne the people to the heightes, and rashes
 Some climbe in craggies, and some in trees, and rashes
 And some to highest mountaynes fiers, and rashes
 With terrour more then I can tell, and rashes
 But all for nought the floods downe fell, and rashes
 The winde did rore with such great might, and rashes
 That euery thing was marred quite, and rashes
 Crying alas that they were boine, and rashes
 Within that flood to be forloine, and rashes
 When might no helpe giue to their wiues, and rashes
 Nor yet support their childrens liues, and rashes
 The floodes rose by with so great strength, and rashes
 That they did couer all at length, and rashes
 They might no more their liues prolong, and rashes
 As they had strength so swom they long, and rashes
 And so with cries most lamentable, and rashes
 Ended their liues most miserable, and rashes
 Aboue all mountaynes by account, and rashes
 The Sea did fittie Cubites mount, and rashes
 Men may imagine in their minde, and rashes
 That euery creature in his kinde, and rashes
 Both beastes, and foules that flie in ayre, and rashes
 Did in their maner make much care, and rashes
 The fishes thought them euill beguilde, and rashes
 When they swom through the wood wilde, and rashes
 no haies

Whales tumbled then among the trees, and all
 wilde beastes swam floating on the seas; then
 And bydes with many a pitious crye, I saye so
 Full fayntly in the ayre did lie, I saye so
 So long as they had strength to see, I saye so
 And then fell doونه into the sea, I saye so
 Nothing on earth was left alive, I saye so
 No beastes, no foules, no man nor wisse, I saye so
 God did them wholly all destroy, I saye so
 Except them in the arke with Noe, I saye so
 The which lay floating on the flood, I saye so
 weltring among the surges wood, I saye so
 With many terrible affrayes, I saye so
 A hundred fall and fiftie dayes, I saye so
 In great langour and heauinesse, I saye so
 Ere winde and raine began to cease, I saye so
 Sometime effectually playing, I saye so
 Sometime the beastes in feeding, I saye so
 For by the Lordes commaundement, I saye so
 He made prouision sufficient, I saye so
 Noe dwelt in that arke without doubt, I saye so
 A yeere complete or hee came out, I saye so
 As more at length in holy writ, I saye so
 This dolefull storie you may wit, I saye so
 And how that Noe with gladnesse rold, I saye so
 When conduits of the heauens did close, I saye so
 So that the raine no more descended, I saye so
 Nor further by the flood ascended, I saye so
 When he perceiued the heauens cleere, I saye so
 He sent a Rauen Messenger, I saye so
 Into the ayre for to espie, I saye so
 If he saw any mountaynes dyer, I saye so
 Some say the Rauen did forth remaine, I saye so
 And came not to the Arke agayne, I saye so

Gen. 8.

Forth flew a Dove out of Noes hande, in whose
 And when she did perceive drye lande, shee returned
 She from an Olive brake a branche, and brought it
 That Noe might know the water stanche, and
 And there no more shee did sojourne, but
 But with the branche shee did returne, and
 That Noe might clearly understande, and
 The flood was passed from the Lande, and
 And so it did till at the last, and
 The Arke upon the ground flooke fast, and
 Upon the top of a mountaine hye, and
 Within the Lande of Armonye, and
 As soone as Noe did plainly see, and
 How that the earth began to drye, and
 Then beate he downe the doores all, and
 And loosed them the which were thall, and
 The foules flew forth into the ayre, and
 And all the beasts by payre and payre, and
 Past forth to seeke their pasturages, and
 Then was there but eight personages, and
 Noe, his three sonnes, and their three wives, and
 On earth that left were with their lues, and
 Whome God did blesse and sanctifie, and
 Saying increase and multiplye, and
 God knowes then Noe was wondrous glad, and
 That from the Arke he passage had, and
 When Noe had made his sacrifice, and
 Thanking God of his benefice, and
 He standing on mount Armonye, and
 Where he the countrie might espie, and
 He may beleue his hart was full, and
 To see the earth which was before, and
 The flood so pleasant to the sight, and
 Which to behold had bene delight, and

Now made so barren, bare and rough,
 Where erst it fruitfull was inough:
 The trees that pleasant fruites did beare,
 Lay rent and scattered euery where,
 The holosome hearbes and fragrant floures,
 Had lost their vertue and their coulours,
 The feedes Greene and flourishing meedes
 Were spoyled of their pleasant weedes,
 The earth that first was fayre formed,
 Was by that furious flood deformed,
 Where somtyme were the pleasant playnes,
 Were hollow vales or high mountaynes,
 From clattering crags great and gray,
 The earth was washed cleane away,
 Yet floyes greatest griefes then were,
 The carrions scattered euery where,
 Which was a sight right lamentable,
 Men, women, and beastes innumerable,
 Lay dead by heapes vpon the Lands,
 And some lay groneling on the sands,
 Whales and monsters of the Seas,
 Did sticke on stubbes among the trees,
 And when the flood was come away,
 They weltring on the Lande still lay,
 Before the floude during that space,
 The sea was alway in one place,
 Right so the earth as is deserued,
 In sundry parts was now deuided,
 For Europe now and Asia,
 Deuided are from Affricaine,
 We see now diuers famous Isles,
 Staunde from the maine lande many miles,
 All those great Isles
 were equall with firme maine lande,
 There

There was no midland sea at all,
 But one great Ocean cleped all, in which all oyle
 Which did not spread such whirling stanes,
 As now it doth within the Landes,
 But by the raging of the flood,
 The earth was stript of floure and bud,
 The beuoty which was praysed afore,
 Was now disgraced very sore.
 Then was the curse full playnely knowne,
 Which was by God on Adam thron.
 I reade in storie of times past,
 That while this furious flood did last,
 With which the earth was sore oppress,
 The winde blew forth of the Southwest,
 As may be seene by experience,
 How through the waters violence,
 The hye mountaines that might not start,
 Were made bate on the Southwest part,
 As the Mountaynes of Pyrenes,
 The Alpes and rockes within the seas,
 So are the rockes full great and gray,
 Which stande in Lande that hight Roy may,
 The hyest hilles (I speake by arte)
 In Scotlande for the greatest part,
 All bare of earth since that time flood,
 By gulling of that furious flood,
 And beating of the Southwest winde,
 As traauiling men may easily finde.

Ere you conclude declare I pray,
 How long Roy liued after that day.

Continue.

My sonne in Genesis thou mayst heare,
 How Roy was of age sixe hundred yeare,
 The time of this great punishment,
 He was to God obedient:

Experience.

Gen. 9.

And

The first Booke

And was the best of Sethes blood,
 Also he liued after the flood
 Three hundred full and fiftie yeeres,
 As in that scripture well appeeres,
 And so he liued at the last,
 Nine hundred yeeres and fiftie past,
 To shew this storie miserable
 At length, my wits are farre vnable,
 And lure my sonne as I suppose,
 It longes not to this present purpose.
 To shew how Noes sonnes three,
 Can to increase and multiplie,
 Nor how that Noe planted the vine,
 And dranke till he was drunke with wine,
 And slept with his secretes bare,
 And how Cham tooke thereof no care,
 But laught to see his father so,
 Howbeit his bretheren were right too,
 Nor how that Noe vpon lust yre,
 Gaue Cham his curse for his due hire,
 And put him vnder bondage aye,
 To Sem and Iaphet from that daye,
 Nor how God made a Couenaint
 With Noe, to drowne no more agayne
 The world with flood, and therevpon,
 In signe of that condicion,
 His Rayne bow set within the ayre,
 Of diuers heauenly colours fayre,
 An euerlasting signe to bee
 Of that, whereto he did agree:
 This story if thou list to know,
 At length the bible will it shew.

FINIS.

Here folowveth the second part : intrea-

ting of the fyrst building of Babilon by Nemrod :

And how king Ninus began the first Mo-
narch, and of their idolatrie, & how

Semiramis governed the Empire

after her husband Ninus.

and of their idolatrie, & how



Pray you father me to tell,

Courtesy.

The first misfortune that befell,

Immediately upon the flood,

And who did first shed guiltlesse blood

And who idolatrie began

My sonne I shall doe as I can,

Experience.

After the flood I finde no storie

Worthy to be put in Remembrance,

Till Nemrod did begin to raigne,

Even Tyrant like I tell thee playne,

Whiche of the cheefest men was one,

That builders were of Babilon

That storie mayster would I know,

If you vouchsafe me to shew,

Courtesy.

And what did moue them at that houre,

To build so huge and strong a towre

I shall declare with diligence,

Experience.

According to my experience,

These questions which thou doest demaunde,

But first thou must now understande,

Of Nemrod the Gentleste,

His strength, courage, and quantitie,

Howbeit Hots in his first booke,

That how lightly he overlooked,

Of him no more he doth declare,

But that he was a strong hunter,

But other Clearkes more rations,

As Orose doth, and Iosephus,

The first Booke
Discerne this Nemrod more at length,
Both for his stature and his strength.
This Nemrod was the fourth person,
From Noe by line descending downe.
Noe gendred Cham, Cham gendred Chus,
And Chus Nemrod, the truth is thus,
This Nemrod was a mighty man,
So strong on earth was no man than,
He was a Gyaunt stout and strong,
Perforce wilde beastes he down would throng.
The people of that whole region
Came vnder his dominion.
No man there was in all that lande,
His stoutnesse then that durst withstande,
No maruaile though full strong he was,
For he ten cubits height did passe,
Proportionate in length and brede,
According to his height we rede,
He grew so great and glorious,
So proude and so presumptuous,
That he came disobedient,
To the great God omnipotent.
This Nemrod was the principall man,
That fyrst Idolatrie began.
Then did he all the people call,
Vnto his presence both great and small,
And in that great convention,
Did put forth his inuention,
My friendes (sayd he) I make it knowe,
The great vengeance that God hath sworn,
In tyme of our forefather Noe,
When he did all the world destroy,
And drownd them in the furious flood;
Wherefore I thinke it should be good,
That

That we do make a strong defence,
Against such waters violence,
For to resist all furious yre,
As well of water as of fyre,
Let vs go spie some pleasaunt felde,
Where a strong building we may build,
A Citie with a strong Dongeon,
That no engine may throvo it downe,
So high, so thick, so large, so long,
That God to vs shall doe no wrong :
It shall surmount the Planets seven,
That we from God may win the Heauen.
Those people with a fyrmie intent,
All to his counsell did consent,
A pleasaunt place they did espy,
Where floud Euphrates runneth by.
The people did them there prepare,
Within the playne of Sineare:
Which now of Calde beares the name,
Which did long time surmount in fame,
Their huge Fortresse they there did found,
With great prouision on the ground.
All fell to worke both man and childe,
Some bare by clay, and some bare tyle,
Demrod that mightie Champion,
Deuiser was of that same Dongeon.
Nothing they sparde their laboures,
Like busie bees vpon the floures,
Or antes in June it was a wonder,
Some wrought aboue, and some wrought vnder,
With strong ingenious Masonry,
Upward their worke did fortifie,
With burned tyle, stones large and white,
That tower they did raise byright,
Aboue the appie region,
And ioyned it of strong fashion.

The second Booke

With matter made of pitch and tarre,
 For why they vsed no other mortar.
 Though fyre and water it assayled,
 Against that tower naught auayled.
 The lande about was fayre and playne:
 It rose vp like a high mountayne,
 Those foolish people did intende,
 That vnto heauen it should ascende,
 So huge a thing had neuer beene,
 Nor neuer since hath yet bene seene,
 The walles of this their worke they made,
 Full two and liftie fadome broade,
 One fadome then as men doe say,
 May be two fadome at this day,
 One man was then of more stature,
 Then two be now thereof be sure,
 Iosephus holdes opinion,
 That the height of this great dongeon,
 Of paces large had measured bene,
 Fyue thousand, eight score and fourteene,
 By this reckning it falleth right,
 To be fyue miles and halfe in height,
 A thousand paces take for a mile,
 And thou shalt finde it nere that stile,
 This tower in compasse round about,
 Was full ten myles withouten doubt:
 About the Citie were of stages,
 Foure hundred and fourescore twis,
 And by this number in compas,
 About three score of myles it was:
 And as Drosius reportes,
 There were fyue score of brasen portes,
 He that translates Drosius,
 Hath in his story wrytten thus,
 That when the sunne is at the height,
 At noone when it doth shine most bright,
 The shadow of that hideous strength

Six myle and more did shoote in length.
 Thus may you see and iudge thereto
 If Babilon be hie or no.

How God made diuersitie of languages,
and letted the builders of Babilon.

Then the great God omnipotent,
 To whome all things are present,
 He seeing the ambition,
 And also proude presumption,
 How this proude people did pretend,
 Euen thorow the heauens vp to ascende,
 Which was great folly to deuise,
 With such presumptuous enterprise,
 When that they were most diligent,
 Did giue them such impediment,
 That they were driuen with hartes full sore,
 From thence to part and build no more,
 Such languages on them he layde,
 That none wist what another sayde,
 Where was but one language before,
 God sent them languages three score.
 Before that time they all spake Hebrew,
 But after some spake Greeke or Grew,
 Some Dutch, some language Sarazine,
 And some began to speake Latine.
 The Mayster then began some whiles,
 To cry for trees they brought him tiles,
 Some sayd bring Morter hither at once,
 Then brought they to them stockes and stones,
 And Nemrod their great Champion,
 Ran raging like a wilde Lyon,
 Them threatning roughly as he coode,
 But neuer a worde they vnderstoode,
 Before they found him good and kinde,
 But then they knew him by his mynde,

The second Booke

When he so furiously did fight,
His pride then turned into spight,
His glory darkened very sore,
When they would worke for him no more,
Behold how God was gracious,
To them that were so outrageous,
He neyther brake a legge nor arme,
Nor did them any other harme.
Except of tongues diuision,
And lastly in conclusion,
Constrayned they were for to depart,
Eche company in sundry part,
Some past into the Orient,
And some into the Occident,
Some South, some North, as they thought best,
And so their policie had rest.
But how that Citie was repaired,
It shall hereafter be declared.

Of the fyrst inuention of Idolatrie, howe

*Nemrod compelled the people to adore the fire
in Caldea.*

Courteser.

God father shew me now the man,
Which first Idolatrie began.

Experience.

That shall I doe with all my hart,
My some truely or we depart.
When Nemrod saw his purpose fayled,
And all his labour nought auayled,
In maner of contempt anon,
He went me from that region,
And as Drossius doth rehearse,
He past into the Lande of Perse,
And many a yeere did there remaine,
And then to Babilon came againe,
And founde much people of Caldee,
Remayning in that great Citie,
That were full glad of his retourniing.

And did obey him as their king.
 Remrod his name for to aduance,
 Among them made new ordinaunce,
 Saying, I thinke ye are not wise,
 That to no God makes sacrifices
 Then to fulfill his false desire,
 He bad them make a flaming fyre,
 And made it of such bredth out right,
 That it did burne both day and night,
 Then all the people of that lande,
 Prostrat the fyre at his commaunde,
 Prostrate vpon their knees and face,
 Beseeching their new God of grace.
 To giue them more deuotion,
 He made them great deuotion
 This God (said he) is most of might,
 Shewing his beames thorowout the night,
 When Sunne and moone are both obscure,
 His heauens brightnes doth endure,
 And when mens members suffer cold,
 Alwayne fyre warms them as they would,
 Then cried the people at his desire,
 There is no God except the fyre.
 Before there was any imagerie,
 Began this fyre idolatrie.
 For at that time there was no blage
 To carue, nor yet to paint an image,
 Then made he proclamation,
 Who made not odoration
 To that same God, should sure be hilde
 Within his flames until he dide.
 I fynd no man within the lande,
 His tirany that durst withstande,
 But Abraham and Aram his brother,
 That disobayde, I finde no other,

The second Booke

which dwelled there in that countree; do did one
with their father called Charee. an old woman.
These brethren did Nemrod reprove, with pious
Saying to him Lord by your leaue,
This fyre is but an Element,
Pray ye to God omnipotent,
Which made the heavens by his might,
With Sunne and Moone for to give light,
He made the fishes in the seas,
The earth with beastes, hearbes, wormes & trees,
And last of all for to conclude,
He made vs to his similitude,
To that great God give praise therefore,
Whose raigne indures for evermore.
Then Nemrod in his furious rage,
These brethren both cast in the fyre;
Abraham by God was safe preserved,
But Aram in the fyre starved.
When Charee hard his sonne was dead,
He did depart and from thence fled,
With Abraham, Nachor, and their wives,
As the Scripture at length describeth.
He left the land of Caldea,
And past to Mesopotamia,
And dwelt in Charran all his daies,
And died there as the story saies.
The life of Abraham I suppose,
Nothing belongs to our purpose,
Within the Byble you may rede,
His vertuous life in word and dede.
Now to thee haue I shewed the man,
That first Idolatry began.

Of
the first Idolatry began

*Of the great miserie that comes of vvarre
and how king Ninus began the first warres, and
strooke the first battaile.*

Comities.

I Pray you father with all my hart,
Deciare to me or we depart:
Who first began these mortall warres,
Which euery faythfull harte abhorres,
And euery Realme to ruine draw,
Expresse agaynst the Lordes law,
Since Christ our king omnipotent,
Left peace with his testament,
How doth proceede this crueltie,
Against iustice and equitie,
In lande where any warres be,
There may be seene great misery!
All thing on earth that God hath wrought,
Warre doth destroy and puts to naught,
Cities with many a mightie towne,
Are burnt and to the earth thro'one do'ne,
Virgines and Matrones are deflowred,
Temples that riche were are deuoured,
Burnt and all their pastoures spoyled,
Dooze Orphans vnder feete are soyled.
Many old men made childzenlesse,
And many children fatherlesse.
Of famous scholes the doctrine,
Both naturall and eke diuine,
And euery vertue troden downe,
No reuerence of religion,
Force beareth downe all vtterly,
Fayre dames are forced shamefully.

D.iii.

Hong

Long wines are spoyled of their spouses,
 Poore labourers hunted from their houses,
 There dare no marchant take in hand,
 To trauell neither sea nor land,
 For Butchers which doe them confound,
 Some murthered be, and some are drownde.
 Craftes men that cunning are and sutes,
 Are vtterly put vnto ruine:
 The beastes are stolne, the commons slayne,
 The land vnlaboured doth remayne,
 Of pollicie the perfect warkes,
 The buildinges fayre and pleasaunt parkes,
 All vtterly destroyde haue been,
 Great granges burnt there may be seene:
 Riches is turned to pouerty,
 And plenty into penury.
 Death, hunger, derth, and neede are knowen,
 For fatall seedes that warre hath sowne,
 All iustice is turned to tirany,
 And pleasure to aduersitie:
 Thus warre doth vtterly downe cast,
 All kinde of law and right at last.
 Warre genders murder and mischefe,
 And sore lamenting without releefe,
 Warre doth destroy both realmes and kings,
 Great Princes warre to prison brings,
 And warre doth shed much guiltlesse blood,
 Thus canne I say of warre no good.

Courtier.

Declare to me sir if ye can,
 Who first this misery began.

Here

Heere foloweth a short description of
the foure Monarchies: And how the world
began the first Monarchie.

If warres my sonne the great outrage,
Began within this seconde age, my god
By cruell kinges proude and equetous,
Ruling without right most ambitious,
Howbeit Cayne before the flood, the first
was first headder of guiltlesse blood,
Ninus was first and principall man,
Which wrongfull conquering began,
And was the man without fayle,
In earth that strobe the first battaile,
And first inuented imagerie,
Wherethrough came great idolatrie,
We must know or we further wende,
Of whome king Ninus did descende,
Ninus if I can right define,
He was from Noe the fift by line,
Noe gendred Cham, Cham gendred Chus,
And Chus Nemrod, Nemrod Belus,
And Belus Ninus without leasing,
Of Assiria the second king,
And builder of that great Citie,
The which was called Ninus,
This Ninus was the very man,
Which the first Monarchie began.

Father I pray you declare to mee,
What signifies a Monarchie.

My sonne if I shall tell thee true,
Monarchie is a word of Griue,
And when a Province principall,
Hath gotten power imperiall,

During

During their dominations,
Aboue all kings and nations,
A Monarchie men doe that call:
Of which I finde foure principall,

That reigned since the world began.

Then gentle Father if you can,
Shew me I pray you which foure they be.

My sonne to thee that shall I say,
First reigned the kings of the Assyrians,
And secondly the Persians,
The Grekes then next with sworde and fire,
Perforce obteyned the thirde Empire,
The fourth Monarchie as I heare,
The Romanes toyed many a yeare.
Let vs first speake of Ninus king,
How he began his conquering,
The Greeke Historian Diodore,
Hath mickle matter left in store,
Concerning Nine that noble king,
How he began his conquering,
And of Semiramis his wife,
That was so warlike all her life,
It were to long for me to write,
That Diodorus did indite,
But I shall shew as I suppose,
That most belongeth to our purpose,
When Nemrod Prince of Babylon,
Out of this worlded life was gone,
And his sonne Belus dead also,
The first king of Assyria.
This Ninus second king certayne,
Triumphantly began to reigne,
He thought it not sufficient,
To liue at home vpon his rent,

But

But minding further to aduance in more wroth
 His fame by might and puissance, against Israel
 And greedy vainglorie, purposed that he should
 Preparaed to conquer farre and ney and thence
 And gathered armies therupon, against him
 Against Chaldea and Babylonia, for he had
 For why he had a great desire to winne that land
 To winne that land to his Empire, howbeit he
 Howbeit he had thereto no right, but by his
 But by his tyranny and his might, without the
 without the feare of God or man, his conquest
 His conquest therat he began, his people beeing
 His people beeing in aray, to Caldea took
 To Caldea took the ready way, when that the
 when that the Babilonians together with the
 Together with the Caldeans, heard tell king
 Heard tell king Ninus was come in hand, they
 They made a cry through all the land, that
 That eche man after his degree should come
 Should come to save their owne countrey, though
 Though yet they had no skill of warre, they
 They past forward without feare, and put
 And put them in good order, and met king
 And met king Ninus on the borders, in that
 In that time ye shall vnderstande, there was
 There was no harnes in the landes, for to
 For to defende his landes, wherthrough more
 wherthrough more slaughter there was made,
 They fought through strength of their bodies,
 with gads of yron, stones and trees, with
 with sound of hoene and heuious cry, they
 They rusht together right merrily, with hardie
 with hardie hart, with strenght of hand,
 Till thousands dead lay on the land,

Where men in battaile naked be,
Great slaughter soone there may you see:
They fought full long and cruelly,
And with vncertaine victory,
No man might iudge that stood afarre,
Who gat the better of the warre:
But when it did approche to night,
The Caldees tooke them but to fight:
The king then and his company,
Were right glad of that victory,
Because he wan the first battell,
That stricken was in gath full well:
And peaceably of that Region,
He tooke the whole dominion:
So was he king of Caldea,
As well as of Assyria,
As for the king of Arabye,
To his conquest he did agree:
Of this yet was he not content,
But to the healeine of Euphrate went,
Where Sennacherib king of that countrey,
Did meet him with a greater army:
But king Sennacherib the better was,
Where slaine was much anoble man:
To that king he would giue no grace,
But plainly in an open place,
With his seven sonnes and his lady,
He killed them with his sword:
Of that triumph he did reioyce,
And forwarde to the field he goes:
Then conquered he Armenia,
Perce, Egypt, and Pamphylia,
Lyde, Capadocia, and Pontus,
Caspia, Phrygia, and Lycia:

All Affrica and Asia,
 Except great Inde and Bactria,
 Which he did conquere after ward,
 As ye shall heare or we depart,
 Now woulde I or we further gone,
 That his Idolatrie were knowne,
 And after that without sojourne,
 To our purpose we will returne.

*How King Ninus inuented the
 first Idolatric.*

Ninus an Image did him make,
 For king Belus his fathers sake,
 Most like his father of figure,
 Of quantitie and portrature,
 Of fine Golde was the figure made,
 A costly crowne vpon his head,
 With precious stones in tokening
 His father Belus was a king.
 In Babilon a temple he made,
 Of cunning worke both hie and broade,
 Wherein that Image gloriously,
 Was throned by triumphantly.
 This Ninus further did commaunde,
 That all the people of his lande,
 As well within Affrica,
 As in Sinnare and Caldea,
 And vnder all his dominion,
 Should make odorization,
 Upon their knees to that figure,
 Under the paine of forfeiture,

There

The second Booke

There was no order in all that lande;
His summoning that durst withstande.
Both yong and olde, both great and small.
To that same image they prayed all,
And chaunged his name as I here tell,
From Belus to the great God Bell,
Within that Temple he did deuise,
Priestes also to make sacrifice.
By custome it a law became,
No oher God to haue but that same,
And also he gaue to that Image,
Of sanctuary the priuiledge.
For whatsomeuer transgressour,
As homicide or oppressour,
Beheld that Image in the face,
Of that fault gat the kinges grace.

Courtier.

Declare to me sweete syr truely,
Was there no more Idolatrie,
After that this false Idoll Bell,
Was thronde vp as ye me tell?

Experience.

My sonne forsooth incontinent,
The newes through all the whole world went,
How that king Ninus as I sayd,
A curious Image had conuayde,
To which he forced all his nation.
To offer Godly adoration.
Then euery countrey tooke conceite,
King Ninus deede to countrefeyte.
When any famous man was dead,
They set vp Images in his stead,
Which they did honour full solemnly,
As it immortall God hath be,
Of Golde some made thet Images,
And some of stockes and stones certesse,

Of Siluer some and Iuery bone,
 With diuers names to euery one,
 For one of them they called Saturnus,
 One Jupiter, another Neptuneus,
 Another they called Cupido
 Their God of loue, and another Pluto.
 They called one Mercurius,
 And another the windie Colus,
 One Mars made like a man of warre,
 Inarmed well with sworde and speare,
 One Bacchus, and another Apollo,
 Of names they had an hundred mo,
 When that a Lad of great fame,
 Was dead for to extoll her name,
 An Image of her portraiture
 They reared vp in places of prayer,
 The which they calde their Goddesses,
 As Venus, Iuno, and Pallas.
 Some Cleo, some Proserpina,
 Some Ceres, Vesta and Diana,
 And some the great Goddess Minerue,
 With curious cullours they would carue.
 Among the Poets ye may see,
 Of false Gods the Genealogie.
 So these abominations,
 Did ouerspread all nations.
 Except good Abraham as we reade,
 Who honoured God in word and deede.
 For Abraham had his beginning
 Within the time of Ninus king.
 Ninus began with Tyranny,
 And Abraham with humilitie,
 Ninus began the first Empire,
 Abraham of warre had no desire:

The second Booke

Ninus began Idolatrie,
 Abraham in spirite and veritie
 Did pray vnto the Lord alone,
 False Imagery he would haue none,
 Of him descended I heare tell,
 The twelue tribes of Israell,
 Which folke made adoration
 With humble supplication,
 To him which was of kinges the king,
 That heauen and earth had made of nothing,
 Dead Images they helde at nought,
 That were by humaine cunning wrought,
 And serude the God of life alone,
 Thus haue I lightly ouergone
 These questions which thou didst demaund,
 Now wilt thou further me commaunde?

Contreter.

What was the cause syr make me sure,
 Idolatrie did so long indure
 Throughout the world ingenerally,
 And with the Gentiles specially?

Experience.

Forsooth these causes specially,
 I finde and beare in memory,
 First through Princes commaundement,
 Which did Idolatrie inuent,
 Then priuate profite of the Priestes,
 Of Paynters, Goldsmithes, Masons, wrightes,
 And other craftes which curiously,
 Made Images full pleasantly,
 And sold them for a sumptuous price,
 So by their craftie marchaundice,
 They were made riche aboue all measure.
 As for the priestes I thee assure,
 They gate great gayne throughout all landes,
 By giftes that came vnto their handes,

And

And by their fayned holinesse,
 But many good men in distresse,
 As in the time of Daniell,
 The Priests that serued Idole Bell,
 When Nabuchodonosor king,
 In Babilon was then raigning,
 Those Priestes made the king vnderstande,
 That the Image made with mens hande,
 Was a glorious God of life,
 And had such a prerogative,
 That by his great power deuine,
 He eate beefe, Button bread and wine,
 And so the king did every day,
 Before Bell on the Altar lay,
 Forty fresh wethers fatte and fine,
 And sixe great Vessels of white wine,
 And twelue great loues of bolted flower,
 Which was all eaten in an hower,
 Not by that Image deafe and dome,
 But by the priestes all and some,
 As by the Byble ye may ken,
 Whose number was thre score and ten.
 They and their wiues did every day,
 Eate all that on the Altar lay.
 Then Daniell in conclusion,
 Did shew the king their foule illusion,
 How when he sealed had the doore,
 And strowed ashes on the floore,
 They thoro a passage came by night,
 And eate that meate with candell light,
 How when the king this matter knew,
 These priestes with all their wiues he slew,
 Thus was the king by craft misled,
 And all his realme with trifles fed,

The second Booke

My sonne forsooth now mayst thou know,
How by the Priestes and other moſeſſe
Through craftinesse and ſuttle cure,
Idolatrie did long indure.
Behold how John Vocatius,
Hath written workes right wonderous,
Of Gentiles superstitions,
And of their great illusions.
As in his great booke ye may see,
Of false Gods the Genealogie,
Of Demogorgon ſpeciall,
Grandſier to the false Gods all,
Honoured among Archadiens,
And of the false Philistiens,
With their great deuiliſh God Dragon,
With other Idols many one,
But ſorry muſt I am to tell,
Of the children of Iſraell,
Chosen by God omnipotent,
How they broke his commaundement,
King Salomon as ſcripture ſayes,
Doted in his latter dayes,
His wanton Concubines to appeaſe,
He cared not God to diſpleaſe,
But did commit Idolatrie,
By worſhipping Imagerie,
As Moloch God of Ammonites,
And Chamos God of Moabites,
And Aſtorath God of the Sidonience,
So for his diſobedience
And foule abhominations,
God puniſht his ſucceſſion.
His ſonne Roboam I heere tell,
Loſt the ten tribes of Iſraell.

for his fathers Idolatrie,
As in the Scripture you may see.

Of Images used among Christen men.

Further one thing I would desire,
Behold in every church and quire,
Through christendome in borders and lande,
Images made with mans hand,
To whome be given diuers name,
Some Peter, Paule, some John and James,
Saint Peter carued with his keyes,
Saint Michell with his winges and weyes,
Saynt Katherin with her sword and whele,
A hinde set bp beside saint Gyle,
It were to long for to discerne,
Saynt frauncis with his woundes five,
Saint Credwall also may be seene,
Which on a pike hath both her eyne,
Saynt Paule well painted with a sworde,
As he would fight at the fyrst word,
Saynt Apoline on aulter standes,
With all her teeth betweene her handes,
Saint Roche diseased men may see,
A byle new broken on his knee,
Saynt Loy doth there full statelly stande,
With horse new shod vpon his hande,
Saint Trintan of a rotten stocke,
Saint Douthoto boode but of a blocke,
Saint Andreu with his crosse blessing,
Saint George vpon an horse riding,
Saint Anthony set bp with a Sow,
Saint Wyde well carued with a Cow.

The second Booke

With costly colours fine and fayre,
A thousand mo I might declare,
As Cosmus and Saint Damian,
The sountars saynt S. Crispian,
And at the Altars stately standing,
Priestes crie for their offering:
To whome the Commons on their knees,
Doe wooship all their Imageries,
In Church and Quire and in Cloister,
Praying to them their Vater noster,
In Pilgrimage from towne to towne,
With offering and with orison,
To them they babble on their beades,
That they may helpe them in their needes,
What differs this declare to me,
From the Gentiles Idolatrie:
If that be true thou doest report
It goes right neare the wicked sort,
Who so that kneeles downe on his knee,
Praying to any Imagerie,
With Orison and offering,
Or cappe from head in hand holding,
His doinges differ noe trust me,
From heathenish Idolatrie,
Right so of diuers nations,
I reade abominations,
How Greekes made their deuotion sole,
To Mars their God to saue them hole,
To Jupiter some tooke their biage,
To saue them from the stormie rage,
Some prayed to Venus glad and fayne,
That they their louers might obtaine:
And some to Iuno for riches,
Their pilgrimage they did addres.

So doth the common people now,
 (which were to long to better) now
 Their superstitious pilgrimages,
 To many diuers images,
 Some to Saint Roch with diligence,
 To saue them from the pestilence,
 Some for their teeth to Appoline,
 To thred wall to amend their eyne,
 Some make their offering to Saint Loy,
 That their horse may well enjoy,
 And when they haue their iewels lost,
 To seeke Saint Sith they spare no cost,
 And to Saint Germane for remedy,
 They trudge for headach liberly,
 They bring mad men on foote and horse,
 And bynde them to Saint Magnus crosse,
 To Saint Barbarie they cry in haste,
 To saue them from the thunder blast,
 And for good newes as I heare tell,
 Some take their way to Gabriella,
 Some neuer saint Margaret do beseech,
 In childbed for to be their leech,
 Saint Anthony to saue their hore,
 Saint Bride to saue their Calfe and Cowe,
 They to Saint Bastian runne and ride,
 That from the shot he saue their syde:
 And some in hope to saue their soules,
 Come fleeing to the Roode of Paules,
 Howbeit simple people weene,
 Their fond intent right good to beene,
 Who be to priestes I say for me,
 Which should shew them the verities,
 Prelats that haue of them the cure,
 Shall make aunswere thereof be sure,

In that that great day of iudgement, when no time is for to repent, where manifest Idolatry, shall punisht be perpetually.

Here followeth how king Ninus buyl-

ded the great Citie Ninus, and how he vanquished Zoroaster king of Babilonia.

This Ninus of Assiria king, when he had made his conquering, To builde a Citie he him dyt, Choosing a place where he thought best, where he had first dominion, In Assiria his owne region. Though Assur as the Scripture sayes, which came before king Ninus dayes: Had founded that famous Citie, The which was called Ninus: Yet as rehearseth Diodore, Ninus that Citie did begore So meruelous triumphantly, As ye shall heare immediately Upon the flood of Euphrates (which to beholde great wonder was.) In hundred and fytie stags That Citie was of length twis, The walles an hundred foote of height, No wonder though they were of might, Such bredth about the walles there was, Three cartes might liding on them pas. foure hundred stags and foure score In circuite, neither lesse nor more,

Of towres about those walles I wene,
 A thousand and fyue hundred bene,
 Of height two hundred foote and more
 As writeth famous Diodore.
 The Scripture maketh mention,
 When God sent Jonas to the towne,
 To shewe them of his punishment,
 Throughout the Citie when he went.
 Three dayes journey to him it was,
 The Byble sayth it was no las.

Jonas. 3.

My sonne now haue I shewed to thee,
 The building of great Ninus,
 For the augmenting of his fame,
 Sinus did call it after his name.
 When he that great Citie had ended,
 To conqwer more yet he intended,
 And did depart from Ninus,
 And rayled by a great army,
 Of the most bouldest men and stout,
 Of all his regions round about.
 In order they tooke their iourney,
 Toward the realme of Bactria.
 Of strong footemen I vnderstand,
 He had seuentene hundred thousand,
 Beside horsemen and warlike cartes,
 Whom he ordred in sundre partes,
 Which to discerne I am not able,
 Their number was so vnspeakeable.
 Zoroastes the noble king,
 Which Bactria had in gouerning,
 That prudent prince, as I heare tell,
 Did in Astronomy excell,
 And founde the Art of secret magick,
 With naturall sciences many lik.

Experience

He seeing Ninus on the field, it was a great joy;
 Came forward both with speere and sheelde, with
 foure hundred thousand fighting men; and
 He mustred in his army then, a great host
 And met king Ninus on the border, with
 Right valiantly and in good order, to
 With the batward of his army; so much
 On them he rusht right roughly, and
 And of them slew as I heare say, not
 An hundred thousand men that day;
 The rest that scaped away by flight,
 To Ninus host fled back againe,
 Of that king Ninus was so enoyed,
 He rested neuer till he destroyed,
 All that whole region by and downe,
 And from the king toke quite the crowne,
 And made the realme of Bactria,
 A subiect to Assiria,
 And in that same land twis,
 He tooke to wife Semiramis,
 Who as mine authoꝝ doth describe,
 Was then the lustiest alive.
 That being done without sojourne,
 To Ninus he did returne,
 With great triumph of victorie.
 As mine authoꝝ doth specifie,
 Both Occident, and Orient,
 Were all to him obedient.
 It would abhorre thee to heare read,
 The guiltlesse blood that he did shed,
 When he had reigned as you may heare,
 The space of thre and forty yeare,
 In his great fame before exprest,
 Then dreadfull death did him arrest,

In what sort I am not certaine, yett truelye
 Some authours say that he was slaine, slaine
 And left to rule his heritage, slaine a most
 A little babe of tender age, yett truelye
 Whom Ninius was the childes name, yett truelye
 Which after flourish in great fame, yett truelye
 Some say that by his wifes treason, yett truelye
 King Ninius died in prison, yett truelye
 As I shall shew or I hence fare,
 How Diadoze doth well declare,

Here foloweth an exclamation

agaynst Idolatrie

Impudent people, ignorant and blinde,
 By what reason, law or authoritie,
 Or what ancient Scripture can ye finde,
 Lawfull for to commit Idolatrie,
 Which is to bow your body or your knees
 With deuoute and humble adoration,
 To an Idole made of stone or tree,
 Giving them offering and oblation.

Why did ye give the glory laude and honour
 Belōging to god (which made all thing of nought
 Which was, and is, and shal be euermore)
 To Images by mens hands wrought,
 O foolish folke why haue ye succour sought
 Of them which cannot helpe you in distresse,
 Or reasonably resolue you in your thought,
 In stocke and stone can be no holinesse.

The second Booke

Exod. 32.

In the desert the people of Israell, while Moses did remaine in mount Sinai, made them a molten calfe of fine metall; which as their God then honoured they: But when Moses descended I heare say, And did consider their Idolatry, Of that people three thousande did he say, As the Scriptures at length do testifie.

Dan. 14.

Because the holy Prophet Daniell, In Babilon idolatrie reprov'd,
And would not worship the false Idoll Bell,
The whole people with him were so agreed,
That to the intent he should be mischiefed,
They deliuered him to ramping Lions seven:
But from that daungerous den he was releued
By myracle of the great God of heauen.

Beholde how Nabuchodonosor king,
In the vale of Duarn did prepare of fine gold
An image of fine golde, a marvellous thing,
Threescore cubites hie, and sixe cubites square,
As more at large the Scripture doth declare:
To whom all people by proclamation
With bodies bowed, and on their knees bare,
Right humbly made great adoration,
A great maruell that day was seene also,
How Nabuchodonosor in his yre,
Tooke Sidrach, Misach, and Abegnago,
Which would not bow their knee at his desire,
To that Idoll, and cast them in the fyre
For to be burnt, but ere he sturde that stead,
When he beleued they were burnt through his yre,
There

There was not consumed one heare of their head.

The Angell of the Lord was with them seene,
In that hote furnasse walking by and downe,
In a garden of Roses as they had bene,
No spot of fyre distayning cote or gowne,
Of victorie they did obtaine the Crowne,
And were to them (that made adoration)
To that Idoll, or bowed their body downe)
A witnessing of their damnation.

What was the cause of me thou mayst demaund,
That Salomon shed no imagery,
In his triumph and temple for to stande,
Of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, nor Jesse,
Nor of Moses their sauegarde through the Sea,
Nor of Josua their valiaunt Champion,
Because God did commaund the contrarie,
That they should vse no superstition.

Exod. 2.

Dan. 5.

Beholde the great God omnipotent
To preserve Israell from Idolatry,
Directed them a straight commaundment,
They should make no carued imagery,
Neither of golde, of silver, stone, nor tree,
Nor yet worship any likeness
Of thing in heauen, in earth, or in the sea,
But onely his owne soueraigne holinesse.

The Prophet Dauid playnly did reпреue
Idolatry, to their great confusion,
In graued stocke or stone that did beleue,
Shewing them their great abusion,
And tell them in manner of derision,
How dead Idols by mans hand wrought,

(Whom

The second Booke

(whome they honoured with humble submission)
were in the market dayly solde and bought.

The Deull seeing the still condition
Of the Gentiles, and their unfaithfulnesse,
For to augment their superstition;
Entred into those Idoles doubtlesse,
And in them spake as stories doe expresse
Then men beleueed of them to haue releefe,
Asking them helpe in all their businesse,
But finally it turned to their mischeefe.

Know well in them no Godhead is at all,
In smoke and dust their cullour faded apace,
Though they haue feete they neither goe nor crawl,
If fyre catch holde within their standing place,
They can not stir to shun their hurt perill,
In such figures what fauour can ye finde
With mouth, eares & eyes though made they be,
All men may see they are dum, deafe and blinde,

If they fall downe vpon the floare,
They haue no strength their selfe to raise agayne,
Though rattes run ouer them they take no care,
If they doe breake their neckes, they feele no payn:
Why should men (Psalmes) to the then sing or say,
Sins growing trees that yerely yeld some boote,
Are more of price I tell thee farre a way,
Than rotten stocks that want both crop & roote.

Of Edenborow the great Idolatrye,
And manifest abomination,
On their feast dayes every wight may see,
They beare a wooden image through the towne,

With taber, trumpet, shalme, and clarion,
 Which hath bene vsed many a yere agone,
 With Priests and friers in procession,
 Like as God Bel was borne through Babilon.

Shame ye not ye secular Priests and friers,
 To so great superstition to consent:

Idolaters ye haue bene many yeares,
 Expresse against the Lordes commaundement:
 Wherefore bretheren I counsell you repent,
 Giue no honour to carued stock nor stone,
 Giue laude and glory to God omnipotent
 Wholy, as worthily writes S. John.

I ye or: you friers that vse for to preach,
 And do assist such vile Idolatrie,
 Why doe ye not the ignorant people teache,
 How a dead Image carued of a tree,
 As it were holy should not honoured bee,
 Nor borne on mens backs vp and downe,
 but you shew plainly your hipocrisie,
 When ye go formost in procession.

I ye on you fosters of Idolatrie,
 That to a dead stock do such reuerence,
 In presence of the people publicuely,
 Feare ye not God to commit such offence,
 I counsell you to doe your diligence,
 For to suppress such great abuson,
 If ye doe not I dread your recompence,
 Shall be naught else but cleane confusion.

Had S. frances bene borne throughout the towne
 Or S. Dominike: though ye had refused

with

The second Booke

With them to haue gone in proceſſion;
In that caſe ſome would haue you excuſed;
Now men may ſee how that you haue abuſed
That noble towne through vile hypocriſie,
The people thinke they might it well haue uſed,
When ye go with them in their company.

Some of you haue bene wicked counſaylers,
Drinking Princes guiltleſſe blood to ſpill,
Which neuer did your prudent predeceſſours,
But ye like furious Pharifeis boyde ſtill
Of charitie, which Chriſt on roode did kill:
For Chriſtes flock without malice or pre,
Conuert frayle ſinners vnto good from ill,
By Gods word without ſworde or fyre.

Mat. 18. Reade ye not how Chriſt did commaund,
If thy brother doe ought to thee offend,
Then ſecretely correct him hand to hande;
In friendly maner ere thou further wende,
But if he will not heare thee make it kende
To one or two by true narration,
If he for them will not his mis amende,
Declare him to the congregation.

And if he yet remayneth obſtinate,
And to the holy Church vncounſelable,
Then like a Turke holde him excommunicate,
And vnto all faythfull folke abhominable,
Banishing him that he be no more able,
To dwell among the faithfull company:
When he repents be not vnmertiſable,
But him receiue againe right tenderly.

But

But our dum Doctours of diuinitie,
 And ye of the last found religion,
 Of poore transgressours haue no pitie,
 But crie to put them to confusion,
 Like as the Iewes did for the effusion
 Of Christes dere blood in their burning pye
 Crye Crucifie, so ye with on vnion
 Crie, fye, go cast the faulte in the fye.

Unmercifull members of Antichrist,
 Extolling your humayne tradition
 Against the institution of Christ,
 Doe you not feare Gods iust punishment?
 Though some of you be good of condition,
 Ready to receiue new recent wine,
 I speake to you old vessels of perdition,
 Returne in time or ye doe ruine to ruine.

Rom. 16.
 Eph. 5.

As ran the false Prophets of Baal or Bell,
 Which did consent to the idolatrie,
 Of wicked Achab king of Israell,
 Whose number was foure hundred and fiftie,
 Which honoured that Idole openly:
 But when Elias found out their illusion,
 He made the people slay them cruelly,
 And so at one hower came their confusion.

I pray you print in your remembrance,
 How the red friers for their Idolatrie,
 In Scotland, England, Spain, Italy, & France,
 Upon a day were punisht piteously:
 Beholde how your own bretheren now lately,
 In Dutchland, England, Denmarke, & Norway.

Are

Are troden downe with their hypocrisie,
And as the snow are melted cleane away.

I maruaile that our Bishops thinke no shame,
To giue you friers such preheminence,
To vse their office to their great defame,
Preaching for them in open audience,
But might a bishop haue for his owne expence,
For eche sermon ten Buckets in his hande,
He would or he did want that recompence,
Go preach himselfe both in borow and land.

I trust to see some good reformation,
When that we haue a good and faithfull king,
Which knowes the truth and his vocation,
All publicanes he will downe bring,
And will not suffer in his realme to reigne,
Corrupted Scribes, nor yet false pharisiens,
Agaynst the truth which strue and fight so plaine,
Till that our king come, we must take patience.

Now farewell friendes, for why all to resiste,
I haue no time ye must hold me excused,
Though I against Idolatrie doe write,
Or them despise that will not yet refuse it,
I pray to God it may no more be vsed,
Among the rulers of this region,
That common people be no more abused,
But giue him glory that wate the thornie croon.
Which taught vs by his deuine scripture,
Unto right prayer the persite ready way,
As writeth Mathew in his sixt Chapter,
In what maner, and to whome we should pray,
A host

A short compendious prayer eche day, both for the
 most profitable both for body and soule, as of that
 which is not directed as I haue sayd, as to ym
 To Iohn, to James, to Peter, nor to Paul, nor
 Nor to none of the Apostles twelue, nor to any
 Nor to no Saint, nor Angell in heauen,
 But only to our father God himselfe, in which
 which prayer doeth containe full entere, ym
 (Most profitable for vs) petitions seuen, ym
 which we lewed folke, the Vater noster call
 Though we say psalmes nine, ten, or eleuen,
 Of all prayers this is the principally to be used
 By reason of the maker, that it made, ym
 which was the sonne of God our sauour,
 By reason also, to whome it should be saide, ym
 To the father of heauen, our creatour, ym
 which dwels not in temple, nor in tober, ym
 He cleerely seeth our thought, will, and intent, ym
 what neede we of other to desire succour, ym
 when in eche place his power is present, ym
 We Bishops of the priests that should preach, ym
 why suffer ye so great abusion?
 why do ye not the simple people teach, ym
 How and to whome to make their supplication?
 why suffer ye them to run from towne to towne?
 In pilgrimage to any Imageries, ym
 Hoping to get there some saluation,
 By praying to them deuoutly on their knees.
 I haue bene go a maruelous preache
 Yong men and women singing on their feete,

Under the name of fained holinesse, you may find it
 For to adorne the holinesse of the world, many have
 Many came with that name, as for to meete, and
 Committinge their foule fornication, or, and so on
 Some kist the filthy clagged taile of the Hermit,
 Why suffer ye this abominacion? Is men of so
 Of fornication and adulatry, which is of glorie
 Apparantly yettelle but little cure, and so on
 Seeing the marvelous infelicitee, which hath so long in this lande indure,
 Which hath so long in this lande indure, (power
 Through your default, which have the charge and
 This is of truth and bydes by your leue, and so on
 Such Pilgrimage hath made many a whore,
 Which if I listed plainly I could proue, and so on
 Why make ye not the scripture manifest
 To poore people touching Adulatry? and so on
 In your preaching why have ye not exprest
 How many kinges of Israell cruelly
 Were punished by God so rigorously,
 As Jeroboam and other without doubt,
 Who for worshipping of carued Imagery,
 Were from their realmes roughly rooked out?
 Why suffer ye vnder your dominion
 A crafty priest or fained false Hermit,
 Abuse the people of this region,
 Onely for their peculjar profits?
 And specially that Hermit of lawrete,
 Who puts the common people in beleue
 The blinde had sight, and lame againe their feete,
 The which that harlot can by no meanes appeare?

He married men that haue from toanton to tues, And
And lustie daughters of yong and tender age, And
Whose honesty ye should loue as your liues, And
Suffer them not to go on a pilgrimage, And
To get releefe of any dead Image, And
For I haue knowne good women go from home, And
Which being trapped with lustfull rage, And
Retourned laden both with fume and shame, And

Arise, thou sleepest all to long O loyde, And
And make an hasty reformation, And
Of them which so tread vpon thy gracious word, And
And haue a deadly indignation, And
At them which make a true narration, And
Of thy sweete Gospel shewing the verity, And
O loyde I make to thee supplication, And
Support our faith, our hope, and charity, And

Here followeth some of the wonderfull

deedes of the lolly Queene Semira-

N Thus loued so ardently Semiramis his fayre lady,
That there was nothing he could demaund
But that she might the same commaund
She seing him so ambitious,
Grew so proude and eke presumptuous,
And of the king did desire
Five dayes to gouerne his Chypre,
And he of his beneuolence,
Did graunt her that preheminnence,
With Scepter, Crowne, and Robe of state,
And whole power imperiall,

Till true daies were come and gone,
 That she as king should be raigne alone,
 Then all the princes of the land,
 During that time were at her hand,
 With banquet royall merily,
 She treated them triumphantly,
 So the first day the people all,
 Came to her letuce board and thrall,
 But on the second day was gone,
 She toke such glory to raigne alone,
 By that decree made them among,
 The king she put in prison strong,
 I reade well of his prisoning,
 But not of his deliuering,
 How euer it was, in his best flowers,
 He did of death suffer the flowers,
 And might not lengthen his life an houre,
 Although he were a conquerour,
 Whose conquering for to conclude,
 With great bloudshedding was imbude,
 Now haue ye heard of Aunus king,
 How he began, and his ending,
 How best my author Diadore,
 Of him hath written yet much more,
 Princes for wrongfull conquering,
 Do make oft times an euill ending,
 Though he had long prosperitie,
 Yet ended he with misery.

Of king Aunus sepulture

The kinge did make a sepulchre
 Where he the king Aunus did inter.

Of curious crafty worke and weight,
 The which had stages nine of height,
 And stages ten of bredth it was,
 Diodoro sayth it was no las.
 For eyght stages a mile thou take,
 And there after thy number make:
 So by this count it was full right,
 A mile and also a stage of height.
 Except the tower of Babilone,
 So hie a worke I reade of none.
 Semiramis that lusty queene,
 Considering well what hurt hath beene
 Of tender age to haue a king,
 Which might not goe on warfaring:
 A manly courage to her tooke,
 Intending for to ouerlooke
 If any made rebellion,
 Against hir countrey or hir Sonne,
 Whome she did foster tenderly,
 And brought by nice and quietly.
 She laid a parte hir owne clothing,
 And tooke the raiment of a king.
 When she was into armour dight,
 Might no man knowe hir from a knight,
 She valiauntly to warfar went,
 And vnto feates of armes hir bent,
 Threatning all countries round about,
 That all the world of hir had doubt,
 More fortunate in conquering,
 Then was her husband Ninus king.
 Great Babilon she did fortify
 With towers and temples gorgeously,
 So strong, so huge, so fayre, so many,
 As earst or since were neuer any.

Howbeit Nemrod of whom I spake,
 That hidious building first did make
 And that towne the ground worke laide,
 Till God from heauen his purpose staide.
 Where Nemrod left, there she began,
 And put to labour many a man.
 Of all the regions round about,
 The finest workmen she sought out.
 She working had on tree, and stones,
 Twelue hundred thousande men at once.
 Go read the booke of Diodore,
 And thou shalt fynde the number more.
 On eyther side of Euphrates,
 That noble Citie builded was.
 And so that river of renouelle,
 Ran thorow the middle of the towne.
 Querthwart the streame she bridges made,
 Of maruelous strength, both long, and broad.
 They were fyue stages full of length,
 On euery bridge she made a strength.
 The circuit as I sayde before,
 Foure hundred stages and four score,
 The walles in hight who would deserue,
 Three hundred foote, three score and fyue,
 Sixe cartes might passe right easily,
 Aboue the walles of that Citie,
 Sidelinges without impediment.
 Consider by your iudgment,
 If those same walles were hie or no.
 And curiously she wrought them so,
 As Diodore telleth it,
 That it surmounteth far my wit,
 To shew the great magnificence,
 And you would giue no credence,

If I at length the things would write, as I did so
 which Diodorus did indite: I have not time
 The lyke of Cities fynde I none, as I have
 To Ninive and Babilone.
 From Ninive in assiria,
 To Babylon in Chaldea,
 By bridges pleasant ye may passe,
 Upon the foud of Euphratas:
 Among the fouds of Paradise,
 This Euphratas doth beare the price:
 All workes which this same queene began,
 Surpassed farre the wit of man.
 The noble Queene Penthesilay,
 Who ouer Amazons beare sway,
 With her Ladies triumphantly,
 Which fought at Troy valiantly,
 For yet the lusty Lasse of Fraunce,
 Which did the fleeting king aduance,
 Was neuer like Semiramis,
 In glory and renoune.
 None but triumphant Julius,
 Strong Hanniball and Pompeius,
 Or Alexander the conqueror,
 Was worthy to compare with her.
 I should rehearse as write great clarkes,
 Her wonderfull and valiant workes,
 It were to me a great labour,
 And tedious to the auditor.
 As what she did in Ethiopia,
 And in the land of Media,
 By buylding Cities, Castels, and towres,
 Parkes, and Gardens, and pleasant bowers.

For the exalting of her name,
 And for to win immortall fame:
 It would be painfull vnto me,
 And tedious to the hearer be.
 Of Iarcius the hie mountaines
 She digged downe and made them plaines.
 Montes that same mountaine hie,
 whose top did face the starry sky.
 By her palace to draine a fen,
 She digged thorow by force of men.
 Had She maintained hir chastitie,
 She might haue well an Emperesse be.
 when she had ordered hir Empire,
 Of Venus worke she tooke desire.
 A secrete mancion she did make,
 where she most pleasantly might take
 Young gentlemen for her pleasure,
 The whiche she vsed aboue measure.
 One man alone might not be able
 To staunche her luste insatiable.
 when she was satisfied of one,
 She made another come anon.
 The lustiest of all the lande,
 Hir wicked will might not withstand.
 And when that they had line hir by,
 She slew them all right cruelly.
 And when her sonne was come to age,
 Through lawlesse lust of beastly rage,
 She caused him with him to lie,
 As others had most filthilie.
 Thoro' sensual lust (as some writers say) and yet
 She married him, and held him ap
 In warde and vnder custodie,
 To keepe hir obone authoritie.

How Semiramis with a great army

past to Inde, and fought with king Stau robes,
tes, and of hir miserable end.



When she had long time liued in rest,
To conquere more she hir adrest,
Bicause of diuers she hard tell,
How that the orient Inde full well

Experience

Excelde in greate commodities,
As cattell, cozne, and fruitfull trees.
All kinde of spice delycious,
Golde, siluer, and stones precious,
And how that plenteous lande did beare
Corne, fruite, and wine twise in the yeare,
with Oliphantes innumerable,
In battel very auayleable.
She hearing this and mickle more,
In hope to increase hir fame therefore,
Did make straight proclamations
In many sundry nations,
Shewing how it was her desire,
All princes vnder her Emppre
In Egypt and Arabia,
In Persie, in Medea and Caldea,
In Grece, in Caspia, and Hircane,
In Capadoce, Leid, and Mauritaine,
In Armenia and Phrygia,
In Pamphilia and assiria,
That eche lande after their degree
Should bring to hir a great army
In all the goodliest hast they may,
And meete with hir in Bactria:
Declaring to them that hir intent
was to passe into the Orient,

To

To make warre on the king of Inde,
 From time they knew what was her minde,
 Then by their selfe eche nation,
 Came forth with great prouision,
 Triumphantly in good aray,
 To Bactria they tooke their way,
 And made their mustars to the Queene.
 But such a sight was neuer seene
 In battell ray so many a man
 At once, since God the world began:
 For Spaine, fraunce, England, and Scotland,
 Dutchlande, Denmarke, nor yet Irelande,
 Were not inhabited in those dayes,
 Nor long after mine author sayes.
 Ethesius dothe shew
 The number of this great army,
 Saying there came at her commaund,
 Footemen thirtie hundred thousand,
 And horsemen mounted valiantly,
 Fyue hundred thousande veryly:
 A hundred thousande Camels wight,
 And euery Camell had a knight.
 Prepared to passe into all partes,
 There was an hundred thousand cartes.
 Two thousande botes with her she caries.
 On horse, camels, and dromidaries,
 Where with neete bridges for to make
 On Indus that moste mighty lake,
 Which is of Inde the vtmost border.
 So on that streame with right good order
 She made of barges, bridges strong,
 Wheron her hoste did passe a long.

Courtier.

Ifather I would you would conclude
 How suche a maruellous multitude,

Might

Might be at once brought to the fiede,
Ready to fight with speare and shielde.

Some men will iudge it is a fable,
The matter were not beleueable.

It may well be my sonne truly,
As by example we may see,
How Dauid king of Israell
His people did in number tell,
By Ioab his chiefe captaine,
As holy Scripture sheweth plaine.
Of fighting men within the lande,
He found thirteene hundred thousande.
Since Dauid in that smale countrey
Might haue rayled suche an army:
To this Lady it was no wonder,
The which had greater realmes her vnder,
Than Dauids little Region,
Therefore she had many a legion
Of men mo than I tolde before,
Therefore my sonne maruayle nomore
Staurobates the king of Inde,
Then greatly troubled in his minde,
When he hard of such a multitude,
To make defence did streight conclude,
And sent a message to the Queene,
Declaring to her as I weene,
That she her enterpryce should ceace,
And giue him leaue to liue in peace.
If not, he sayde though he should dye,
That he would make her fight or flye.
And to his god a vow he made,
(If no peace might of hir be had)
That if he wan the victorie,
He would her surely cause to dye.

Experience.

The second booke.

At this boasting the Queene made boordes,
And saide, no bragges nor boasting words
Shall make me leaue my purpose,
Let battaile make me win or lose,
The messenger shewed to the kinge
Of her presumptuous answering.
Then Staurobates wise and wight,
Came forward like a noble knight,
With many a thousande speare and shilde,
Arayde royall on the fielde,
His land intending to defende,
Or in the field his life to ende.
The Queene on the other side
Full of presumption and of pryde,
Her banners gorgeously displayde,
With hardy courage bnafrayde,
On Indus that same famous floud
They met, where shed was much red bloud,
In botes, in balengers and barges,
Either army on other charges:
Simeramis the battell wan,
Where drowned and slaine was many a man,
So that the water of the floud
Ran red bemixed with mangs bloud.
The king of Inde with all his might,
From Indus floud taking his flight,
To his cheefe Citie retired,
Where in his presence appeared
In battell ray a newe army,
Of right invincible chiuallrie,
With Elephantes a hideous number,
Which after warde did much him cumber.
Semiramis and her company
In the meane time full cruelly

Destroyed

Destroyed the borders of the lande,
 And tooke prisoners more than ten thousande.
 She also tooke a Politike conceite,
 Great Elephants to counterfeite.
 She had ten thousande oxen hides
 Well sewde together backe and sides.
 With mouth and nose, teeth, eares and eyne,
 Quicke Elephants as they had bene,
 whiche being stufte with straw and hay,
 Like liuely Elephants kept aray.
 On Camels and on Dromedaries
 Those false fygures with her she carries.
 Now when the Indians saw that sight,
 Full sore afrayde they tooke their flight,
 For such a sight was neuer sene,
 They semed naturall beastes to bene.
 The king himselfe was right afearde,
 Till he the veritie had heard,
 And knew by his espials playne,
 They were but fained shapen certaine,
 Then manfully like men of warre,
 Forwarde they came withouten feare.
 So did Semiramis the Queene,
 which for one man had full fifteene.
 These two armies full cruelly
 Did rushe together full rudely,
 with hideous cry and trumpets sounde,
 Til thousandes dead lay on the grounde.
 Semiramis had such a number,
 To order them it did her cumber.
 Then the great Elephants of Inde,
 Right strong and hardy in their kinde,
 Still forwarde came and would not cease,
 Till through the midst of all the prease

The second booke.

Of that great hoste they rudely rusht,
 That men and horse they all to frush,
 Those fained beastes withouten spate
 Were frush and fopled in their fight.
 The king of Inde with courage beene,
 Met with Semiramis the Queene,
 He riding on an Elephant,
 She meeteth with him hand to hand,
 And gaue the king so great assaye,
 That he was neuer in such a fray,
 To strike at him she toke no feare,
 So well she vsed was to warre,
 His strokes truly she little had feared,
 But that he was so very well hoised,
 Eyther at other stroke so faste,
 Till they were tyed at the laste.
 The king then thought him selfe ashamed,
 And with a women to be diffamed,
 And was determined not to flye,
 Though in that battell he should dye.
 As a man that desperate had beene,
 He rudely ran vpon the Queene,
 And through the arme gaue her a wounde,
 Which made hir hart so loze aounde,
 That she constrayned was to flye.
 Then all the rest of her armie;
 When they perceiued that she was gone,
 To Indus river fled anone,
 The Queene ouer the river gates
 On bridges that were made of bote
 And with her a sorie companie,
 Which with her fled then presently,
 The Indians folowed on the chase,
 And on the bridge them charge apace,

The

The throng did cause the bridges under
 To sinke with wright and breake a Sunder:
 Some sanke, some downe the river ran,
 There drowned many a noble man,
 Some left their life vpon the shore,
 As writeth famous Diodore.
 And finally for to conclude,
 The earth was neuer so imbude
 At one time since the worlde began
 With bloudshed of so many a man,
 And all throught the occasion,
 And pridesfull soude persuation
 Of this ambitious wicked Queene,
 Whose like was neuer hardenorseene.
 Staurobates the king of Inde,
 Reioyced greatly in his minde,
 Of this triumph and victorie,
 Semiramis with hart full soie,
 Seing so many taken and slayne,
 To her countrey retourned agayne,
 Lamenting fortunes variaunce,
 Which brought hir to so great mischaunce,
 Which was before so fortunate,
 And then of comfort desolate.
 Hir sonne a man of great perfection,
 Considering his brunnetts subjection,
 His libertie gan to desyre
 That he might governe his Empire.
 He seing his mocher vicious,
 And there with so ambitious
 As mine author doth specifie,
 Did flea her most unnaturally,
 For what cause or intention
 I finde no speciall mention,
 Some

Some say to be at libertie,
 Some say for her adulterie,
 None other cause I can define,
 Saue punishment by wrath deuine.
 Of this fayre Lady coragious,
 Behoulde the ending dolorous
 Which was but twenty yeres of age,
 When she began her first biage,
 And raigned quietly without warre,
 The space of two and fortie yere.
 When she was slayne she was threescore;
 With yeres two, she was no more.
 As Diodore writes in his booke,
 His Chronicle who list to looke.
 Of this Lady I make an ende,
 Thinking no way I can commend
 Women for to be manly,
 Nor men for to be womanly.
 For why it is the Lords minde
 All creatures for to vse their kinde;
 For men to haue preheminance,
 And women vnder obedience,
 Howbeit all women inclined be
 For to haue the soueraintie:
 As this Lady that would not rest,
 Till she her husbande had suppress,
 Her owne glory for to aduance,
 Alone to haue the gouernaunce.
 Ladies no way I can commend
 Presumptuously that do intende
 To vse the office of a kinge,
 Or Realmes to take in gouerning,
 Although they valiaunt be and wight,
 Going to battell like a knight,

As did Penthesley the King,
 who led the Amazonian host,
 In mans habit against reason,
 Therefore I thinke verily
 A prince to be effeminate,
 Of knightly courage desolate,
 Neglecting his authoritie,
 Through beastly sensualitie,
 Accompanied both daies and nights,
 with women more then valiant knightes,
 Such kinges I discommend them all,
 Example heere of Sardanapall,
 father (how long reigned) *Counties,*
 The succession of king Ninus.
 That shall I do with diligence,
 My sonne (for sooth) or I go hence.
 Since I haue the wed at thy desire,
 what man began the first empire,
 Now would I that it were to thee end,
 Now that same empire came to end. *Experience,*

How king Sardanapalus for his victi-

ous lining made a miserable end.

Betwixt this conquerour king Ninus
 And sensuall Sardanapalus
 I cannot find any weall to be
 worthy to put in memory:
 Except the onely foretold life
 Of Semiramis king Ninus wife.
 But I can finde no good at all
 To wright of king Sardanapall,
 which was the last and churche king
 By hys name from Ninus descending.

At length his life for to declare,
 I thinke it is not necessarie,
 Bicause that many cunning clarkes,
 Haue him descriued in theire markes,
 How he was last that sat alone
 Upon the Assirian Princely throne,
 That time of the first Monarchie,
 In Cronicles as thou maist see,
 The last and the most vicious king,
 Which in that Monarch was rainging,
 That Prince was so effeminate,
 With sensuall luste inordinate,
 That he abhoyd the company
 Of his most noble chivalrie,
 And for to haue the more delite,
 To vse his beastly appetite,
 He kept with women night and day,
 And clothed him in thire aray,
 So that no man that had him seene,
 Would iudge that he a man had been.
 In whoredome and in harlotrie,
 He kept himselfe all bitterly.
 The Princes of his realme could get
 No sight nor eye vpon him set.
 Thus liued he continually,
 Against nature inordinately.
 When to the Perceis and the Medes
 Reported were his vicious deedes,
 With the rulers of Babylone,
 They did conclude all in one,
 They would not suffer for to raigne,
 Aboue them such a vicious swaine.
 And Arbates a king of Medes,
 Did boldly take in hand that deedes,
 But

But first he came to Ninus,
To see the Princes maistie,
And vnto one of the kinges gard,
He gaue a secret rich reward,
To put him in a priuy place,
Where he might see the kings good grace,
And not be seene of any wight,
But he saw neither king nor wight,
Within his maisters company,
Except women all vnderly.
And as a women he was clad,
With women counselled and lad,
And shamefully he was sitting,
With spindell and with rocke spinning,
When Arbates that sight had seene,
His courage raised from the pleene,
And thought it small difficulty,
For to deprive his maistie,
Then raised he the Persians,
With Medes and Babylonians,
Inarmed well with speare and shielde,
Triumphantly and toke the fielde.
The king raised Assyrians,
Together with the Caldeans,
And them resisted as he might,
But finally bet oke his flight,
To saue him selfe in flight.
Then sieged they the great Citie,
Continually two yere and more,
As writeth famous Diodore,
Till that the flood of Euphrates,
Arose with raging furiousnes,
Wherethrough a great parte of the towne
By violence was beate[n] downe.

The second booke.

And when the king saw no remedy,
But to be taken or to dye,
As a man desperat full of fyre,
He made a furious flaming fyre,
And toke his gold and Jewels all
With Scepter, Crowne, and Robe royall,
And all his tender seruitures,
That of his bodie had greatest cures,
Together with his lustye Queenes,
And all his wanton concubynes,
And in that fyre did them cast,
And leapt himselfe in at the last,
where all were burnt to powder small.
Thus ended king Sardanapall
without any repentance,
As may be seene by this sentence,
which followeth as he did indite,
Before his death in great despite,
which is a right vngodly thing,
As ye may see by his writing.

The Epitaphe of Sardanapalus.

*Cum te mortalem noris, presentibus exple
Delitijs animam: post mortem nulla voluptas
Et venere: et cœnis, et plumis Sardanapalus.*

Now haue I shewed with diligence
The Monarchy of Amertais,
The which at king Sams began,
And ended at this mischeuous man,
And did indure withoughten more,
A thousande two hundred and forty yere,
As doth indite Ctesibus.
Reade him and thou shalt fynde it thus.

FINIS

Here folowes the thirde part, first
making narration of the miserable destruction of the
five Cities, Zodom, Gomor, Seboin, Segore, and A-
dama, and a short description of the second, third
and fourth Monarchies, with the miserable
destruction of Ierusalem, and
the last spirituall Mo-
narchy.

51.



ather I pray you to me tell,
The notable thinges that befell,
During the tyme that the Assyrians
Did hold so long preheminence,
I meane of other nations,
Under their Dominions.

Exper.

That may be done in termes short,
(My sonne) as storpes do report.
In during this first Monarchy,
Befell that woofull misery
Of Zodom, Gomor, and that region,
As scripture maketh mention,
whose people were so sensuall,
In filthy sinnes vnnaturall,
That here in this my simple verse,
My tong abhorres them to rehearse.
Like brutish beastes bereft of minde,
Vnnaturally they abuse their kinde,
By filthy thinking lechery,
which still of them is called Sodomy.
As holy scripture doth discerne
In that countrie were Cities fyne,
which were Sodome, and Gomorra,
Seboin, Segor, and Adama.

Courtier.

G.iii.

Among

Among them all found was there none,
 Undefiled but Lot alone,
 Holy Abraham dwelt nere hand by,
 Which prayed for Lot effectuously,
 For God gaue him aduertisement,
 That he would send them punishment.
 To Lot two Angels God did send,
 Him from that fury to defend,
 Now when the people of that region,
 Saw the Angels come to the towne,
 Transformed into fayre yong men,
 They purpopt for to know them then,
 And for to abuse them unnaturally,
 With their foule stinking Zodomy.
 Thereof good Lot was wonderous woe,
 And offered them his daughters two,
 Them at their pleasure for to vse,
 But they his daughters did refuse.
 And then the Angels by their might,
 Those men deprived of their sight:
 Which disapointed of their pray,
 Forsooke Lots house and went their way.
 The Angels then bad Lot apace
 To hie him from that sinfull place,
 Whose foule unkindely Lechery
 For vengeaunce vnto heauen did cry.
 When Lot was gone, Gods rightfull ire,
 Raynd bymstone downe and flaming fyre:
 With dreadfull thunder clappes vpon
 Those Cities and the whole region.
 Of all that lande scaped no mo,
 Except Lot and his Daughters two,
 His wife was turned to a stone.
 So wineles was he left a lone,

For she was disobedient,
 And kept not Gods commaundement,
 When the Angell holding them by the hand
 Willed them to hie them fro that land,
 And warned them vnder great paine,
 Neuer to looke backward againe.
 But when that Lots wife hard the thundring,
 The flaming fyre the flashing lightning,
 And woofull cryes behinde hir backe
 Of people going all to wracke,
 (For none of them had power to flye),
 She yernd that sorrowfull sight to see,
 And as she turned hir arone
 She was transformed into a stone,
 Where she remayneth still this day,
 Of hir I haue no more to say.
 To shew at length I am not able,
 That pitious processe lamentable,
 How Cities, Castels, Townes, and Towers,
 Villages also and pleasant bowers,
 Were into powder wholly burned,
 And Forrestes by the rootes vp turned.
 Their king, their queene, and people all,
 Were burnt to powder great and small.
 No creature scaped thence with life,
 Foule, beast, worme, fishe, Childe, man nor wife,
 The earth, the corne, herbs, fruite and tree,
 The babes vpon the nurses knee,
 Were in one instant suddenly
 Destroyed by fyre all utterly.
 As it came in the time of Troy,
 When God did all the world destroy,
 For that selfe sinne of Sodomy,
 And most vnseemely buggery.

The third booke

which bice at length for to declare,
 I thinke it is not necessarie
 when all were burnt fleshe, blood, and bones;
 Hills, valeis, stockes, trees, herbes, and stones;
 The countries where those Cities stood,
 Became a lake of stinking mud,
 The which is called the dead sea,
 Next to the cuntry of Judea,
 whose stinking streames blake as tar,
 Do cast a filthy sauour far.
 Of that cuntry the length and bredth
 Of length fifty myles and two,
 And fourtene myle of bredth also
 Lot of his wife was so agast,
 That he to a wilde Mountaine past,
 Of company he had no mo,
 Except his lusty daughters two.
 And by their promocation,
 As Moyses makes narration,
 Alone in that same mountaine wilde,
 His daughters both he got with childe.
 For they beleued in their thought
 That all the world was gone to naught,
 As it became of that nation.
 And thinking that generation
 would faile, except they hartely
 Got their father with them to lye.
 They found a crafty wicked wile,
 Toher with their father to beguile.
 They caused him to drinke strong wine,
 which men to Lecherie doth incline,
 when he was full and fallen on sleepe,
 His daughters softly to him creepe,

Into

Into his bed full quietly, and so he lay downe
 prouoking him with them to his very sleep. And
 he knew not how he was begynne, till after
 Tyl both his daughters were with childe
 which after when their times were come, they
 Did ech of them bring forth a sonne,
 Of whome two nationes did proceed,
 As in the Scripture thou mayst see,
 In the which Scripture thou mayst see
 At length this woofull miserie,
 This miserie fell as ye shall heare,
 From Noyses flood three hundred yeares,
 With four score and a leuen,
 As counteth Carion full true,
 And after Noyses death as I gesse,
 One and forty yere more or lesse.
 Abraham was of age I weene,
 Four score yeres and nineteene,
 When this foule shame and Zodomy,
 Was punished so rigorously.
 Good God preserve vs in our time,
 That we commit not such a crime.
 Tedious were it for me to tell
 During this Monarchie what befell,
 And wonders that on earth were wrought,
 Which to the purpose I longer not
 As how the people of Israell
 Did long time in Egypt dwell,
 And oft they suffered great punitions,
 Through Pharaos persecutions,
 And how Moyses did them conuince,
 Through the red sea with mickle force,
 Where king Pharaos right miserably
 Was drowned with all his huge army.

And

And how the people dwelt no lesse in God and omne
 Than fortie peere in wilderness. *Exod. 2.*
 Moyses that time as I heare say,
 Receyued the Law in mount Synay,
Josua. 3. And Josua afterwarde through Jordan,
 Led those people to Canaan,
 Where Saule, David, and Salomon,
 With Hebrew kings many one,
 Did richly raygne in that countrey.
 During this first Hamarchie,
 Befell the siege of Thebes miserable,
 Where blood was shed incomperable,
 Of noble warriours in those dayes,
 With other terrible and great frayes,
 And how the Greeces brought vengeance
 Upon the noble Troians,
 Bicause that Paris did conuay
 Perforce fayre Helene to Troy a way,
 Which was king Menelaus wife,
 Where many a thousand lost their life.
 That time the valiaunt Hercules,
 Throughout the world did him adresse,
 Where he did many a doughtie dede,
 As in that storie thou maist rede:
 And how that through Dianica his wife,
 That Champion lastly lost his life,
 In flaming fyre most furiously,
 By reason of her iealousie.
 That time Remus and Romulus,
 Did found that Citie most famous
 Of Rome standing in Italie,
 As in the storie thou maist see;
 And thou shalt see how the
 whole

whose doughtie deedes are well commended,
 And shall be till the world be ended,
 Though they began with cruelty;
 And made an end wyth miserie,
 As lightly all are wont, whose will
 Delights the guiltlesse blood to spill.
 In Grece the ornat Poet,
 Medecine, Musike, Astronomie,
 During this first Monarchie began,
 By Homer that most famous man,
 Together with Hesiodus,
 As diuers authors sheweth to vs.
 It were to long to put in rime
 The bookes which they wrote in their time.
 These were the acts most principall,
 which did in that same age befall.
 As for good abraham and his seede,
 within the byble you may rede,
 How in this time it did befall,
 Began the kingdome spirituall,
 As I haue shewed to thee before,
 wherefore I speake of them no more.

A short description of the seconde,

third, and fourth Monarchies.

Father I pray you which was the man
 That the next Monarchie began?

Courier,

Cyrus in deede the king of Persie,

Cyper.

As olde Chronicles do rehearse,

Prudent and full of Policie,

Began the second Monarchie.

And

And he was the most noble king
 That euer in Perce was rainging,
 For he of his benignitie
 Deliuered from captiuitie
 The whole people of Israell,
 In the time of Daniell,
 The which had bene prisoners;
 In Babylon full seventy yeeres.
 Therefore God of his grace bening
 Gaue heuenly knowledge to the king,
 During his time as I heere tell,
 He bled the counsaile of Daniell.
 Carion at length doth specifie
 Of his maruelous natiuitie,
 And of his vertuous vbringings,
 And how he vanquisht Crefus king,
 With many another valiant dede,
 As in Carion thou mayst reade,
 Whose succession did endure
 Till the last king therof beure.
 But after his great conquering
 Right wofull was his ending,
 As Herodotus doth discrine,
 In Scithia he lost his life,
 Whercas the mightie Scithians
 Vanquisht thole noble Persians
 And when that Cyrus once was dead,
 Queene Tomyre hacked of his head,
 For she was Queene of Scithians,
 And in despite of Persians
 She cast his heade as she thought good,
 Into a vessell full of blood,
 And sayde these words right cruelly,
 Drinke thou thy fill if thou be dry,
 For

For thou didst bloudshed euer thurst,
 Now drinke therefore vntill thou burst.
 After that, Cyrus succession
 Of all the world helde still possession
 Till Alexander with sworde and fyre,
 Obtained perforce the third Emperre.
 This man was king of Macedone,
 With valiaunt Greekes many a one,
 In battell fell and furious,
 He banquisht the mightie Darius;
 Which was the worst and the last king,
 That after Cyrus was reigning.
 As for this mightie Emperour,
 Alexander the conquerour,
 If thou at length wilt reade the thing,
 And all his cruell conquering,
 In English tongue in his great booke,
 At length his life there may thou looke,
 How Alexander that mightie king,
 Was twelue yere in conquering,
 And how for all his great conquest,
 He liued scarce a yere in rest,
 But by his seruant secretly
 He Doysoned was full piteously.
 Lucan, Alexander both compare
 To thunder or fyre flasht in the ayre,
 A cruell planet, a mortall worde,
 Downe thronging people with his sworde,
 Ganges that most famous floud,
 He mixed with the Indians bloud.
 And Euphrates with the bloud of Perce,
 His crueltie for to hearse,
 And guiltles bloud that he did shed,
 Abhominable was to be read,

After

The thirde booke

After his short prosperitie
 He dyed with great miserie.
 It were to long to be described,
 How all his Realmes remaind deuided,
 Untill that Cesar Julius,
 When he had vanquishd Pompeius,
 Was chosen Emperour agayne,
 Aboue the Romaines for to reigne.
 That mightie Prince was the first man,
 Which the fourth Monarchie began,
 And had the whole Dominion
 Of euery land and Region,
 Whose successors reigned without warre,
 Ouer the worlde both nigh and farre.
 But gentle Julius kept his place
 Of Emperour but a little space,
 The more to blame his folke therefore,
 In fyue moneths and little more,
 By false and mischeuous treason
 That prudent Prince was troden downe,
 And murthered in his counsell house,
 By cruell Brutus and Casius.
 After that Julius was slayne
 The great Octauian next did raigne,
 Of Emperours one of the best,
 During whose time was peace and rest
 Ouer all the world in ech region,
 As histories make mention.
 Howouer also it is playne,
 That while Octauian thus did raigne,
 The sonne of God our Lorde Iesu,
 Tooke mankinde of the vergin true,
 And was that time in Bethlem borne,
 To saue mankinde that was forlorne.

Mat. 2.

As

As Scripture makes narration,
 Of his blest Inarnation,
 Now haue I tolde thee as I can,
 How the four Monarchies began,
 But in thy minde thou maist remember
 How worldly power is but slender,
 For all the great empires are gone,
 Thou seest there is no Prince alone
 Which hath the whole Dominion
 This time of eury Nation.

Father what ment these knightes,
 Couetous to be of others rightes,
 without cause or iust quarrell,
 wherethrough they made such battell,
 The common people downe to bring.

Cometles.

To this I make this answering,
 My sonnetruely that shall be doone
 As I best can, and that right soone.
 These Monarchies I vnderstande,
 were first ordeined by the hande
 Of him that made and fashioned all
 For to downe bring and to makethall
 Ungodly people vicious,
 And also to be gracious
 To such as good and vertuous are,
 As Daniell plainly doth declare
 At length in all his propheties,
 How there should be foure Monarchies,
 His second chapter thou maist see,
 How after the first Monarchy,
 when Nabuchodonosor king
 An image saw in his sleeping,
 Both hye and brode with visage bolde,
 whose head was all of pure fine gold.

Experiencia.

Dan. 7.

His

His brest and armes of siluer bright,
 His wombe of copper strong and might,
 His loynes and limmes of yron strong,
 His feete of clay with yron among.
 Then from a mountaine came alone,
 without mans hande a mighty stone,
 which on that figures feete did fall,
 And beate it doone in powder small.
 This is the Interpretation,
 As Doctours make narration:
 The head of golde did signifie,
 First of Assyrians the Monarchie,
 The Siluer brest they did apply
 To Persians, which reigned secondly,
 The wombe of Copper or of brasse,
 Thirdly to Greekes compared was.
 His loynes and limmes of yron and Steele,
 Clarkes haue the same compared wele
 To Romanes through their diligence,
 To haue the fourth preheminnence
 Aboue eche other Nation.
 By this interpretation
 The mixed feete of yron and clay,
 Did signifie the latter day,
 when that the worlde should be demided,
 As afterwarde shall be declared.
 Christ is signified by the stone,
 whose Monarchie shall neuer be gone,
 for vnder his domination,
 All Princes shall be troden downe,
 when that great king omnipotent,
 Comes to his generall iudgement,
 His Monarchie shall be knowen,
 As after shall be to thee shewen,
 And

of the Monarch.

And also the scripture will thee tell,
How in the eight chapter of Daniel,
He did see in this his vision,
By Gods great provision,
How that the Greekes should looke vengeance,
Upon the Medes and Persians,
Comparing the Greekes vnto a gate
With one horne furious and hote,
Which flew the ram, with hornes two,
Compared to Perce and Mede also,
And so by Daniels promises,
All these great mighty Monarches,
The which all other realmes supplied,
By the great God were denied,
As well appeares by Titus the Roman,
The sonne and heire of Vespasian,
Who made him a furious instrument,
To put the Jewes to great torment,
Whereof I purpose of hence I fate,
Shortly the proces to declare.

Of the miserable and most terrible

destruction of Ierusalem.



ather I pray you declare to me,
Induring this fourth Monarchie,
The most misfortune that befell,
By some foresight I shall thee tell,
The most and manifest misery,
Did fall vpon that great City
Ierusalem, when it was suppressed,
As stories do make manifest.

Courtier,

Exper.

But

But as the scripture doth deuise,
 Jerusalem was destroyed thise
 first for the great Idolatrie
 which they committed in Iurys
 The honoz due to God alone,
 They gaue to figures of Rocks and Stones
 Before Christes incarnation,
 Came fyrst this desolation,
 Fine hundred yeares foure score and ten.
 In Cronicles it may be sene,
 How Nabuchodonoset king,
 That famous Citie did downe bring,
 Their king with people many one.
 He brought all bounde to Babylon,
 where they remayned piloners,
 The space of ten and threescore yeares.
 And that fyrst desolation,
 which called is the transmigration.
 There were none left in all those lands
 But poore men laboring with their hands,
 Till mighty Cyrus king of Perse,
 As Daniell doth full well rehearse,
 was moued by God for to restore.
 The Jewes to be as they were before,
 If I let passe I were to blame
 The last siege of Jerusalem
 whose ruine was most miserable,
 And for to tell right terrible
 was neuer in earth Citie nor towne,
 Had such extreame destruction.
 The towne of Tyre, Thebes, nor Troy
 They suffered neuer halfe such noy.
 The Emperour Vespasian,
 The cruell siege thereof began.

There

There was the prophesie completed
 which Christ spake on mount Olivet
 when he Jerusalem beheld
 with teares that from his eyne dydd
 Seeing by heavenly prescience
 The great destruction and vengeance
 which was to come on that Citty
 his hart was perced with pittie.
 He said Jerusalem if thou knewest
 Thy great ruine, soe would thou reu.
 Naught booteth thee that I can show
 The veritie thou wilt not know
 Nor haue consideration
 Of thy holy visitation
 Thy people will no way consider
 whome I would haue gathered together
 As straying sheepe without their herdes
 As the hen gathereth hir birdes
 Under her winges tenderly.
 But you refuse most spitefully
 Therefore shall come that dreadfull day
 That no remedy make thou may
 Thy fences shall be broke in sunder
 So that the world shall on thee wonder
 Thy temple which now doth stately stand
 Shall be troden downe among the sand.
 And as he said so it befell
 As heereafter I shall thee tell
 Shew me good for the circumstance
 And speciall cause of that mischaunce.
 Why sonne the holy scripture sayes
 It was for that they bidd alwayes
 The Prophets which God to them did send
 And also bycause they did contend
 with

Courtier,

Exper.

with Christ the sonne of God sovereigne, for so he
 when he among them did remaine, yet thus he did
 For all the miracles that he did shewe, yet thus he did
 The scribes & Pharisees would not him knowe,
 Though he thoro his power deuine, and thus he did
 The water cleare had turned to wine, and thus he did
 And by that selfe same power and might, yet thus he did
 Had giuen the blind their perfect sight, yet thus he did
 And giuen the crooked men their feet, yet thus he did
 And made the leper whole and sweete, yet thus he did
 And healed all, and raised the dead, yet thus he did
 And to the hungry brake his bread, yet thus he did
 Yet because he shewd the verities, yet thus he did
 They did conclude that he should die, yet thus he did
 The Bishops and Princes of the priestes, yet thus he did
 Did grow so boldned in their brestes, yet thus he did
 The Scribes and Doctors of the lawe, yet thus he did
 Of God no man had no more, yet thus he did
 On Christ Jesu vengeance to take, yet thus he did
 Right to the Scribes and Pharisees, yet thus he did
 A sect of fained religion, yet thus he did
 Deuised his confusion, yet thus he did
 And sent their seruantes at the last, yet thus he did
 which with strong cordes did bind him fast, yet thus he did
 Both backe and side they scourged him, yet thus he did
 That none for blond might see his face, yet thus he did
 There was not left one penny broad, yet thus he did
 Of him be wounded from fode to head, yet thus he did
 In maner of delusion, yet thus he did
 They made for him a cruellestone, yet thus he did
 Of pricking thornes sharpe and long, yet thus he did
 which on his heafteny head they thong, yet thus he did
 And made him for the greater lacke, yet thus he did
 Beare his gallopes on his backe, yet thus he did
 thus he did

To that vile place of Caluery,
 where many a thousand men might see,
 That innocent they toke perforce,
 And bound him backward to the Crosse.
 Thoro' w fete and handes great nayles they thrust
 Tyll blood abundantly out burst
 without grutching and clamorous cry,
 That payne he suffered patiently.
 And for augmenting of his greenes,
 They hanged him betwixt two theenes,
 where men might see the streame so sweete,
 which sprong out of his handes and feete.
 From thornes driuen into his head,
 Ran downe the bloody streames red.
 In the presence of many a man,
 The blood royall on the earth ran.
 Shortly to say that heauenly king,
 In extream dolour abode hanging,
 Tyll saying (Consummatus est)
 His spite he yelded from his brest.
 When he was dead they tooke a dart,
 And pearst that prince through the hart,
 From whom there ran both water and blood,
 The earth then trembled where they stood.
 Phebus did hide his beames so bright,
 That thoro' the world there was no light.
 The great beyle of the temple rent then,
 Out of their graue did the dead men,
 And in the Citie did appeare,
 As in the scripture you may heare.
 Then Ioseph of Arimathy,
 Dyd bury him right reverently,
 But yet he rose full gloriously,
 On the third day triumphantly.

And with his Disciples in certaine, as he did saye
 forty dayes he did remayne: and then he ascended
 After that to heauen he ascended
 But these Jewes nothing their life amended,
 Nor gaue no credence to his lawes,
 Als more at length the stories shewes,
 But cruelly did still oppresse
 All men that did his name professed
 They persecuted many a one,
 And prisoned both Peter and John,
 And Steven they stoned starke dead,
 From James the lesse they take the head,
 This was the cause in conclusion,
 Of their cruell confusion,
 The prudent Jew Iosephus sayes,
 That he was present in those dayes,
 And in his booke makes mention,
 How after Christs ascension,
 The space of forty yeares and twaine,
 Those cruell warres did rage and raigne,
 The seconde yeare of Vespasian,
 Where many were taken and slayne,
 Iosephus plainly doth conclude,
 Was neuer seene such a multitude
 Before that time in the towne,
 Which came for their confusion,
 To their great misfortune it befell,
 That all the princes of Israel
 Assembled to the passouer,
 But to returne they had no leysure,
 The bold Romanes with their captaine,
 Titus the sonne of Vespasian,
 Their army ouer Judea spred,
 Then all men to the Citie fled,

Selecting

Beleuing there to get reliefe,
 But all turned co their mischiefe,
 The Romanes lapped them about,
 That by no way they might get out.
 Sixe monethes did that siege indure,
 Where lost were many a creature,
 Which there in misery did remayne,
 Till they were taken all and slayne.
 During the time of this assaile,
 Their meate and drinke and all did faile,
 For there was such a multitude,
 That thousandes died for fault of foode.
 Necessitie made them eate perforce,
 Dogge, Cat, Rat, and Horse,
 Riche men were forced to eate their golde,
 Yet died they for hunger manifolde,
 Such hunger was there as we reade,
 The quicke were forced to eate the dead.
 The fylth of Closets many did eate,
 To length their life they thought it sweete meate,
 The deyntie Ladies of the towne,
 For salt of foode did drop thicke downe,
 And when they might get no other meate,
 They saw their own children to eate.
 But all for nought for pittifully,
 Their owne souldiers full greedily,
 Rest them that flesh most miserable,
 And they with mourning lamentable,
 For extreame hunger their Ghost did yeelde,
 There was the prophesy fulfilled,
 As Christ before made narration,
 The day of his bitter passion,
 When that the Ladies for him mourned,
 Full piteously to them he turned,
 And

And said daughters mourne not for me; grieve not
 Mourne for your owne posteritie; within his tyme
 within short tyme shall come the day, whenas it shal be
 That men of that Citie shall say; yea on yd day
 when they are trapped in the snare; yea then
 Blest be the wombe that neuer bare; yea then
 The barren payes then shall they blyssed; yea then
 That dolefull day ye shall not misse; yea then
 This prophesy did come to passe; yea then
 That day with many a lowd alas; yea then
 Such sorowfull lamentation; yea then
 Was neuer had in any nation; yea then
 As was when those same Ladies were
 Lay dying for hunger in the strete; yea then
 Their husbands, nor their children; yea then
 Could giue to them no comfort then; yea then
 Nor yet releue them of their harmes; yea then
 But eyther died in others armes; yea then
 After this woollfull indigence; yea then
 Among them rose a great pestilence; yea then
 wherin there died many a hundred; yea then
 which to defflate it were great wonder; yea then
 And for fittall Conclusion; yea then
 Those warlike walles were beaten downe; yea then
 Prince Titus with his chivalry; yea then
 with sounde of trumpet triumphing; yea then
 Entred into that Citie; yea then
 But to declare I thinke it piteous; yea then
 The painefull clamour horrible; yea then
 Of wounded folke most miserable; yea then
 There was nought els but kill and slay; yea then
 for there was no man might scape away; yea then
 The streames of blood ran downe the strete; yea then
 Of dead folke; trodden under fete; yea then

Olde widowes in the streete were smothered,
 Young vergins shamefully deflowered,
 The great temple of Salomons Gould shew
 With many a curious carved stone,
 With perfect pinacles of height,
 Whiche were right beautifull and hight,
 Wherein riche Jewels did abound,
 They threw downe rudely to the ground,
 And set (in that their furious pee)
 Sancta Sanctorum all on fyre,
 And with extreime confusion,
 All their great blidninges they beate downe,
 There broken were the subhome priestes,
 Of Bishops, priors, and of the priestes,
 Then did the great vengeance arise
 On false Scribes and Pharisees,
 All their paynted hypocrites,
 That time might make them to supply,
 That day they wofully repented,
 That to the death of Christ consented,
 Though it were to our saluation,
 Yet was it vnto their damnation,
 The vengeance of the bloody gittles,
 From Abell to Zacharias,
 That day vpon Ierusalem fell,
 But tedious it were for to tell,
 The great extream confusion,
 And of bloud the effusion,
 Was neuer slayn so many a man,
 At that time the world began,
 The Jewes that day had their desire,
 Which they did see in their great pyre,
 As in Scripture is specified,
 The day when Christe was crucified,

when Poncys late the president
 Saide to them; I am innocent
 Of the iust blood of Christ Iesus,
 They cried his blood be vpon vs;
 And on our generation;
 They had their supplication
 That day, with many a carefull cry,
 Their blood was shed abundantly.
 Iosephus writeth in his booke,
 His Cronicle who list to looke,
 That during that cruell siege certayne,
 were eleuen hundred thousande slayne;
 And of prisoners well tolde and seene,
 fourescore thousande and seuentene.
 Out of the lande they did expell
 All the people of Irael;
 And for their great ingratitude,
 They left it vnder seruitude.
 There is no Jew in no countrey
 which hath one foote of poptie;
 Nor neuer had as you may heare,
 Since that time: x hundred yere;
 Nor neuer shall to this day,
 Till that they turne to Christe.
 Some say the Jewes both yong and olde,
 were thirty for a penny tolde;
 As Judas solde Christe before,
 for thirty pence and no more.
 After that many were mischeued,
 For when it was knowne howe long they lued
 Upon their golde withouten doubt,
 They slit their belies to seche it out,
 The rest into egypt they did sende
 Prisoners to their lines ende.

Titus tooke in his company
 Great numbers of the most worthy
 With him to Rome he led the in bound,
 And cruelly did them confounde,
 His victory for to beautifie,
 And eke his power to magnifie.
 He put them into publike places,
 Where all men might behold their faces,
 And with wilde Lyons cruelly,
 They were deuoured wofully.
 This hye triumphant mightie towne,
 At Paske was put to confusion,
 Bicause that in that time and place
 They crucified the king of grace.
 Some haue this matter well indite,
 More pleasantly than I can write,
 I leaue thereof with hart sorow,
 Only to God be laude and glory.

Of the miserable end of certayn Tyrants

Princes, and specially the beginners of the

four Monarchies.

Now haue I declared at thy desires,
 As thou demanded in termes short,
 How began the principall Empires,
 As Chroiclers and Scripture do report;
 Wherefore for thy sake I will thee certifie,
 Perfectly print in thy remembrance,
 Of this inconstant world the variance.

When of the four famous Monarchies

The Princes in their pompe imperials

Crusting

Trusting to be most sure set in their sees,
 The guilefull world did giue them morall falles
 For their rewarde, and darke memoriall;
 Though ouer the world they had preheminent,
 Of it they had no other recompence.

For like as the Snow doth melt in May,
 Through the returne of Shebus beames bright;
 So these great Empires faded quite away,
 Gone is their glory, their power, and their might.
 And bycause they were couetous without al right,
 And bloudsheders most full of cruell moode,
 Therefore likewise was shed their owne blood.

Beholde how God ay since the world began,
 Hath made tyrant kings as an instrument
 To scourge people, and to kill many a man,
 Which to his law were disobedient.
 And when they had done & performed his intent,
 In destroying wicked people shamefully,
 He suffered them to be scourged cruelly.

Euen as the scholemaster doth make a wand,
 For to reclaime his scholars that offende,
 And will not studie at his commaundes;
 Correcting them all duly to the ends
 They shoulde to his true counsellment be bende:
 And when they obey, then passed is his pende;
 He takes the wand and putteth it in the fire.

So God of King Phara made an instrument,
 Which was the great king of the Egyptians,
 His owne perillous people to content,
 That beeing done he brought of him vengeance,
 And

And let them fall through disobedience,
That finally he with a great army
In the red sea was drowned dolefully.

Right so of Nabuchodonosor king,
God made also a furious instrument,
Jerusalem and the Jewes dooone to bring,
When they to God were disobedient.

But after ward his crowne he from him tist,
And him transformed into a beaſt till
Seven peeres and more, as witteſſeth Daniell.

Alexander through his proud tyranny,
In peereſt welſe bid make his great conqueſt;
Shedding gillies blond cruelly,
Till he was king of kings he did not reſt.

In all the world when he was full poſſeſt,
And in Babylon throned triumphantly,
Through poiſon ſtrong he died dolefully.

Duke Hanniball the ſtrong Cartagian,
Brought downe the Romanes pompe and glory,
By his power were many a thouſand ſlayne,
As may be red at length in his ſtory,

At Cannas where he won the victory,
On Romanes hands that dead lay on the ground,
Three heaped buſhels of rings were found.

In that mortall battell I heare ſayne,
Of the Romanes moſt worthy warriours
Beſides priſoners were forty thouſand ſlayne,
Of whome there was thirty wiſe Senatours,
And twenty Lords which had been prietours,
That died in defence of their countrey,
And for to hold their land at liberty.

The third booke

What rewarde got this cruell champion,
When he had slayne so great a multitude,
And when the glasse of his glory was runne
A shamefull death: and shortly to conclude,
This is the rewarde of all with bloud imbryde,
For he had such extreme confusion,
He slew himselfe by drinking poyson.

Beholde the two most famous champions,
That is to say Julius and Pompey,
Which did conquer all earthly regions,
As well mayne land as Isles in the sea,
And to the towne of Rome made them obey,
(For Pompey did subdue the Orient,
And Julius Cesar all the Occident.)

At last these two did strive for the state,
Wherethrough three hundred thousand men were
But Pompey after that great debate,
Was murdred as stories shew vs playne:
Then Julius was Prince and soueraigne,
About the whole world Emperour and king,
But in rest short time he indured reigning.

For within five monthes and little more,
Among his Lords in the Counsell house
He murdred was, what neede processe more,
As I haue sayd by Brute and Cassius:
If thou would know their deaths most dolorous
Thou maist at length go read the Romane story,
Which hath this matter put in memory.

Gone is the golden world of the Affricans,
Of whome king Adrus was first and principall,
Gone

Gone is the Silver world of the Persians,
The Copper world of the Greekes now is thrall,
The world of Iron which was last of all,
Compared to the Romanes in their gloze,
Are gone right so, no more of them heare I.

Now is the world of yron mixt with clay,
As Daniell at length did well indite,
The great Empires are melted cleane away,
Now is the world of dolour and despite,
I see nought else but troubles infinite:
Wherefore my sonne this thing perpend,
This world I know is drawing to an end.

For now is dearchy, hunger, and pestilence,
With cruell warres both by sea and lande,
Realme against Realme breeds mortall bylence,
Which signifieth the last day to be at hande:
Wherefore my sonne in thy fayth constant stand,
Lifting thy heart to God, and cry for grace,
And mend thy life while thou hast time and space.

Heere followeth the first spirit

small and Papall Monarch.



Either is there no Prince reigning,
Which hath the world at commaunding,
As had the king of Affricans,
The Persis, Greekes, or the Romanes?
Who hath now most dominion
Of euery lande and Region?

There is no Prince my sonne truely,
That hath the Principall Monarchy

Courtier.

Exper.

Above

Al boue the world vniuersally, and in all maner
 north whole, euer imperiall, and in all maner
 As Alexander and Darus, for more to showe
 Or as had Cesar Julius, namo al of the world
 For Orient and Occident, on all of the world
 To them were all obedient.

Notwithstanding I finde one king, of which
 Which in Europa is reigning, and is helme
 That is the mightie Pope of Rome, who
 Reigning ouer all Christendome, to whom
 To whome no Princes may compare, as
 As Canonlawes can well declare, in all
 All Princes of the West, and in all
 Are to his grace obedient.

For he hath whole power complete, both
 Both of the body and of the spirit, and
 Christes lieutenant he is (he saies) sitting
 Sitting in Peters seat alwayes. So he
 So he is of all kings the king, and
 Whiche in Europa are now reigning, and
 And as the Romane Emperours, haue
 Haue the world vnder their cures,
 Had Princes, knights, and champions,
 Rulers in all Regions,
 Upholding their authoritie,
 Using iustice and policie:

Right so this mightie Pope of Rome,
 The soueraigne king of Christendome,
 Hath now within the countrey, his
 His Princes of great granity.
 In some countrey his Cardinals,
 Sitting in their most precious palles,
 Archbishops, Bishops, thou maist see,
 Defending his authoritie,

with

with other mightie Patriarches,
Colleges full of cunning clarkes,
Abotes and Priours as is well knowne,
Rulers of religious men thicke growne,
Officiall with his procuratoure,
whose lothsome law spoyleth the poore,
Archdeacons and Deanes, of dignitie,
Great Doctours of diuinitie,
Their chaunters, and their sacristans,
Their Treasurers, and their Subdeans,
Legions of Priests seculars,
Persons, Vicars, Monkes, and Fryers,
Of diuers orders many one.
which lothsome were to talke thereon,
In sundry habites as may be seene,
Differing from other Christen men,
Fayre Ladies of religion,
Profest in euery region,
False hermits fashioned lyke the fryers,
Proud popish Clarke, and Pardoners livers,
Their Grauntaries and chamberlaines,
with their temporall courtissians.
Thus all the world by lande and sea,
His holinesse doth now obay,
Not onely his spirituall kingdome,
But the great Emperour of Rome,
And kinges of euery nation,
That day when they receiue the croone
do make othe of fydeltie,
To defende his aucthoritie.
Moreouer with humble reuerence,
They do to him obedience,
By them seluent their Ambassadors,
Or other orinate oratours.

who doth withſtande his maieſty,
 His lawes or his liberty,
 Or holdes any opinion
 Contrary to his religion,
 Eyther by way of deede or wordes,
 They go to pot by fyre or ſwordes.
 Saint Peter ſtyled was (Sanctus)
 But he is called Sanctiſſimus.
 His ſtile at length if thou wilt know,
 Thou muſt go looke the Cannon lawes
 Both in Sextus and Clementine;
 His ſtately ſtile may well be ſeene.
 There ſhalt thou finde read if thou canſt
 How he is neyther God nor man.

Courtier. What is he then by your iudgement,
 Truly I thinke him different
 Farre from our ſoueraigne Lord Jeſus,
 And to his kinde contrarious.

Cypri. The Cannon lawe my ſonne truly,
 That queſtion will declare to thee
 It doth ſurpaſſe this rude wit of myne
 His ſanctitude for to deſpise,
 Or for to ſhew the authority,
 Pertaining to his maieſty
 So great a prince where ſhalt thou finde,
 That ſpiritually may looſe and binde;
 Or by whome ſinnes are forgiven,
 Be they by his diſciples ſpoken.
 Whome euer he byndes with his might,
 They bonden are in Gods ſight.
 Whome euer he loſeth in earth belowe,
 Are loſed by God in heauen alſo.

And

And he is prince of purgatory,
 Deliuering soules from paine to glory:
 Of that darke dongeon out of bout,
 To home euer he please he fetcheth out.

Our secret sinnes every yeare,
 We must shew to some priest or feyer,
 And take their absolution,
 Or els we get no remission.

So by this meane they know can,
 The secretes of eche secular man.

Their secretes we know not all:

Thus are we to them bond and thrall.

What euer their ministers commaunde,

Must be obeyed without demaund:

Wherefore my sonne I say to thee,

This is a maruelous monarchee.

Which hath power imperiall,

Both of the body and the soule.

Father I pray you declare to mee, Courtier.

How did begin this Monarchee:

My sonne Christ Iesus God and man, Exper.

That Empire graciously began,

Not by the fyre, nor by the sworde,

But by the vertue of his worde,

And left within his testament,

Many a wholesome document,

With his successours to be bled;

Though many of them be abused.

For Peter and Paule, with all the rest,

Of their brethren, made manifest

The lawe of God with trewe intent,

Preaching the olde and new testament.

They led their life in pouerty,

Deuotion and humilitie,

As did their maister Christe Iesus,
 And were not halfe so glorious
 As their successours now in Rome,
 Raigning ouer all Christendome.
 After the death of Peter and Paule,
 And Christes true Disciples all,
 Their Successours within few yeares,
 (As more at length the story appeares)
 Full craftily climbe to the Torder,
 From spirituall might to temporall power,

Courtier.

Father or we enter further in,
 When did their temporall glory begin?

Exper.

Sonne (said he) thou shalt vnderstande,
 Or euer any Pope gat any land,
 Two and thirty good Popes in Rome
 Received the crowne of macydome,
 But not the threefolde diademe
 To weare three crownes they thought greet shame:

Uyll Siuester the confessor
 From Constantine the Emperour

Receiued the realme of Italy,
 And eke of Rome the great Citie,
 That was the roote of their riches,
 For then sprang vp their welthynges.

When that the Pope was made a king,
 All princes bowed at his bloding,
 This acte was done as you shall heare,
 From Christes death three hundred yeare.

Then Lady sensualitie,
 Toke lodging in that great Citie,
 Where she euer since did remaine,
 As their owtie Lady soueraine.
 Then kinges in all nations,
 Made for priestes great foundations,

Ch

They thought great godlines and honour,
 To counterfeite the Emperour,
 As did Dauid of Scotlande king,
 The which did found (his raigne during)
 Fyftene abbeyes, with temporall lands,
 Besides Tithes and offerands,
 By whose holy simplicitie,
 He left the Crowne in pouerty.
 Now haue I shewed thee as I can,
 How their temporall power began,
 Ascending by from gree to gree,
 Aboue the Emperours maiesty:
 So when they got among their handes,
 In Italy all the Emperours lands,
 After that in each countrey,
 Sprang by their temporalltie,
 With so great riches and such rent,
 That they began to be negligent
 In making ministracion
 To Christes congregation,
 And toke no payne in their preaching,
 And farre lesse trauell in their teaching.
 But chaunged their spiritualtie
 Into temporall sensualitie.

Father thinke ye that they are sure,
 That their Empire shall long endure?

Assuredly do thou perpende,

Their glory truly shall haue an ende,

I meane their temporall Monarchy,

Shall turne into humillity,

Thoroow Gods worde early or late,

They shall turne to their first estate,

As by Daniels prophesy appeares,

Therto shall not be many yeares,

999

Courtier,

Exper.

For Christes sayth shall neuer fayle
But more and more it shall preuaile,
Though Christes true congregation,
Suffer great tribulatione

Courtier. Father (saide I) by what reason,
Thinke ye their Empire may come do home,
Considering their preheminence

Exper. My sonne for disobedience,
Abusing the commaundement,
Whiche Christ left in his testament,
Using their owne tradition
More then his institution.
For Christ in his last conuention,
The day of his assention,
To his Disciples did commaund,
That they should passe into every land,
To teach and preach with true intent,
His lawes and his commaundement,
None other office he to them gave,
He did not bid them seeke or craue
Presentes and offeringes into their handes,
Nor get Lordships of temporall landes,
But now it may be hard and scene,
Both with thine eares and thine eyes,
How prelates now in every landes
Take littell care of Christes commaund,
Neither in their deedes nor in their lawes,
But do neglect their owne Canon lawes,
Using them selues contrarioung,
For the most part to Christ Iesus
Christ thought no shame to be a preacher,
And to all people of truth a teacher
A Pope, a Bishop, nor Cardinall,
To teach or preach will not be thrall.

They send forth fryers to preach for them,
 which makes the people now to abhorre them.
 Christ would not be a temporall king,
 Richly in no realme to be reigning,
 But fled temporall authoritie,
 As in the scripture ye may see.
 All men may know the Popes raingniges,
 In dignitie aboue all kinges,
 As well in temporalytie,
 As in the spiritualitie,
 Thou mayst well see by experience,
 The Popes princely prebeminence.
 In Cronicles if thou list to looke,
 How Carion writeth in his booke
 A notable narration,
 The yere of our saluation.
 A leuen hundred and five and fyfte,
 Pope Alexander presumptuously
 (which was the third Pope of that name)
 To frederike the Emperour did shame.
 In Venus that triumphant towne,
 That noble Emperour did lye downe,
 Upon his belly with greefe alacke,
 The Pope did tread vpon his backe,
 In tokening of obedience,
 There he shewed his prebeminence.
 And caused his cleargy for to syng,
 These wordes after following.
 Super aspidem & Basilicem atbulabis,
 Et conculcabis Leonem & Draconem.
 Then said this humble Emperour,
 I do to Peter this honour.
 The Pope answered with wordes both,
 Thou shalt me honour and Peter both.

The third booke

Christ for to shew his humble sprite,
Did wash his poore Disciples feete;
The Popes holmes I wisse, as do you knowe,
Will suffer kings his feete to kisse.

Luke. 9.

Birdes had their nests, and fores their den;
But Iesus Christ the saviour of men
In earth had not one penny broade,
Wheron he might repose his head;
Howbeit the Popes excellence,
Hath Castells of magnificence,
Abbots, Bishops, and Cardinals,
And pleasant palaces royall;
Like paradise are those prelats places,
Wanting no pleasure of faine faces.

Act. 4.

John, Andrew, James, Peter, and Paul,
Had few houses among them all;
From time they were to the herity,
They did contemne all property;
And were right hartely content,
With meate and drinke and faine raiment.

John. 10.

To saue mankind which was folowe,
Christ bare a cruell crowne of thorne;
The Pope doth weare three crownes for the honours,
Of Golde, powdered with precious stones;
Of Gold, and Silver I am sure,
Christ Iesus tooke but little care;
He left not when he helde the spite,
To buy him selfe a winding sheet;
But his successor good Pope John,
When he deceased in London,
Left behinde him a great treasure
Of Golde and Silver, by measure,
And by full computation,
Fieue and twenty million.

As doth indite **Palmerius**, and of old **garnison** and
 Reade him and thou shalt finde it thus. as of **And**
Christes Disciples were well knowne, and of **And**
 Through vertue which was by them **Howe** **And**
 In speciall feruent charitie, and of **And** **And** **And**
 Great patience and humilitie: and of **And** **And** **And**
 The **Popes** flocke in all regions, and of **And** **And** **And**
 Are knowne best by their **shauen crownes**, and of **And**
 Christ did honour **marriage**, and of **And** **And** **And** **John. 2.**
 within the **Cane of Galile**, and of **And** **And** **And**
 where he by his power deuine, and of **And** **And** **And**
 Did turne the water into wine, and of **And** **And** **And**
 And also chose some **maried men**, and of **And** **And** **And**
 To be his seruants: and againe, and of **And** **And** **And**
Saint Peter during all his life, and of **And** **And** **And**
 Thought no scorne to keepe a wife, and of **And** **And** **And**
 He shall not finde it no passage, and of **And** **And** **And**
 where Christ forbiddeth **marriage**, and of **And** **And** **And**
 Lawfull it is for eche man to marry, and of **And** **And** **And**
 That wants the gift of chastitie, and of **And** **And** **And**
 The **Pope** hath made contrarie **lawes**, and of **And** **And** **And**
 In his kingdome, as eche man knowes, and of **And** **And** **And**
 None of his **Priests** dare **marry** **wiues**, and of **And** **And** **And**
 Under no lesse payne than their **lines**, and of **And** **And** **And**
 Though they had **Concubines** **fifteene**, and of **And** **And** **And**
 But in that case they are **ouerseene**, and of **And** **And** **And**
 What chastitie they keepe in **Rome**, and of **And** **And** **And**
 Is well knowne ouer all **Christendome**, and of **And** **And** **And**
 Christ did shew his obedience, and of **And** **And** **And** **Mat. 17.**
 vnto the **Emperours** of **cellence**, and of **And** **And** **And**
 And caused **Peter** for to pay, and of **And** **And** **And**
 Tribute to **Cesar** for their **tway**, and of **And** **And** **And**
Paule bids vs be obedient, and of **And** **And** **And**
 To kings as the most excellent, and of **And** **And** **And**

The

The third booke

The contrary did Pope Siluester;
 when he as a proud Lucifer,
 Did Crowne Henry the Emperour;
 I thinke he did him small honour,
 For with his feete he did him crowne,
 And with his foote straight stroke it downe,
 Saying I haue authoritie
 Men to exalte to dignitie
 And to make Emperours and kings,
 And then depriue them from raignings;
 Peter in my opinyon
 Did neuer vse such dominion.
 Aparantly by my iudgment
 The Pope red neuer the new Testament,
 If he had learned at that shew,
 He had refused such hayne glory,
 As did Barnabas, Peter, and Paule,
 And the rest of Christes Disciples all.

Act. 10. The captayne Cornelius,
 when Sainct Peter came to his house,
 To worship him fell at his feete,
 But S. Peter with humble sprite,
 Did raise him vp with diligence,
 And did refuse such reuerence.

Apoc. 19. Right so S. John the Euangelist,
 The Angels feete would haue kist,
 But he refused such honour,
 Saying I am but seruitour,
 Thy felow also and thy brother,
 Giue glory to God and to none other.

Act. 14. Alike Barnabas and Paule,
 Suche honour did refuse at all,
 In Lystra where they wrought great works,
 The Priest of Iupiter with his clarkes,

And

And all the people with their aduice;
 would haue made to them sacrifice;
 Of whiche they were so discontent;
 That they their clothing all to rent,
 And Paule among them rudely ran,
 Saying I am a mortall man,
 Giue glory to God of kinges the king;
 That made heauen, earth, and euery thing.
 Sith Peter and Paule vaineglorie refused;
 with Popes why should such glory be bled?
 Peter, Andriew, John, James, and, Paule,
 And Christestruue Disciples all,
 By Gods worde their fayth defended,
 To burne and scalde they neuer pretended.
 The Pope defendeth his tradition,
 By flaming fyre with out remission.
 But if men breake the law dequie,
 They are not forced so to pine.
 For whozedome and idolatrie,
 For incest or adulterie,
 Or when yong virgins are deflowred,
 For such thinges men are not abhorred.
 But who that eates flesh in Lent,
 Shall be put to terrible torment.
 And if a Priest hap to marry,
 They do him ban, curse, and warry,
 Though it be not agaynst the law
 Of God, as men may clearly know.
 Betwixt these two what difference beene,
 By faythfull folkes it may bee seene,
 Suche contrarieties many mo
 I might declare that I let goe.
 I may not tarry to compile,
 Of eache order the stately stile,
 The

The seely Nun will thinke great shame,
 without she called be Madame.
 The poore Priest thinks he gets no right,
 Be he not stiled like a knight,
 And called Syr before his name,
 Syr Thomas or Syr William.
 All monkery ye may heare and see,
 Are called Dairs for dignitie,
 Although his mother milke a colt,
 He must be called dan Andrew,
 Dan Peter, dan Paule, and dan Robert,
 With Christ they take a painfull part,
 With double clothing from the colde,
 And eating and drinking when they wolde,
 With curious chaunting in the queere,
 God knowes they bought their heauen full deare.
 My Lorde Abbot right honorable,
 Is marshalled vppermost at the table,
 My Lorde Bishoppe most reverent,
 Is set aboue Earles in Parliament,
 And Cardinals during their raignings,
 Are felowes to princes and kings.
 The Pope is exalted in honour
 Aboue the mightie Emperour.
 The proud person I thinke truly
 Leades his life right lustily,
 For why he takes no other payne,
 But spende his tithes, and take againe.
 He listeth not the poore to teache,
 Or to his Parish to preache,
 Though they want preaching all the yere,
 He will not want one bowle of beere.
 Some persons haue at their commaund
 The wanton wenches of the land.

Also they haue prerogatiues,
 They may Depart from their Wives
 Without diuorced, summoning,
 And take an other without wedding,
 Some man would thinke it a lusty life,
 When that he list to chaunge his wife,
 And take an other of noote blakie,
 But lay men want their liberty
 The which are bound to marriage,
 But they like Rammes in that great rage,
 Unpiseled runne among the pines,
 So long as nature in them growes,
 And also the vicar as I crow,
 Will not sayle to take a Cow
 And byppermost clothes, though babes them ban,
 From a poore seely husbandman,
 When that he lyes ready to dye,
 Having small children two or three,
 And his three kene withouten mo,
 The vicar must haue one of tho,
 With the gray clake that couers the bed,
 Howbeit that they be poorely cled.
 And if the wife dye on the moine,
 And all the babes should be forlorne,
 The other Cow he takes away
 With hir poore cote and petycote gray,
 And if within two dayes or three
 The eldest childe shall happen to dye,
 Of the thied Cow he will be sure,
 When he hath all vnder his cure,
 And father and mother both dead be,
 Byg must the babes without remedy.
 They hold the corse at the Church stile,
 And there it must remaine a while.

All they get sufficient surety
 For their Church right and quiet
 Then comes the Lawlorde perforce
 And takes to him the fattest horse
 Poore labourers mould that law were done,
 Which neuer was founded by reason.
 I harde them say vnder confession
 That this law was brether to oppression.
 My sonne I haue shewed as I can,
 How this fyrst Monarchie began,
 Whose great Empire for to report
 At length, the time is all too short.

*Heere followeth the description of
 the Court of Rome.*

Courtier.

Father I pray you what rule keepe they at
 which haue the spiritual domination (Rome)
 And monarchy aboue all Christendome,
 Shew me I make you supplication?

Exper.

My sonne if I make true narration,
 To Peter and Paule though they succeed,
 I thinke they proue not so in their deede.

For Peter, Andrew, and John were fishers fine
 Of men and women to the Christen fayth,
 But the Popes haue spred the robe and line
 On rents rich, on golde, and on landes both,
 Such fyshing to neglect they will be loth;
 For why they haue filht ouerthwart the strands
 A great part truly of the temporall lands.

With that they haue the most of goods inuolable
 For the vpholding of their dignities,

So is their fishing very profitable
 On the dry lande as well as on the seas,
 Their holy waters they spread in al countreys,
 And with their hosenet dayly draw to Rome
 The most fine gold that is in Christendome.

I dare well say within these fifty years
 Rome hath receyved out of this region,
 For bulles and benefice that they sell full deare,
 Which might ful wel have payd a kings ransom;
 But were I worthy to were a Crowne,
 These priests should no more our substance con-
 Sending yere by yere to great riches to Rome.

Into their trameld net they sang a filhe
 More than a whale, worthy of memory,
 Of whome they haue had many a dainty dish,
 By whome they are exalted to great glory.
 That Martineus monster called Purgatory,
 Howbeit to vs it is not amiable,

It hath to them bene very profitable,
 Let they that fruitfull fish escape their net,
 Whereby they haue so great commodities;
 Another fat fish I trust they shall not get,
 Though they would search throughout the ocean
 Adeto the dayly dolorous dringes,
 Seely poore priests may sing with hart sorry,
 When they waite that paynfull palace Purgatory.

Farewell Minstrelly, with Chanon, Nun, & frier,
 Alas they will be lessened in all landes;
 Canons will no more be knowne in Church nor
 Let they that fruitfull fish escape their handes.

I coun-

The third booke

I counsell them to binde him in straight bandes,
For Peter, Andrew, nor John could neuer get
So profitable a fishe into their net.

Their marchaundise in all nations,
As printed leade, their ware and parchment,
Their Pardons and their dispensation,
Excede some temporall princes rent,
In such trafike they are not negligent,
Of benefice they make good marchaundise,
Through simony, which they cal but a little vice.

Christ did commaunde Peter to feede his sheepe,
And so he did feede them full tenderly,
Of that commaund they tooke but little keepe,
But Christs sheepe they spoyle piteously,
And with the wool they cloth them curiously,
Like rauening wolues they take of the their food,
That eate their flesh, and drinke both milke & blood.

For that office they serue but little hyre,
I thinke such Pastours are not for to pryse,
Which cannot guide the sheepe about the myre,
They are so busy about their marchaundise,
Though Peter be porter of Paradise,
That pleasant place craftely they close,
Though them right fowle do enter I suppose.

Christ Iesu sayd as Mathew doth report,
No be to the Scribes and Pharisses,
The which did close of Paradise the port,
Of them we haue the selfe same exercise,
To enter there they few folkes do aduise,

They

They take such cure in temporall busines,
That quite from vs they stop the plaine entres.

Those spirituall keyes that Christ to Peter gaue,
Their colour cleere with fylth and dust is faded,
Unoccupied they hold them in his name,
Of that office they might be disgraced,
By Gods worde except they regard it,
Opening the port that long time hath bene closed,
That we may enter with them that are foreclosed.

Contrary to Christes institution,
To them that dye in the habite of a fryer,
Rome hath graunted full remission,
To passe to heauen at their owne desire,
Which hath bene in Scotland bled many a yeare,
Is their such vertue in a fryers hooede?
I thinke in vaine then Christ did shed his blood.

would God the Pope that had preheminance,
With aduice of his counsell generall,
would do their detfull diligence,
That Christes law might be bled ouer all,
And truely preached, both to great and small,
And giue to them spirituall auctoritie,
which could perfectly shew the veritie.

Who can not preach a Priest should not be made,
As by Gods law we easily may defende,
And by the Cannon law they are defamed,
That take priesthode, but onely to the end
To all vertue they should their minde bend.
Inspeciall to preach with all true intentes,
And minister the needefull sacramentes.

As

The fourth booke

As for their Monks, their Canons, & their friers
And lusty Ladies of religion,
I know not what their office inferres,
But men may see their great abusion.
They are not like in conuersation,
Neither in wordes nor in their workes,
To the Apostles, Prophets, or Patriarkes.

If presently these Prelats cannot preach,
Then let eche Byshop haue a sufferaigne
Or successor, which can the people teach,
On their expences yearly to remayne,
To cause the people from vice to refrayne.
And when a Prelate hapneth for to die,
Then let a perfect preacher him supply.

Do they not so: on them shall lie the charge,
For giuing vnable men auctoritie.
As who would make a sternman to a barge
Of one blinde borne, who can no daunger see.
If that ship drowne forsooth I say for me;
Who gaue the sterneman such commission,
Should of the ship make restitution.

The humane lawes that are contrarious,
And not conforming to the lawes deuine,
They should expell, and hold them odious:
When they perceiue them come to no good fyne
But to be mouented by sensuall mans engine.
As that law that forbids mariage,
Causing yong clarkes to burne in lustes rage.

Hard it is true chastitie to obserue
without grace, labour, and abstinence.
In this our fleshe there raigneth tyll we sterue,
That first originall sin concupiscence.

which

which we theow Adams disobedience
 haue entred in, and shall indure for ever,
 Tyll that our soule and body do disleue.

Therefore God made of mariage the bande
 In paradise as scripture doth record. *Gen. 2.*

In Galely I also vnderstande,
 was mariage honored of Christ our Lord. *Joh. 2.*
 Olde lawe and new thereto do accorde.

I thinke it were better that they had slept,
 Then to haue made a law that they neuer kept.

Tooke not Christ Iesu his humanitie
 Of a vergin in mariage contracted, *Mat. 1.*
 And with hir flesh clad with diuinitie?
 Why haue they that blyssfull band delected? *Luc. 1.*

In their kingdome would god it were corrected,
 That yong prelates might mary lusty wliues,
 And not in sensuall laze still lead their liues.

Did not Christ choose of honest married men,
 As well as them that kept their chastitie,
 For to be his Disciples now and then,
 As in the scripture thou mayst playnly see,
 which kept still their wiues with honesty,
 As Peter and his sponused brethren all,
 Obserued chastitie matrimoniall?

But now appeares the prophesy of Paule *Tim. 4.*
 How some should rise in the latter age,
 That from the true fayth should depart and fall,
 And forbid the band of mariage,
 Also thou shalt finde in that same passage,
 They should contumand from meats to abstaine,
 which God created his people to sustaine.

And since the Pope our spirituall king,

The fourth booke

Both ouersee such vices manifest:
And in his kingdome suffereth raigning,
The men by whome the veritie is suppress:
I excuse him no more than the rest.
Alas how should we members be well vsed,
When our spirituall heades be so abused?

The famous doctour annient Auicen,
Sayth when euill humor defendes from the head,
In all the members it gendzeth payne as then,
Without hasty remedy therefore be prouided,
And whē ſ cold humor downward doth proceed
In sinoes it causeth arthetica,
And in the hands the crampe or chiragra.

Of maledies it gendzeth many mo:
But if men get some soueraine preferue,
As in the Siatica Passio,
And in the brest sometime the strong catarrhes,
Which causeth men right hastily to strue,
And Podagra, difficile for to cure
In mens feete, which long tyme doth indure.

To the most triumphant Court of Rome,
This similitude full well I may compare,
Which hath bene head of all Christendome,
And to the world a wicked exemplare.
That sometime was Lodester lightbearer,
And the most sapient sort of holiness,
But now alas bare of all blessednesse,

Apoc. 17.

Their kingdome may be called Babylon,
Which sometime was a bright Jerusalem,
As plainly shewes the Apostle John,
Their most famous citie hath lost hir fame,
The inhabitours therof their noble name.

of the Monarch; **For why they have of Saintes habit alke,**
To Simon Magus made a tabernacle.

A horrible bayle of every kynde of vice,
A lothsome lake of stinking Lechery,
A cursed caue, corrupt with courtice,
Bordered about with pride and simony:
Some say a cesterne full of Zodomy,
whose vice inspeciall, if I should declare,
It were enough for to trouble the ayre.

Of truth the whole Christian religion,
Thoro to them are troubles and offended,
It cannot fayle but thiriradition,
Before the throne of God it is attended,
I dread without that they amend it,
The plagues of Johns revelation of liell E iaphen
Shall fall vpon their generation.

O Lord that hast the harte of every kinge
In thy hand, I make this supplication,
Conuert that Court and make them willing
To suffer generall reformation,
Among themselves in every nation,
That they may be an holy exemplar,
To vs thy poore lewd people bulgar.
Hungry alas for want of spirituall food,
Bycause from vs is hid the bettitie
A prince, which shed for vs thy precious blood
Kindle in vs the fyre of chastitie
And saue vs from eternall misery
Now labouring in thy Church militant,
That we may come to thy Church triumphant.

FINIS.

Is. iii.

Here

Here foloweth the fourth part, ma-
kinge mention of Death, and of
Antechrist, and of the generall iudgment, and
of certaine glorified bodyes, and how euery creature
desires to see the last day: with an exhorta-
tion by experience to the
Courtier.

Courtier,



Pudent father Experience, Since you of your beneuolence,
Haue caused me for to consider,
How worldly pompe is very slipper,

By diuers shoppes miserable, which to rehearse, are lamentable:
Yet or we passe out of this baile,
I pray you giue me your counsaile
What I shall do in time comming,
To win glory everlasting.

Exper.

My sonne thou must set thine intent,
To keepe the Lords commaundement,
And presse not to clyme ouer hye,
To no worldly authority. One thus in this reuerend
who in the world doth most delight,
Is farthest from the purpose right.
Would thou leaue worldly vanities,
And thinke on foure extremities,
Whiche are to come, and that shortly,
Thou wouldest neuer thinke willfully:
Print these foure in thy memory:
The Death, the hell, and heauens glory,
And extream iudgement generally,
Where thou must render compte of all.
Thou shalt not faile to bee content,

with quiet life and sober tent,
 Consydering no man can be sure,
 In earth an houre for to indure.
 So all worldly prosperitie,
 Is mixed with great misery.
 were thou Emperour of Asia,
 King of Europe, and Africa,
 with great Dominion of the sea,
 And all the heavens did thee obey,
 with all fishes swimming on the strand,
 All beastes, and fowles were in thy hand,
 Concluding thou were king of all,
 Under the heauenly imperall:
 In that most hie authoritie,
 Thou should finde least tranquillitie.
 Example of king Salomon:
 More prosperous life had neuer none.
 Such riches with so great pleasure,
 Had neuer king nor Emperour,
 with most profound intelligence,
 And superexcellent sapience:
 His pleasant Habitations,
 Aboue all other nations:
 Gardens, and parkes for hartes and hundes,
 Bondes with fish of diuers kindes,
 Most profounde maisters of Musike,
 That in the world there was none like.
 Such treasure of gold and precious stones,
 In earth had neuer no king at once.
 He had seven hundred lusty Queenes,
 And three hundred fayre concubines.
 In earth there was nothing pleasand:
 But that he had it ready at hand.
 Yet all this great prosperitie,

He thought but sonde and wanton in his thing that
He might not perfect rest out finde in any thing
Without affection of the minde: and in this he

Courtier. Father in deede it stonyeth mee, by yll fortune he
That he had such prosperitie, more than I can see
With so great riches out of measure, and yet
And yet had no assured pleasure, as you say

Erper. My sonne the truth if thou would know, by this
The veritie I shall thee shew, as I have said
There is no worldly thing that may content the minde
Full satisfie mans minde alway, as I have said
For it is so insatiable, and yet so full of paine
That heauen and earth may not be able to containe
One minde alone to make content, as I have said
Till it see God omnipotent. And thus I haue
Was neuer none, nor neuer shall be, to content
Satiety, that fight with that he see another day
Wherefore my sonne set not thy heart on earthly things
On earth where nothing may be sure, as I have said
Saue onely death assuredly, as I have said
Whiche folowes man continually, as I have said
Wherefore my sonne remember thee, as I have said
Within short time that thou must dye, as I have said
Not knowing when nor in what place, as I have said
But as please the king of grace, as I have said

Of death.

Of misery and miserable men God hath made
Is death, and most abhominable, as I have said
That dreadful dragon with his fangs, as I have said
Is ready for to peare the hartes, as I have said
Of euery breathing wight alive, as I have said
Agaynst whose strength may no man stand, as I have said

Of wofull death this fore sentence,
 Was giuen for disobedience,
 Of our parents alas therefore,
 For I haue declared before,
 How they and their posteritie,
 Were all condemned for to dye,
 Albeit the flesh to death be thrall,
 God hath the soule made immortal,
 And of his great benignitie,
 Hath mixt his iustice with mercie,
 Therefore call to remembrance,
 Of this false world the variance,
 How we like pilgrims night and day,
 Do trauell thoro' this world alway,
 Sometime in bayne prosperitie,
 And sometime in great misery,
 Sometime in blisse, sometime in wealth,
 Sometime right sicke, sometime in health,
 Sometime full riche, sometime full poore,
 Wherefore my sonne passe not there fore,
 Neyther of great prosperitie,
 Nor yet for wretched miserie,
 But pleasant life and hard mischance,
 Ponder them all in thy ballance,
 Considering no auctoritie,
 Riches, wisdom, nor dignitie,
 Empire of realmes, beauty, nor strength,
 May not endow our liues length,
 Since we are sure that we must dye,
 Fare well all bayne felicitie,
 Of dreadfull death the diuers kynds,
 Do often bey our restless mynds,
 Though death to euery man resort,
 Yet striketh he, as sundry sort,
 Some

The fourth booke

Some by hote fevers violence,
 Some by coragious pestilence,
 Some by iustice execution
 Are put to death without remission;
 Some hanged and some do lose their heades,
 Some burnt, some boyled are in leades,
 And some for their traitorfull actes
 Are rent and torne upon the racks,
 By popson some dispatch are quite,
 And some are murdered in the night,
 Some fals into the frensy,
 Some dye of goute or droppe,
 There are other straunge infirmities,
 wherof many a thousande dyes,
 which humane nature doth abhor,
 As of the Gout, Grauel and Gout,
 Some of the fluxe and fever quartaine,
 But the houre of death is uncertaine,
 Some are discolued sodenly,
 By cater or by Apoplexie,
 Some do destroye themselves also,
 As Hannibal and wise Cato,
 By thunder death both some do come by,
 As he did the third Romayne king
 Called Tullus Hostilius,
 As writeth great Valerius
 for he and his householde al at once
 were burnt by thunder flesh and bones,
 Some dye by extreme excesse
 Of ioy, as Valery doth expresse,
 Some by extreme Melancholy,
 without the helpe of other malady,
 In Chronicles may well be seene,
 How many hundreth thousande men

Are slayne since first the world began
 In battell, and how many a man
 Upon the sea do lose their liues,
 When shippes vpon the rocks arine,
 Though some dye naturally through age,
 Farre moe dye through mischaunce or rage.
 Happie is he the which hath space,
 At his last hower to cry for grace,
 Although death be abhominable,
 I thinke he should be comfortable
 To all them of the faithfull number,
 For they and care depart a sander,
 From trouble, trauell, stroke, and strife,
 To ioy and euermoring life.
 Polidorus Virgilins
 To that effect writeth thus:
 In Trace when any childe is borne,
 Their kin and friends come them before,
 With wofull lamentation,
 For the great tribulation,
 Calamitie and trouble sure,
 That they in earth haue to indure.
 But at their death and burying
 They make great ioy and banqueting,
 That they haue past from misery
 To rest and great felicity.
 If death be last conclusion,
 What auayles worldly prouision,
 When wisdom may not stretch his hande,
 Nor strength his shoute may withstande,
 Ten thousand millions of treasure
 May not prolong thy life an houre,
 After whose dreadfull departing,
 The sperite shall passe without relecting,
 Straight

Straight to ioy inestimable
 Or to great payne intollerable
 Thy vile corrupted Carion
 Shall turne to putrification
 And so agayne from powder small
 Unto the iudgment generall

A short description of Antichrist.

Courtier.

G Ood father I do heare men say
 That their shall rise before that day
 Which ye call generall iudgment
 A wicked man from Satan sent
 Contrary to the lawe of Christ
 Called the cruell Antechrist
 And some say that this mischeuous man
 Descende shall of the tribe of Dan
 And eke be borne in Babylon
 The which deceiue shall many one
 And infinite shall of every arte
 With that false prophet take a part
 And how that Enoch and Elias
 Shall preach against that false prophet
 But finally that false doctrine
 And he shall both be put to rume
 But neyther by the fyre nor sword
 But by the vertue of Christs word
 And if this be a veritie
 The truth I pray you shew to me
 My sonne truly as writes *S. Iohn*
 There shall not be a man alone
 Having that name especial
 But antechristes in generall

Exper.

1. Iohn. 2.

Have

Haue bene, and now are many one,
 And right so in the time of John
 Were Antechristes, as him selfe sayes,
 And presently now in these dayes
 Are right many without doubt:
 Where these false fellowes well sought out.
 Who was a greater antechrist,
 And more contrarious vnto Christ,
 Than the false Prophet Mahomet?
 Whose cursed lawes such strength did get,
 That still in Turky they are obserued,
 Whereby hell fyre he hath deserued.
 All Turkes, Sarazens, and Jewes,
 Which do the comde of God refuse,
 Are Antechristes I thee declare,
 Because to Christ they are contrare.
 Daniell sayes in his prophesies,
 That after these great Monarchies,
 Shall rise a maruelous mighty king,
 Which shamelesly shall bide reigning,
 Mighty and wise in darke speakings,
 And prosper in all pleasant things.
 Through his falshe and craftines,
 He shall flow in great welchines.
 The godly people he shall noy
 By cruell death, and them destroy,
 The king of kinges he shall withstande,
 And be destroyed without mans hande,
 Paule saith before the Lords comming:
 That there shall be a departing,
 And that the man of iniquitie
 To all men shall opened be,
 And he shall sit on the holy seates
 Contrary to God to worke straunge seates,

And

And that the same sonne of perdition
 Shall be put to confusion
 By power of the holy spite,
 when he his time had made complete.
 Beleue not that in time to come
 A greater Antechrist shall haue Rome,
 Than hath bene and is presently,
 As learned Clarkes full well can spy.
 Therfore my will is that ye know,
 That whatsoeuer face men shew,
 Though they of Christians beare the name,
 And for their wisdom haue great fame:
 Be they neuer of so great valour,
 Pope, Cardinall, King or Emperour,
 If they extoll their owne traditions
 Aboue Christes institutions,
 Making lawes contrary to Christ,
 He is a very Antechrist.
 And who doth fortifie and defende
 Suche law to whatsoeuer ende,
 Be it Pope, Emperour, King or Queene,
 Great sorow shall on them be seene,
 At Christes extreame iudgment,
 without that they in time repent.

Heere followeth a short remem-

brance of the most terrible day of iudge-

ment to come.

Courtier.

Father I pray you by your licence,
 Since ye haue such experience,
 Yet one thing of you I would inquire,
 when shall the dreadfull day appeare,

which

which ye call iudgment generall,
 what things before that day shall fall?
 where shall that dreadfull iudge be seene?
 And how may synners scape his teene?

My sonne as to thy first question

Exper.

I can make no solution,
 wherefore trouble not thy intent,
 To know the day, houre or moment,
 To God about the day is knowne,
 which neuer was to no Angell shewne,
 Howbeit by diuers conjectures
 And principall expositours,
 Of Daniell and his prophesie,
 And by the sentence of Ely,
 Some haue declared as they can,
 How long it is since the world began.
 And for to shew haue done their cure,
 How long they thinke it shall indure,
 And also how many ages beene,
 As in their workes may be seene.
 But to declare these questions,
 There be diuers opinions,
 Some writers haue the world deuided
 Into sixe ages: as is described
 Within Fasciculus Temporum,
 And Cronica Cronicarum,
 But by the sentence of Ely,
 The world deuided is in thre,
 As cunning master Carion
 Hath made playne exposition.
 where Ely sayth as ye shall heare,
 The world shall stand sixe thousand yeare,
 Of whom I follo to the sentence,
 And let the other booke go hence,

from

The fourth booke

From the creation of Adam,
Two thousande yere to Abraham,
From Abraham by this narration,
To Christes incarnation,
Right so haue bene two thousand yeares,
As by their propheties appeares.
From Christ agayne as we haue leard,
Two thousand till the worldes ende,
Of which are passed so may I thinke,
A thousande fife hundred sixty fife,
And so remaines as doth appeare,
Four hundred fife and thirty yeaere.
And then the Lord omnipotent,
Should come to his great iudgment.

Mat. 24. Christ saith the time shall be short,
As Mathew plainly doth report,
That for the worlds iniquitie
The latter time shall shortned bee,
For pleasure of the chosen number,
To part them and their care aunder.
So by this count ye may perpende
The world is drawing to an ende,
For many Legions swarme about
Of Antichristes, were they sought out,
And many tokens do appeare,
As after shortly thou shalt heare,
How that S. Hierome doth iudite,
That he hath read in Hebrue write,
Of fiftene signes especiall,
Before that iudgment generall,
Of some of them I take no cure,
Which I finde not in the Scripture,
A part of them though I declare,
First will I to the Scripture fare,

Christ

Christ saith before that day be done,
 There shall be signes in Sunne and Moone.
 The Sunne shall hide his beames bright,
 So that the Moone shall giue no light.
 The Starres by mens iudgement,
 Shall fall forth of the firmament.
 Of these signes or we further go,
 Some morall sence I will you shew.
 As cunning clarkes haue them declared,
 And haue the Sunne and Moone compared.
 The Sunne to the state spirituall.
 The Moone to princes temporall.
 Right so the Starres they do compare,
 To the lewd people popolare.
 The Moone and Starres haue no light.
 But by the returne of Phebus bright,
 So when the sunne of light is darke,
 The Moone & starres of light are starke.
 When Pastors with their pastorals,
 Popes, Bishops, and Cardinals,
 In their beginning shewed great light:
 The temporall state was ruled right.
 But now alas light is there none,
 Those shining lampes are quite gone,
 Those radiant beames are turned bleke:
 For now in earth nothing they seke
 But onely riches and dignity,
 Following their sensuality.
 Many Prelates are now reigning,
 Which haue no vnderstanding
 what doth pertaine to their office,
 Then thou can kindle fyre with Ite.
 No be to Popes I say for mee,
 Which suffer such enomytee,
 That

The fourth booke.

Esay. 36.

Iohn. 10.

That ignorant worldly creatures
Should in the Church take cures,
No maruell though the people slides,
When they haue blinde men to their guides
For a prelate that cannot preach,
Nor Gods law to the people teach,
Esay doth compare him in his warke,
To a dum logge that can not barke.
And Christ him calls in his greece
A murderer and eke a theefe.
The cunning docter Augustine,
wolves and diuells both them define.
The Canon law doth him defame,
That of a prelate beares the name,
And will not preache the deuine lawes,
As the decrees playnely shewes.
But those that haue authoritie
To prouide spirituall dignitie,
Might if it pleased them to take paine,
Make them light al their lammes againe.
But euer alas that is not done,
So darkned is both sunne and moone.
Where kinges liues well declared,
The which are to the moone compared,
When might perceyue how their estate
From charitie is quite degenerate.
I thinke ye would say it were shame
For them of Christ to take their name,
And liue not like to Christians,
But rather like Turkes and Pagans.
Turke agaynst Turke makes little warre,
But Christen Princes do euer iarre,
Which should agree as brother and brother,
But now eche one beates downe another.
I know

I know no reasonable cause why,
 Except pride, couetise, and baynglopy.
 The Emperour moues his ordinaunce
 Agaynst the mighty king of fraunce,
 And fraunce agayne with great rigour,
 Agaynst their freind the Emperour.
 And right so fraunce agaynst Englande,
 England also against Scotlande,
 And also the Scots with all their might,
 Doth fight for to defende their right.
 Betwixt these Realmes of Albion,
 where battels haue bene many a one,
 There can be made no amitie,
 Nor yet no consanguinitie.
 Nor by no way they can consider,
 That they may haue long peace together,
 I feare that warres makes no ending,
 Till they be both vnder one king.
 Though Christ the soueraine king of grace,
 Left in his testament loue and peace,
 Our kinges from warre wil not refraine,
 Till there be many a thousande slayne,
 And slaughters made by sea and lande,
 As all the world may vnderstande.

Father I thinke that temporall knightes Courtier,
 May fight for to defende their rightes,
 For I haue seene the spirituall state
 Make waite their rightes to abate.
 I sawe Pope Julius manfully
 Passe to the fiede triumphantly,
 with a rightfull ordinaunce,
 Agaynst Lewis the king of fraunce,
 And for to doe him more despite,
 He did his Religion interdite.

My sonne forsooth as I suppose,
 That longes well to our purpose,
 How Sunne and Moone are both bereft
 Of light, and both in darkenesse left,
 Comparing them, as pehard tell,
 To spirituall state and temporall.
 The common people are halfe displayed,
 Which to the starres are there compared.
 Lewd people follow still there heades,
 And specially in their deedes.
 The most part of religion
 Is touned to abusion.
 What doth auaille religious weedes,
 When they are contrary in their deedes,
 What holinesse is there within
 A wolfe clad in a wethers skin?
 So by their tokens doth appeare,
 The day of iudgment doth draw neare.
 Now let vs leaue this morall senten,
 Proceeding to our purpose hence,
 And of this matter speake nomore,
 Beginning where we left before.
 The scripture saith after these signes,
 Shall be seene meruelous thinges,
 Then shall rise tribulations
 In earth, and great mutations,
 As well here vnder as aboue,
 When vertues of the heauens shall moue.
 Such cruell warre shall be orthan,
 As was neuer seene since the world began.
 The which shall cause great indigence,
 As dearch, hunger, and pestilence,
 The horrible soundes of the sea,
 The people greatly shall affray.

Jerom sayes it shall rise vp right
 Aboue mountaines to mens sight
 But it shall not spread ouer the land
 But like a wall euen straight vpsland
 And settle downe againe so lowe
 That no man shall the water knowe
 Great whales shall tumble, rout and roge
 Whose sound shall ring in the ayre full soe
 All fishe and monsters maruelous
 Shall cry with soundes most hideous
 That men shall wyther on the earth
 And weeping wishe to yeeld their birth
 With loud alas and wela way
 That euer they bode to see that day
 And specially those that dwelling bee
 Vppon the bankes and costes of the sea
 And also as saint Jerom telles
 In the floudes shall be seene maruelles
 The sea with moouing meruelous
 Shall burne with flames furious
 Right so shall burne fountaine and floud
 All herbe and tree shall sweate with bloud
 Foules shall fall out of the ayre
 And wilde beastes to the playne repayre
 And in their manner make great mone
 Howling with many a greuous groine
 The bodies of dead creatures
 Appeare shall on their Sepulchres
 Then shall men, women and Children
 Eche man creepe out of his Cauern
 Where they for dread were hid before
 With sigh and sob and hartes sore
 And wander about as they were woode
 Effamished for fault of foode

None may make other comforting,
But teares for teares, and lamenting,
What should they do but weepe and wonder,
When that the rockes do shake in sunders
Through trembling of the earth and shaking,
Of sorrow then shall be no flaking.
Who that are living in these dayes,
May tell of terrible affrayes,
Their riches, rents, and other treasure,
That time shall doe them little pleasure.
But when such wonders do appeare,
Then may be sure the day is neare,
That iust men shall passe to pleasures,
Uniust to paine for evermore.

Dan. 3.

Courtier.

Father in deede we dayly reade
A certaine article in our Creede
Saying that Christ omnipotent
In that generall iudgment,
Shall iudge both quicke and dead also,
Wherefore shew me before ye go,
If there shall any man of wisdom,
That day be founde to haue still life?

Exper.

Mat. 24.

My sonne as to that question
I shall make a solution,
The Scripture plainly doth declare,
That when all tokens come and gone are,
Yet many hundred thousand men
That same day shall be living then.
Howbeit there shall no creature,
Ne they of day nor houre be sure,
For Christe will come so suddenly,
That no man shall the time espye,
As it was in the time of Noe,
When God did all the world destroy.

Some

Some in the fielde shall be labouring,
 Some in the temples marying:
 Some before Judges making plea,
 And some men sayling on the sea.
 Those that be on the field going,
 Shall not returne to their lodging.
 Who is vpon his house aboue,
 Shall haue no leysure to remoue.
 Two shall be in the mill grinding,
 Which shall be taken without warning,
 The one shall endlesse glory gayne,
 The other euerlasting payne.
 Two shall be lying in one bed,
 The one to pleasure shall be led,
 The other shall be left alone,
 Crying with many a grisly grone.
 And so my sonne thou may well knowe,
 The world shall be as it is now.
 The people vsing their businesse,
 As holy Scripture doth expresse,
 Since no man knowes the houre or day,
 The Scripture bids vs watch and pray,
 And for our sinnes be penitent,
 As Christ would come incontinent.

The maner how Christ shall come

to his Iudgement.



When all tokens are brought to end,
 Then shall the sonne of God descend,
 As fyre flames hastely glancing,
 Descend shall the heauenly king:

As Phœbus in the orient; d liast adon agt m m m
 Lightens in hast to occident: a l q u i t a l t m m m
 So pleasantly he shall appeare; o u f e o t m m m
 Among the heauenly cloudes cleare; m m m m m
 with great powet and maiestye; m m m m m
 Aboue the country of Iudee; m m m m m
 As Clarkes full oft haue told their tale; o u d a r o n m
 Direct aboue that lusty vale m m m m m

Act. 1.

Mat. 25

Of Iosophat, and mount Oliuet; m m m m m
 All prophesy shall be complete; m m m m m
 The Angels of the orders nine; m m m m m
 Inuiron shall the throne deuine; m m m m m
 with heauenly consolation; m m m m m
 Making him ministraton; m m m m m
 In his presence there shall be done; m m m m m
 The signes of Crosse and crowne of thorne; m m m m m
 Diller, nailes, scourges and weare; m m m m m
 with euery thing that did him deare; m m m m m
 The time of his sore passion; m m m m m
 And for our consolation; m m m m m
 Appeare shall in his handes and feete; m m m m m
 And in his side the pinte nobleeft; m m m m m
 Of his fine woundes pfections; m m m m m
 Shyning like rubyes radions; m m m m m
 To reprobate confusion.

And for finall conclusion, m m m m m
 As he sitteth on his tribunall, m m m m m
 with great power impertall, m m m m m

Mat. 25

There shall an Angell blow a blast, m m m m m
 which shall make all the world agast; m m m m m
 Saying with horrible voice and vehement, m m m m m
 Rise dead folke come to iudgement; m m m m m
 with that, eche reasonable creature; m m m m m
 That formed was by dame nature,



Shall

Shall suddenly start vp at once,
 Coniointed with soule, flesh, blond and bones.
 That terrible trompet I heare tell,
 Is heard in heauen, in earth and hell.
 Those that were drowned in the sea,
 That boystrous blast shall obey.
 Where euer the body buried was,
 All shall be found in that same place,
 Jungles shall passe by all deserts
 Of earth, and bringe them from all partes,
 And with an instant Diligence,
 Present them to his excellence.
 Saint Jerom thought continually
 On this iudgment so ardently,
 He sayde, whether I eate or drinke,
 wake or sleepe, forsooth I thinke
 That terrible trompet like a bell
 So quickly in mine eare doth knell,
 As instantly it were present,
 Rise dead folke vnto iudgment.
 If Sainct Jerom tooke such afay,
 Alas what may we sinners say?
 All those which be found aliue,
 Shall be immortall made belue,
 And in the twinkling of an eye,
 With fyre they shall translated bee,
 And neuer for to dye agayne
 As diuine Scripture herewith playne,
 As ready both for payne and glory,
 As they that long before did dye.
 The scripture sayth they shall appeare,
 In age of three and thirtie yeare,
 Whether they dyed yong or olde,
 whose great number may not be tolde,
 That

Mat. 13.

1. Pet. 4.

That

Mat. 26.

That day shall not be mist a man
 which borne was since the worlde began;
 Angels shall seperate them that tide,
 As shepheardes would the sheepe deuide.
 And those whiche be of Belials bande,
 Trembling on the earth shall stande
 On the left hande of that great iudge,
 without all hope to get refuge.
 But those which be predestinate,
 Shall from the earth be eleuate,
 And that most happy company
 Shall ordred be triumphantly,
 At the right hand of Christ our king,
 High in the ayre reioysing
 Full gloriously there shall appeare
 More bright than Phebus in his sphere
 The Virgin Mary Queene of Queenes,
 with many thousand bright virgins,
 The fathers of the old testament
 which were to God obedient,
 Father Adam shall them conuay,
 with Abell, Seth, Enoch, and Noe,
 Abraham with his faithfull worshes,
 with all the prudent Patriarkes.
 John the Baptist there shall appeare,
 The principall and last messenger,
 which came but halfe a yeere before
 The comming of the king of glorie,
 Moyses, Elayas honorable,
 with all true Prophets venerable,
 Dauid with all the faithfull kings,
 which vertuous were in their raunings:
 The noble captaine Josue,
 with gentle Judas Machabe,
 and

And many a noble champion,
 which in their time with great renown
 Full manfully to their liues ende
 The law of God did defende: his count of God's gift
 With Cle that day shall be present
 The Ladies of the olde testament,
 Delboza Adams daughter deare,
 with the four lusty ladies cleare,
 which kepte were in the arke with Noe,
 Sara and Letura with Ioy,
 The which to Abraham wiues had bene,
 with good Rebbecca there shall be seen,
 The prudent wiues of Israell,
 Good Lea and the fayre Rachell,
 with Iudith, Hester, and Susanna,
 And the right sapient Queene of Saba.
 There shall be Peter and Paule,
 And Christes true Disciples all,
 Laurence and Steuen with that blest band
 Of martyrs more than ten thousande,
 with small number of monkes and fryers,
 Of Carmelites and Cordeliers,
 That for the loue of Christ onely
 Renounced the world vnfainedly.
 With Elizabeth and Anna
 All good wiues shall be that day,
 The blessed Mary Magdalene,
 That day before her soueraigne,
 Right pleasantly shall present,
 All sinners that were penitent,
 which of their fault heere asked grace,
 In heauen with hir to haue a place.
 But wo be to that balefull band,
 which shall stande longe at his left hande.

And then to kinges and Emperours,
 which were brighteous conquerours,
 whiche for their glory and their good
 Did shed so much gillelesse blood,
 without Scepter, Crowne, or roberoyall,
 That day they shall make count of all,
 And for their cruell tyranny,
 Shall punished be perpetually.
 Ye Lordes and Barons more and lesse,
 That your poore tenants do oppresse,
 By fines and incomes excessiue,
 More than the land is worth truly,
 with sore importable cariage,
 And merces for their mariage,
 Tormenting them in peace and warre,
 With burdens more than they may beare,
 To pay to you your whole due,
 And to the Priests their tithes true,
 That when agayne the lande is sowne,
 There rests behinde little for their owne,
 So that they and their poore householdes,
 May tell of hunger and of colde,
 without ye haue of them pitty,
 I dread ye shall get no mercy,
 That day when Christ omnipotent
 Cometh to generall iudgment,
 To be to publike oppressours,
 To tyrants and to transgressours,
 To murderers and to common theues,
 which neuer mended their mischeues,
 To fornicators and to vsurers,
 Common publike adulterers,
 All Peruers willfull Heretikes,
 And false receiue of Schismatikes.

All shall be present in that place, with many sorrowfull alack. yea the king and
 The cursed Canie that neuer was good, with all shedders of gilty blood, on armos and
 Nemrod founder of Babylone, with yea and yea
 with false Idolatries every thone, with yea and yea
 And Synus the king of Assyria, with yea and yea
 with great grieve shall appeare that day, with yea and yea
 which first inuented imagerie, with yea and yea
 wherethrough came great Idolatrie, with yea and yea
 for making of that Idoll Bell, with yea and yea
 That day his hye shall be in hell, with yea and yea
 The great oppressor king Pharaon, with yea and yea
 And the tyrant Emperour Nero, with yea and yea
 Shall with them curied Herod king, with yea and yea
 with many another carefull king, with yea and yea
 The cruell king Antiochus, with yea and yea
 with the most wicked Diophetus, with yea and yea
 Great oppressors of Israel, with yea and yea
 That day their hye shall haue in hell, with yea and yea
 with Judas shall appeare as than yea and yea
 All faulse tratours to God and man, with yea and yea
 There shall appeare of every land, with yea and yea
 with Pontie Pilate a balefull bande, with yea and yea
 Of temporall and of spiritual states, with yea and yea
 False Judges with their aduocates, with yea and yea
 There shall our Lords of the Session, with yea and yea
 Of all their faultes make cleare confession, with yea and yea
 There shall be seene the fraudulent lines, with yea and yea
 Of hyemes, prouostes, and baylives, with yea and yea
 Officials with their crafty clarkes, with yea and yea
 Shall giue account of their wrongfull workes, with yea and yea
 They and their peruers procuratours, with yea and yea
 Of rich and poore that are oppressors, with yea and yea

Through

Through dilatorie pleas and rake they shall make
 Mens purses till they all out shalbe; so that
 Great dolour that day to Judges shall be; so that
 That comes not with their conscience cleane,
 That day they shall passe by peremptours;
 without cautell or dilatours;
 No Duplicandum or Triplicandum;
 But shortly passe to Sentenciandum;
 without continuations;
 Or any appellations.
 That sentence shall not be repealed;
 Nor by no man of late contrailed;
 Be labourers by seas and land;
 Perfect craftsmen; and riche marchands;
 Leauē your deceipt and crafty wiles;
 which seely simple folke beguyle;
 Make recompence heere as ye may;
 Remembryng well the dreadfull day;
 with Mahumet shall come without doubt;
 Of Antichristes a hideous rout;
 Bishop Innas and Caphas;
 with him in company shall passe;
 The Scribes and Pharisees shall abyde;
 which wrought on Christe great vilay;
 And many a Coker and Satasene;
 with greate sorow there shall be seene;
 And Popes for their owne traditions;
 Agaynst Gods institutions;
 with many a coule and shauē crostone;
 which Christes labours haue troden doone;
 And would not suffer for to preach
 the verity; nor the people teach;
 And lay people put to torment;
 which vbled Christes testament.

All kinges and queenes this thing perpend,
 The which such lawes did defend,
 In that Court shall come many a one,
 Of the blacke heape of Babylone,
 The innocent blood that day shall crye
 A loude for vengeance piously,
 On those cruell bloudthirsty butchers,
 The murtherers of Prophets and Preachers,
 Some with the fyre and some with the sworde,
 Which plainly preach Gods holy worde,
 That day they shall rewarded be,
 According to their iniquities,
 The Sodomites and Gomorrians,
 On whom God wrought so great vengeance,
 With Chozon, Dathan, and Abylon,
 And their assistants many one,
 Which holy Scripture will thee tell,
 That they sanke all downe to hell,
 With Simon Magus shall resort
 Of proud priests a hamfull sort,
 That same day there shall beset
 Many a cruel careful Queene,
 Semiramis king Ninus wife,
 A tyger full of starvy strife,
 Together with Queene Jezabell,
 Which was couctous and cruell,
 The false deceitfull Dalida,
 The cruel Queene Clitemnestra,
 The whiche did murder out a night
 Agamemnon hir husbände a knight,
 The which was hir owne soueraigne Lorde,
 As Greeke stories do recorde,
 With cruell Dutches more and lesse,
 Which lothsome were for to expresse,
 Be

He wanton Ladies and Bengeles tomes, and his
 That now for longest taylor stries, and his
 Flapping the fyth among your feete, and his
 Kysing the dust about the streete, and his
 That day for all your pompe and pride,
 Your tailes shall not your hippes hide,
 These vanities ye shall repent, and his
 without that ye be penitent, and his
 with Whitonissa I heare tell, and his
 which raised the sperte of Samuells, and his
 That day there shall with her resort, and his
 Of ranke wittches a many a lone lost, and his
 Brought from all parts many a mile, and his
 From Sauoy, Adhell, and Argile, and his
 And from the rindes of Galloway, and his
 with many wofull wela way, and his
 Ye brethren of Religion, and his
 In time leaue your abasoun, and his
 with which ye haue the world abused, and his
 Else ye that day shall be refused, and his
 I speake to you all generally, and his
 Not to one order specially, and his
 All creatures shall be seene as then, and his
 whether they were saintes or men, and his
 And whether they take the scapler, and his
 That they might liue more pleasantly, and his
 And gyue a good great portion, and his
 Or for godly deuotion, and his
 That day your fayned holy moodes, and his
 Shall not be knowen by your hoodes, and his
 Your superstitious ceremonies, and his
 Participating of Idolatries, and his
 Your Cordes, cut thres, nor clipped head, and his
 That day shall stand you in no stead, and his

for

For colles blacke, gray, nor yet beyarded,
 That day shall not be rewarded.
 Your pelting painted flattery,
 Your simulat hipocrisy,
 That day shall bee full charely knowen:
 when ye shall reape as ye have sowne:
 wherefore in time be penitent,
 Or els that day ye shall be shent:
 I pray you hartely as you may,
 Remember well that breadfull day,
 Ye Abbots, Priors, and Monks,
 Consyder what we did profess,
 And how that your profession
 was nothing forderous:
 But that to obtayne the abbacy,
 Ye made your vowe of chastitee,
 Of pouerty and obedience,
 Therfore serch well your conscience,
 How these thre vowes have bene observed,
 And what reward they have deserued,
 wherefore repent while ye haue space,
 For God is libeall of his graces.

Father I pray you declare to me,
 where shall those Prelates stand be,
 which now be in the world liuing,
 with whome shall come that spiritual king.

Courtier.

My sonne as saint Bernard pfectures,
 without that they amend their liues,
 And leaue their wanton vicious workes,
 Not with Prophets nor Patriarkes,
 Not with Martyrs nor Confessours,
 The which to Christ were true preachers,
 Their predication Peter and Paul say
 That day will them not knowe at all.

Exper.



So shall they not I say for me, shall be as
with the Apostles ordered be. And thou shalt see that
I trust they shall dwell on the border of hell
Of hell where there shall be no order, shall be no
End long the flood of affliction, shall be no
On the brack of Althou, shall be no
Crying on Caron with humble extremities, shall be no
To ferry them over that furious stream, shall be no
Unto eternall confusion, shall be no
Except they leave their rebellion, shall be no
I thinke these prelates, popes and lords, shall be no
Shall make cleare, some of their riches, shall be no
That dreadfull day with hartes sore, shall be no
And what service they did the world, shall be no
The princely pompe and appoyles, shall be no
Of Pope, Bishop, and Cardinall, shall be no
Their royall rents and dignities, shall be no
That day shall not regarded be, shall be no
There shall no temples (as they are say), shall be no
Of Bishops be borne up that day, shall be no
Come they not with consciences cleane, shall be no
On them great sorrows shall be scene, shall be no
Except that they their life amende, shall be no
In time, and so I make an ende, shall be no

Here followeth the manner howe

Christ shall give his Sentence



When all these congregations
Are brought forth from all nations,
As well be done without long proce,
Though I have made so long digress.

For in the twinkling of an eye
 All mankinde shall presented be,
 Before that kinges excellencie,
 Then shortly shall he giue sentence,
 First saying to that blisfull band,
 Which be ordered at his right hand,
 Come with my fathers benediction,
 And receiue your possession,
 Which is for your preordinate,
 Before the world was first create,
 When I was hungry ye me fedde,
 When I was naked ye me cladde,
 At times ye gaue me herberg,
 And gaue me drinke when I was dry,
 And visited me with Kindes meke,
 When I was prisoner and sore,
 In all such tribulation,
 Ye gaue me consolation,
 Then shall they say O mighty King,
 When saw we thee desyre such thing,
 We neuer saw thy excellence,
 Subdued to such indigence,
 Yes (shall he say) when at your dome,
 Ye did receiue the weake and poore,
 And did releue them for my sake,
 As done to me those deades I take,
 Your glory now shall begin therefore,
 Which shall indure for evermore,
 Then shall he looke on his left hand,
 And say vnto that balefull band,
 Passe with my malediction,
 To eternall affliction,
 In company with seedes of hell,
 In euill doinge to dwell

When I stood naked at your gate,
 Hungry, thirsty, colde, wet, and late,
 Right feeble, sicke, and like to die,
 You neuer gaue me halfpenny.
 And when I lay in prison strong,
 For you I might haue been full long,
 Without your consolation,
 Or any supportation.
 Trembling for dread then shall they say,
 With many hideous melody:
 Alas good lord when saw we thee,
 Subject to such necessities,
 When saw we thee come to our doore,
 Hungry, thirsty, naked, and poore,
 When saw we thee in prison lie,
 Or thee denied harbourie,
 Then shall that most excellent king,
 Unto those wretches make answering,
 That time when ye refused the poore,
 Which nedfull cryed at your doore,
 And of your superfluitie,
 For my sake made them no supplie,
 Refusing them, ye me refused,
 With wretchednes ye were so abused,
 Wherefore ye shall haue to your hire,
 The euermolde burning fyre,
 Without grace, peace, or comfort,
 Then shall they cry full sore weeping,
 That we were made thus weeping,
 Alas is there left no mercy,
 But must wee without all hope of grace,
 Forgo the presence of thy face,
 Alas for vs it had bene good,
 When we were borne to haue shed our blood.

Esay. 56.

Job. 10.

Then

Then with a roze the earth shall rize,
 And swallow them both man and wive.
 Then shall those creatures folowe,
 Bewaile the houre that they were borne,
 With many a clamor, shout and yelpe,
 From time they feele the flames so fell,
 Upon their tender bodies fyre,
 Whose torment shall be infinite.
 The earth shall close, and from their sight
 Shall taken be all kind of light.
 There shall be howling and crying,
 Without hope of any comfortyng.
 In that inestimable paine,
 Eternally they shall remayne.
 Burning in furious flames redde,
 Ever dying but neuer dead,
 That the small minute of an houre,
 To them shall see so great dolour,
 As they shall thinke they haue remayne
 A thousand yere in that paine.
 Alas I tremble to heare tell,
 That terrible tormenting hell.
 That painfull pit who can bewaile,
 Which must indure and neuer faile.
 Then shall those glorified creatures,
 With mirth and infinite pleasures,
 Conuayd with ioy Angelicall,
 Passe to the heauen imperiall,
 With Christ Iesu our king soueraine,
 In glory eternally to raigne,
 Which glory passeth mans wit,
 To tell the thousandth part of it.
 Then shall a fyre, as clarkes sayne,
 Make all the hils and valleys plaine.

From earth by to the hie Empyre, for a direct way
 Shall be renued by that fire, which shall be
 Purging all thinges materiall, as shall be
 Under the skye imperiall, as shall be
 Both earth, and water, fyre, and ayre, which
 Shalbe more perfect made and fayre.
 The thinges that erst had mixed bene, which
 Shall then be purified and made cleene, not
 The earth like Christall shall be clere, and
 And euery planet in his sphere
 Shall rest without any moving, as shall be
 Both starry heauen and Christalline, as shall be
 The first and hyest heauen mouable, which
 Shall stand without turning firme and stable.
 The Sunne in the Orient, as shall be
 Shall stande and in the Decident, as shall be
 Rest shall the Moone, and be more clere, as shall be
 Then now is Shebus in his sphere, as shall be
 And also that lantern of the heauen, as shall be
 Shall giue more light by degrees seuen, as shall be
 Then it gaue since the world began, as shall be
 The heauen renued shall be than, as shall be
 Right so the earth with such device, as shall be
 Shall well compare with Paradise, as shall be
 So heauen and earth shall be al one, as shall be
 As meaneth the Apostle John, as shall be
 The great sea shall no more appeare, as shall be
 But like the Cristall pure and cleare, as shall be
 It passeth imagination, as shall be
 Of man to make narration, as shall be
 Of the glory which God doth prepare, as shall be
 For euery one that cometh there, as shall be
 No eye can see, no eare can heare, as shall be
 No hart can thinke that noble gear, as shall be

With hart it is vnthinkable,
 And with tungen inpronounceable,
 The pleasures shall be so perfite,
 Hauing in God so great Delite.
 That the space now of an hundred yeare,
 That time shall not an houre appeare:
 Which may not comprehended be.
 Tyll we that pleasant place do see.
 When Daule was rauisht in the spite,
 To the third heauen full of Delite,
 He saith the secrets which he saw,
 They were not labofull for to shew
 To no man on the earth liuing,
 wherfore seke not that vnderstanding,
 Although thereto thou haue desyre,
 They be the secrets of the heauen Empire.
 The more men looke on Ihebus bright,
 The more feeble shall be the sight.
 Right so let no man giue theric cure,
 To serch the secrets of nature.
 The more men study I suppose,
 The further be they from their purpose,
 To know why should men thinges intend,
 Which Angels cannot comprehend?
 But after this great iudgment,
 All thinges to vs shall be patent.
 Let vs with Daule our minds adresse,
 Who being full of heauenlinesse,
 Full humbly teacheth vs,
 Not for to be too curious.
 Howbeit men do still incline,
 To secke the hys secrets deuine,
 whose iudgments are vnsercheable,
 And straunge wayes inuestigable.

That is to say past our finding; and as it is said in
Of whome no man may find ending;
It sufficeth vs to call and cry,
To our God to bring vs to that glory.

Of certaine pleasures of glory.

fixed bodies.

Exper.

Since there is none in earth may comprehend
The heavenly glory and pleasures infinite,
Therefore my sonne I pray thee not pretend
Ouer farre to seeke that matter of delite,
Which passeth naturall reason to indite,
Which god before that he the world created,
Prepared to them that are predestinated.
All mortall men shall be made immortall,
(That is to say) neuer to die agayne;
Impossible and so celestall,
That fyre and sword may doe them no payne.
No heate, nor colde, nor frost, nor winde, nor raine,
(Though such thing were) may do them no deare
Those creatures shall as then be sayre and cleare,
As flaming Ihebus in his mansion;
Consider then if there shall be great light,
When every one in that region;
Shall shine lyke the Sunne and be as bright,
Let vs with Paule desire to see that sight,
To be dissolued Paule had great desire,
With Christ to be in that hye Empire.

And

And moreouer, as clarkes doe discerne,
 Their maruelous mirthes are incomparable,
 Among the rest in all their wits fine,
 They shall haue pleasures passing delectable.
 The heavenly sound which shall be inamerable,
 In their eares continually shall ring,
 And also the sight of Christ Iesus our king.

In triumphane throne imperiall,
 with his mother the virgine Queene of Queenes
 There shall be seene the court celestiall,
 Apostle, Marters, Confessours, and virgins,
 Brighter then Phebus when in his sphere he shines
 The Patriarkes and Prophets venerable,
 There shall be seene, with ioy inestimable.

And with their spiritiual eyes shall be seene,
 That sight which is most excellent,
 God as he is and euer more hath bene,
 Continually seeing that sight verament.
 Austine sayth he had leuer take in hand
 To be in hell seeing the essence
 Of God, than be in heauen without his presence.

Who seeth God in his diuinitie,
 Seeth in him all other pleasant things,
 The which with tongue cannot pronounced be,
 What pleasure is to se that king of kings?
 The greatest paine & damned folke down brings
 And to the devils the most punitiō,
 Is of God to want fruition.

And moreouer they shall feele a smell
 Surmounting farre the smell of earthly flowers,
 And

The fourth booke

And in their mouth a tast as I heare tell,
Of sweete and supernaturall sanors,
Shining among those creatures deuine,
Which to discribē passeth this wit of mine.

And also they shall haue such agilite,
As in one instant to passe for their pleasure,
Ten thousand miles in twinkling of an eye,
So that their ioyes shall be without measure.
They shall reioyce to see the great dolour,
Of damned folke in hell and their torment,
Bycause of God it is the iust iudgment.

Subtilltie they shall haue maruelously,
So that although there were a wall of brasse,
A glorified body may right hastily
Thoro' that wall without any let passe,
Lyke as doth the Sun beames thoro' the glasse,
As Christ to his Disciples did appeare
When all the doores and entrings closed were.

Howbeit in heauen though every creature,
Hauē not alike felicitie and glo'ry:
Yet euery one shall haue so great pleasure,
That well content they shall desire no more.
To haue more ioy they shall no way imploye;
But they shall be all satisfied and content,
Like to this rude examples subsequent.

Take a flacket, a pint, and also a quart,
A gallon vessell, a punction, or a tun
Of wine, or balme, geue euery one his part,
And fill them all fullyl they will run.
The

The little flacket in comparifon,
Shall be as full as it may hold no more
Of fuch meafures though there be .xx. fcore.

In the tun or in the punchfon:
Pet all thofe veffels in one qualitie.
May hold no more without they ouerrun.
Pet haue they not alike in quantitie:
So by this rude example ye may fee,
Though enery one be not alike in glory,
Pet are they fatisfied, they defire no more.

Though prefently by Gods good prouidence,
Beaftes, foules, and fifhes in the fea,
Are neceffary for mans fufenance,
with Corne, Herbes, flowers, and fruitfull trees,
Then fhall there be no fuch commodities,
The earth fhall beare no plant nor beaft brutall,
But fhall be as the heauens bright as berail.

Suppofe fome be on earth defcending downe,
Or high aboue where euer they pleafe to go,
Of God they haue the cleare fruition,
Both Eaft, or weft: by, downe, too or fro.
Clarkeſ declare pleasures many more,
which paffe all mortall mens conceit or wit,
The thouſand part to better any whit.

In the heauen they fhall perfectly know,
Their tender friends, their father and mother,
Their predecessors that they neuer ſaw,
Their ſpouſes, children, ſiſter and brother,
And euery one fhall haue fuch loue to ocher,
That

The fourth booke

That one of others glory and joy shalbe so glad,
As of their owne that they themselues haue had.

Then shall be sene that bright Jerusalem,
which John saw in his reuelation,
we mortall men alas are to blame,
That will not haue consideration,
And perpetuall contemplation,
with hotte desire to come vnto that gloze,
whose pleasures shall endure for evermore.

O Lord our God and king omnipotent,
which knew of ever thou the heauen did create,
who would to thee be disobedient,
And so deserue to be a reprobate;
Thou knew the number of the predestinate,
whome thou didst call, and hast them iustified,
And shall in heauen with thee be glorified.

Graunt vs O lord to be of that chosen sort,
whome of thy mercy most excellent,
Thou purifiest as scripture doth report,
with the blood of that holy innocent,
Jesu, which made himselfe obedient
vnto the death, and died on the rood,
Let vs O lord be purged with that blood.

All creatures that ever God did create,
As writeth Paule, do wish to see that day,
when the children of God predestinate
shall appeare in their new fresh aray,
when corruption is taken cleane away,
and changed is their mortall qualitie,
Into the glory of immortallitie.

Then

And moreover all dead things corporall,
 Under the Cope of the heauens Empire,
 That now to labour are subiect and thrall,
 Sun, Moone, & Starres, Earth water, and fyre,
 In one maner they haue a hote desire,
 Wishing that day that they may be at rest,
 As Crasius expoundeth manifest.

We see the great globe of the firmament
 Continually in mouing maruelous,
 The seuen planets, contrary to their intent,
 Are Driven about with course contrarious.
 The winde and sea with stormes furious,
 They thoubled are with frosts, snow, and raine
 Unto that day do trauell still in paine.

And all the Angels of the orders nine,
 Hauing compassion of our miseries,
 Wilshe after that day and to that fine,
 To see vs free from our infirmities,
 And rid from these calamities,
 And troublous life that neuer shall haue ende,
 Until the day that Christ agayne descende.

An exhortation giuen by father Experi-

ence vnto his sonne the Courtier.

My sonne make well in thy memory, Exper.
 Of this false world the troubles transitory,
 Whose dreadfull dayes shal neuer haue an ende,
 Therefore call God to be thy Adiuatory,
 And every day my sonne (memento mori.)
 Thou wotest not when nor whether I shal wend,
 Here

Here to remayne I pray thee not intend;
 And since thou knowest the time is very short;
 In Christes blood set all thy whole comfort.
 Be not too greedy of temporall rent;
 For you perceive Popes, Emperours, and Kinges
 Upon the earth haue no place permanent;
 Thou seest that death them woefully doon brings.
 And takes the fro their rents, riches & raigning;
 Therefore on Christ confirme thy whole intent;
 And with thy call be right well content;
 Then God that feedes the fowles of the ayre;
 All needefull thing for thee shall prepare.
 Consider in thy contemplation,
 That euer since the worlds first creation,
 Mankinde hath suffered this misery mortall;
 Euer tormented with tribulation,
 With Dolour, dread, and desolation;
 Gentils and chosen people of Israel,
 To this mishape all subject are and shall;
 Which misery without doubt shall euer endure;
 Tyll the last day, my sonne thereof be cure.

That day as I haue made narration,
 Shalbe the day of consolation.
 To all the children of the chosen number,
 There ended is their desolation.

And also I make thee supplication;
 Of earthly matters take thee no more comber.
 Dread not to die, for death is but a slumber,
 Liue a iust life and haue a ioyous hart;
 And of thy goods take pleasantly thy part.

Of our talking now let vs make an ende,
 Beholde how Phobus downward both discende
 Toward his palace in the Occident,
 Dame Cinthea I see both now pretend
 Into his watery region to ascend,
 With billage pale by from the Orient,
 The dew now moistneth the roses redolent,
 The marigoldes that all day were vnclosed
 By Phobus heate, now craftely are closed.

The blissfull birdes flye to the trees,
 And leate of their heauently harmonies,
 The Cornecrake in the croft I heare now crye,
 The Bat and owle full feble of his eyes,
 For his pastime now in the euening flies.
 The Nightingales with mirthfull melodie,
 Their naturall notes send vp thorow the skie
 To Cinthia making their obseruance,
 And in the night do their daliaunce.

I see Pale Arctike in the North appeare
 And Venus rising with hir beames cleare,
 wherfore my sonne I holde it time to go,
 would god, said I, ye did remayne a peare,
 That I might of your heauently lessons leare,
 Of your departing I am wondrous wo.
 Take patience (quod he) for it must be so,
 Perchaunce I shall returne with diligence,
 Thus I departed from Experience:

And hied me home with hart right sorry,
 And entred my quiet oratory.

I tooke paper and there began to write,
 This misery that ye haue hard before.
 All gentell readers harteely I imploie,
 For to excuse this that I did indite,
 Though Iporrites will haue at me despite,
 Which would not that their craftines were found.
 Let God be iudge, and so I make an end.

FINIS.

Here foloweth the tragedie of Dauid

Beton, late Cardinall and Archbishop of Sanctandroun.

Compiled by David Lindsay of the Mount King.

of Armes.

The prologue.



Of long ago, after the houre of prime,
 Secretly sitting in mine oratory,
 I tooke a booke to occupy the tyme,
 Where I found many a tragedie & story,
 Which John Bochas hath put in memory,
 How many princes, kings and conquerours,
 Were dolefully deposed from their honours.

How Alexander the mighty conquerour,
 In Babylon was poisoned pitiously:
 And Julius the mightie Emperour,
 Murthered at Rome, causes, and cruelly:
 Prudent Pompey, in Egypt shamefully
 Murthered was: what more proesse doth neede.
 Their tragedies were woofull for to reede.

As I sate so vpon my booke reading,
 Right sodenly before me did appeare,
 A wounded man abundantly bleeding,
 With visage pale and with a deadly cheare,
 Seming a man of two and fifty yeare,
 In rayment red, clothed full curiously,
 Of Veluet and Satin crimson verily.

With feble voyce as men opprest with paine,
 Softly he made to me supplication,
 Saying my friend go reade and read agayne,
 If thou can find by true narration,
 Of any paine like to my passion:
 Right sure I am, were John Bochas alive,
 My tragedy at length he would discerne,

Since he is gon I pray thee to indite,
 Of my misfortune some remembraunce,
 Or at the least my tragedy to write,
 As I to thee shall shew the circumstance,
 In tearmes short of my vnhappy chance,
 Since my beginning to my fatall end,
 That all men may know it I would it were pend.

I can not (said I) make such reherfall,
 Except of thy name I had intelligence,
 I am Dauid that carefull Cardinall,
 Which doth appeare (quod he) to thy presence,
 That sometime had so great preheminance,
 Then he began his deedes to indite,
 As ye shall heare, and thus I began to write.

A.i.

The

The tragedye.

I David Beton sometime Cardinall,
Of noble bloud by line did descend,
During my tyme I had no peere at all:
But now is come alas my fatall end,
From degree to degree I did ascende,
So that in this realme was neuer raigning
So great a man as I, vnder a king.

When I was a yong gentleman,
Princes to serue I set my whole intent.
First to ascende at Arbroche I began,
An Abbacie of great riches and rent.
With that estate yet was I not content,
To get great riches and glory more,
My hart was set, alas therefore.

I did such service to our soueraigne,
He did promote me to more hie estate,
A prince aboue all priestes for to raigne,
Archbishoppe of Saint androns consecrate,
To that honour when I was eleuate
My proud hart was not content at all,
Till I created was a Cardinall.

Yet preast I to haue more authoritie,
And finally was chosen Chancelare:
And for vpholding of my dignitie
was made Legate, then had I no pere,
I purchased for my profit singuler,
My bores, and my treasure to aduance,
The Bishopricke of Merapole in fraunce.

Through

Throughout Scotland I had the rule of all,
 without my aduice concluded was nothing,
 Abbot, Bishop, Archbyschop, Cardinall,
 In this realme could no higher be rainging,
 Except I had bene Pope, Emperour and king.
 For shortnes of tyme I ame not able,
 At length to shew my actes honorable.

For my most princely prodigalitie,
 Among prelats in fraunce I bare the price.
 I shewed my Lordely liberalitie,
 In banketing, playing at Cardes, and Dice,
 In such wisedome I was holden wise,
 And spared not to play with king and knight,
 Thre thousand crownes of gold on a night.

In fraunce I made honest voyages,
 where I did actes worthy of remembraunce,
 Through me were made triumphant mariages,
 To our soueraines both profite and pleasance.
 Queene Magdalen the first daughter of fraunce
 with great riches was into Scotland brought,
 That mariage through my wisedome was

(wrought,

After whole death into fraunce I past agayne,
 And a second Queene homeward did conuay,
 That lusty pynces Mary de Lozain,
 which was receiued with great triumph and ioy,
 So serued I our right redoubted Roy.
 Soone after that Henry of England king,
 Of our soueraine desyred communing.

Of that meeting our king was well content,
So that in Poike was set both time and place,
But our prelates nor I would neuer consent,
That he should see king Henry in the face.
But we were well content that his noble grace,
Had sayled the sea to speake with any other,
Except that king that was his mothers brother.

Wherethrough their rose great war & mortal strife,
Great murder, hunger, dearth and desolation,
Wherethrough on eyther side many lost their life.
If I would make a true narration,
I caused all that tribulation.
For to take peace I neuer would consent,
Without the king of Fraunce had bene content.

During this warre were taken prisoners,
Of noble men fighting full furiously,
Many Lordes, Barons, and bachelers.
Wherethrough our king tooke such melancoly,
As drew him to death right dolefully.
Extream dolour ouerset so his hart,
That from his life he did depart.

But after that his speech was lost and his strength
Unto a paper white I made his grace subscribe,
Wherin I wrote all that I pleased at length
After his death, which long were to discriue,
Through that writing I purposed belue,
With support of some Lordes beneuolence,
In this region to haue preheminance.

As for my Lorde our righteous gouernour,
 If I would shortly shew the verities am admitted
 To him I had no manner of fauour: nor p[re]iudice
 During that tyme I purposed that he
 Should neuer come to any authoritie.
 For his suppose therefore he brought among vs,
 Out of England the noble Earle of Anglus.

Then was I put a backe from my purpose,
 And sodenly cast into captiuitie,
 My proud hart to daunt as I suppose,
 Deuiled by the hye deuinitie,
 Yet in my hart sprong no humilitie,
 But now the word of God right well I knowe,
 No ho doth exalt himselfe, God shall bring lowe.

In the meane tyme when I was so subiected,
 Ambassadors were sent into England,
 Where they both peace and marriage contracted,
 And more surely for to obserue that band,
 Were promist diuers pledges of Scotland.
 Of that contract I was no way content,
 Nor neuer would thereto geue my consent.

The captaiues that kept me in ward,
 Giftes of Golde I gaue them great plenty,
 Rulers of Court I richly did reward,
 wherby I escaped from captiuitie.
 But when I was free at my libertie,
 Therlike a Lyon loosed of his cage,
 Out of this realme I gan to rule and rage.

Agaynst the gouernour and his company,
Of times made I insurrection,
Purposing for to haue him hastily
Subdued into my correction,
Or else to put him to extreme subiection.
During this time if it were well described,
This Realme by me was betterly deuised.

The gouernour I purposing to subdue,
Did raise an host of many a bold baron
And made array that Leith per may rue,
For we destroyed a myle about the towne,
For that I had many a cutte and cruell stroke.
Yet contrary to the gouernours intent,
With our yong princes we to Sterueling went.

For hye confession of the gouernour,
I brought the Carle of Lennox out of prison,
Which lusty lord liuing in great pleasure,
Did lose that band and honest ordinance.
But he and I felt soone at baraine,
And through my counsell was within short space
Cruelly murdered he gat no other grace.

Then through my prudent practise and engine,
Our gouernour I caused to consent,
Full quietly to my counsell to incline,
Whereof his nobles were not well content,
For why I brake in open Parliament
The band of peace contracted with England,
Wherethrough came a great losse to Scotland.

That peace broken began new mortall warres,
 By sea and land, to rise without reliefe,
 That to repose it my hart affeares,
 The veritie to shew in termes briefe,
 I was the roote of all mischief.
 The South country may with both hart full sore
 That I had dyed as soone as I was bore.

I haue bene the cause of much more mischaunce,
 To byhold mine owne glory and dignitie,
 And the pleasure of the mighty king of Fraunce,
 With England would I haue no vniuite,
 But who doth consider the veritie,
 We might full well in rest and peace haue past
 Nine or tenne yeares, and then playd loose or fast.

Had we with England kept our contractes,
 Our noble men had liued in peace and rest,
 Our Sparchantes had not lost so many parkes,
 Our common people had not bene oppress,
 Again all other wronges had bene redress,
 But Ekenborough, Leith, and Kingome
 The day and houre may curse that I was borne.

Our gouernour to make him to measure,
 With flattery and subtill wordes I did defile,
 Tyll I his forme and hyze got in my cure,
 To that effect I wrought that crafty wille,
 That he in manner of may might me beguile,
 Then laught I when his lieges did alledge
 That I his soune had gotten for a pledge.

The Erle of Angius, and his German brother
 I purposed to make to lose their life;
 And so to haue destroyed many other
 Some with the fyre, some with the sword & knife
 In specially many gentlemen of fife,
 And purposed to put to great torment,
 All fauourers of the old and new testament.

Then euery man tooke of me great feare,
 When I had gotten so great gouernance,
 Great Lordes dreading I would to the much deare
 To Court durst not come without assurance;
 There hath not bene sene such variance
 Now to our prince, barons obediently
 Without assurance may come assuredly.

My hope was most of the king of fraince,
 Together with the popes holines;
 More than in God my worship to aduance,
 I trusted so vnto their gentlenes,
 That no man durst presume me to oppresse;
 But when the day came of my fatall houre,
 Farre from me was their support and succoure.

Then to preserve my riches and my life,
 I made a strength of walles hie and broad,
 Such a forres was neuer found in life,
 Beleewing there durst no man me invade;
 But now finde I true the saying that is said,
 Except that god be maister of the world,
 The world is in daime whosoever it wold.

For I was thoro to the hie power deuine, And yet
 Right woofull thowen down among the grasse
 Which could not be thoro to mortall mans engine
 But as Dauid did slay the great Goliath, much
 Or Holofernes by Judith killed was, much
 In the mids among his triumphant army. Which
 So was I slayne in my theefe citie. And thus

When I had greatest domination,
 As Lucifer had in heauen Empire,
 Then came suddenly my depriuation,
 By them which did my death conspire.
 So cruell was their furious pre;
 I had no time, leasure, nor libertie,
 To say, In manus tuas Domine

Behold my fatall infelicitie,
 Though I were in my strength incoperable
 That dreadfull dongeon booted not a flie.

My great riches and rents profitable;
 My silver worke and Jewels inestimable;
 My papall pompe, my rich treasure, and all
 My life and all I lost in halfe an houre.

To the people was made a spectacle,
 Of my dead and deformed Carion,
 Some saide it was a manifest miracle,
 Some said it was deuine punition,
 So to be flaine so in mine owne towne.
 When euery man had iudged as he lyst,
 They saled me and closed me in a Chiss.

I lay vnburi'd seven monethes and more;
 O I was borne to Cloyster Church of Quiet,
 In a mcdob which greeneth me full soze,
 With out safrage, Monk, Canon or frier,
 And all proude prelats at me may lessons lear,
 Which raignde so long and so triumphantly,
 And vnto dust now turnde so dolefully.

To the Prelates.

O Ye my brythren Princes of the Priestes,
 To you I make my supplication;
 Bothe night and day reuolue you in your
 The processe of my depriuation,
 Consider what is your vocation,
 To folow me I pray you not pretende you;
 But reade at length this sedule that I sende you.

You know how Iesu his Disciples sent
 Ambassadors to every nation;
 To shew his law and his commaundement
 To all people by pcedication:
 Therefore I make narration,
 Since you to them are very successors;
 Ye ought to do as did your predecessors;
 How dare ye be so bolde to take on hande
 For to be heralds to so great a king;
 To beare his message both to borough and lande;
 He beeing dumbe and can pronounce nothing;
 Like minstrels that can neither play nor sing?
 Or why should men giue to such shepherds hyre,
 Which can not guide the sheepe out of the myre?

Shame

Shame ye not to be Christs Seruitours, And
 And for your fee to haue great temporall lands,
 And of your office cannot take the tithes, as the
 As Canonicall and Scripture you commaunders?
 Ye will not want sith, these nor offerings, as the
 Tithes wolle, sith lambe, sith calfe and gooses,
 And yet to doe fertilitye are all out of use.

My brethren deare, Doe not as ye were wont,
 Amende your life now while your dayes endure,
 Trust well ye shall be called to your account,
 Of euery thing belonging to your curiall
 Leauē papistie and heresie be deniēd,
 Remembring well my wounded death,
 Get remedy therefore while ye haue breath.

Ye Prelates which haue thousands for to spend,
 Send a simple frier for you to preach,
 I make you vnderstande you fore offend,
 That your selues in temples do not teach,
 But send a simple frier a miserly wretch,
 And if he shew the plaine veritie,
 Then shall we want the Bishops charity.

Wherefore is giuen you such royall rent?
 But for to finde the people spirituall foode,
 Preaching to them the old and new testament,
 The law of Christ that died vpon the roode,
 But not your hope in worldly good,
 As I haue done: behold my great treasure
 Made me no helpe at my fatall houre.

Which is the true treasure,
 Which is the true treasure,
 Which is the true treasure,
 Which is the true treasure.

That day when I was a bishop consecrate,
 The great Bible was bound upon my booke:
 What was therein I little knew: God wot, so true
 More than a beast bearing a precious packe:
 But hastily my covenant I brake, as you know
 For I was letted by mine owne consent
 The Law of God to preach with good intent.

Brethren right so, when ye be consecrate,
 Ye forget you all on the same wise:
 Ye may be called bishops counterfette,
 And galants husked in masking guise.
 Now think I priores are nothing wise,
 To give a famous office to a foole:
 As who would put a miter on a Goule.

Had ye also that sorrowfull sight scene,
 How I lay blubbing bathed in my blood,
 To mend your life it had occasion bene,
 And to make you leane your old wonted mood.
 Which sith you do not, I would you understoode
 without ye from your ribaudry arise,
 Ye shall be serued on the same wise.

To the Princes

Independent princes without discretion,
 Having in earth power imperiall:
 Ye see the cause of his transgression
 I speake to you all in generall,
 which do dispose all officers spirituall,
 Being the soules which are Christes sheepe,
 To blind pastours without conscience to keepe.
 when

When ye Princes do lacke an officer,
 A Baker, a Brewer, or a maistret Cooke,
 A trim tayler or cunning Cordoner,
 ouer all the Lande ye will sende to looke
 Most able men such offices to brooke,
 As a brewer that can brew most wholesome drink,
 And a most cunning cooke of all other I thinke,

A Tayler which hath bene fostred in fraunce,
 That can make garments of the new guise.
 Ye Princes be the cause of this mischaunce.
 Bycause that when there doth fall a benefice,
 Ye ought to do on the same wise,
 Make search and seeke both in borow and lande,
 The law of God who best can vnderstande.

Make him Bishop that prudently can preache,
 As doth pertaine to his vocation:
 A parson which his parishioners can teache,
 Let bickers make due ministration.
 And also I make to you supplication,
 Make your Pastors of right religious men,
 Which the laity to christes law may win again.

But not of a ribauld new come from the roost,
 Nor of an Ostler stolen out of a stable,
 Which in the schole bestowed neuer no cost,
 Nor neuer was in spirituall science able,
 Except the cards, the dice, the ches and table,
 Nor yet of Rome rakers, nor of rude Ruffians,
 Of pickpurs Papists, nor of publicanes,

Nor of fantastike fayned flatterers,
 Most meete for to gather Muscles in May,

Of

The fourth booke

Of Cobwebs, nor yet of sayned clatterers,
That in the Church can neyther sing nor say,
Though they be cled vp in Clarkes aray.
Like doted Doctors new come out of Athens,
And mumble ouer a prayer of mangled mattens.

Yet are they not fit to brooke a benefice,
But through sir Simonies sollicitation
I was promoted on the same wise,
As though Princes supplication,
And made in Rome through false narration,
Bishop, Abbot, but no religious man,
Who me promoted I do them curse and ban.

Albeit that I was Legat and Cardinall,
Little I knew therein what should be done,
I vnderstoode no science spirituall,
No more than did blind calpa of the moone.
I dread the king that sits aboue the sunne,
On you Princes shall make sore punishment,
As well as on vs through righteous iudgment.

On you Princes for vndiscrete giuing
To the ignorant such offices to ble:
And on vs for our importune asking,
Which should suche dignitie refuse.
Our ignorance did the world abuse,
Through couetous riches and of rent.
That euer I was prelate I repent.

O Kings do not care to giue in cure,
Virgins professed to religion,
Into keeping of an olde common whoze;
Thinke ye it is not a great derision

To

To make a woman of a parish, parson,
 wherin there be two thousand soules to guide,
 That from harlots can not hir lippes hide?

What and king David lived in these dayes,
 Or out of heauen if he looked downe,
 which did found so many fayre abbeyes?
 Seeing the great abhominacion
 In many abbeyes of this nation,
 He would repent that narrowed so his boundes,
 Of yearely rent threescore of thousande pounds.

Wherefore I counsell euery Christian king,
 within his Realme to make reformation,
 And suffer no mor ribaldes to raigue in any thing
 Aboue Christes true congregation.
 If they fayle thereof, I make narration,
 That ye Princes and Prelates all at once
 Shall buried be in hell, soule, blond and bones.

That euer I bucht benefice I rue,
 Or to such height so proudly did ascend,
 I must depart, therefore my friend adeto,
 whersoever it pleaseth God aboue I must wend,
 I pray that to my friends me recommend,
 And fayle not at length hereafter to write
 My tragedy, as I do it heere indite.

FINIS.

Here foloweth the testament of King

James the fifthes Popiniay, vvhich lieth sore vvounded and
may not dye, till euery man haue heard vvhath he sayth,
therfore gentle Readers haſt you that he vvcre out
of payne. Compiled by Syr Dauid Linſay of
the Mount Knight, othervviſe Lion
King of Armes.

Suppoſe I had a wit Angelicall,
With wiſedome more than Salomonickall,
I know not what thing to put in memory,
The Poets olde in Stories heroicall,
And breefe ſubtill termes rethorickall,
Of euery matter, tragedy, and ſtorie,
So decently to their laude and glory
Haue ſet out things, whoſe ſupreme ſapience
Surpaſſeth farre my dull intelligence.

Of Poets now in our mother tung.
(For why) the bell of rethoricke is rung,
By Chaucer, Gower and Lidgate laureate,
Who dare preſume theſe Poets to impugne,
Whoſe ſweete ſentence through Albion is ſong?
O: who can now the works counter ſaite,
Of Kennedie with his tearmes aureate,
Of Dunbar who language had at large,
As may be ſcene in his golden targe.

Quintin, Merſer, Rowle, Hedderſon, Hay & Holad
Though they be dead their libels are in hande,
Which to rehearſe makes Reders to reioyce,
Alas for one that lampe was of this lande,
Of eloquence the flowing balmy ſtrande,
And in our Engliſhe rethorike the Roſet,

As of rubies, the carbuncle is chose,
 And as Ihebus doth Cynthia excell
 So Gawen Douglas, Bishop of Donnell,
 When he was in this land alive,
 Had above Poets prerogative,
 Both in practise and speculation.
 I say no more, good readers may discern
 His worthy workes, in number more then fyue,
 And specially the true translation,
 Of Virgill which is consolation,
 To cunning men to knowe his great engyne,
 As well in naturall science as defined.
 And in the Court are present in these dayes,
 His ballets, longes, and lusty Lapes,
 Which to our Prince dayly they present,
 Who can say more then sir James Ingles Lapes,
 In Ballets, verses, and in pleasant playes?
 But Culrose hath his pen made impotent,
 Knownen in cunning practise right prudent.
 And Steward which desirith a stately stile,
 Full ornate workes dayly doth compile.

Steward of Lorne who carpeeth curiously,
 And Gabriell Kynpoch when they lost them aply,
 In that art are crafty of engyne,
 But now of late is start by harshe,
 A cunning clark that wyltheth craftely,
 A plant of Poets called Ballentine,
 Whose ornate workes my wit cannot define,
 Get he in the Court authority,
 He will excell both Quaintin and Kennedy.
 So

So though I had skill as I have none,
I wot not what to write by sweete S. John,
(for why) in all the gardens of Eloquence,
Is nothing left but baraine stocke and stone,
The polished tearmes are pulled euery one,
By these forenamed Poets of prudence,
And since I finde no other new sentence,
I shall declare or I depart away,
The complaint of a wounded Popiniay.

no herefore bycause my matter which I prepare
Of sentence and of Rethorike is so bare
To countrey folke my writing is directed,
And banished from the sight of men learned.
For cunning men I know will soone discerne it,
That I do nothing but for to be corrected,
And if I heare my matter mis suspected,
Then shall I say I made it but for moynes
To landward I asse that kepe hyne and yobes.

The complaint.



No clymbes to high perforce must fall,
As I shall shew you by Experience,
If that you please to heare my tale,
How a fayre bird by fatal violence,
Deuoured was and might make no defence,
Agaynst the death: so fayled naturall strength,
As after I shall shew you more at length
A Popiniay right pleasant and perfit,
Presented was to our most noble king,
In herin his grace a longtyme had delite.

A fayrer birde I wot flew neuer on wing,
This proper birde he gaue in governing
To me which was his simple seruitor,
On hir I did my diligence and cure.

To learne her language artificiall.
To play platfote, and whistle foote before;
But of hir inclination naturall;
She counterfacted all foules lesse and more,
Of hir corage she would without my loze,
Sing like the Herle, and crow like a cocke,
Peto like the Glede, and chaunt like the liuerocke,
Barke like a dogge, and keele like a cocktoe,
Grunt like a hogge, and bellow like a bulle,
Bayle like a goit, and grite when she was woo,
Climbe on a corde and then play the foole.
She might haue bene a minstrell agaynst yoole,
Of this blessed boyd I was so fond,
That euery where I bare hir on my hand.

And so it befell in a merry moine,
In my garden I went for my disport,
And this bird with me as we were wont before;
Among the flowers freshe of sundry sort,
My vitall spirits duely to comfort,
When she bus rose and rent the cloudes sable,
Through brightnes of his beames amiable.

The ayre from foggy vapours purified,
Was mylde, coole, temperate, and cleane,
The earth by nature trimly beautified,
With wholesome herbes, blew, yellow, white and

which lifted by my spirits from the spleene.
For Saturne & Mars durst not appeare that day
For Colus kept him in his caue away.

That day perforce behoued to be faire,
By influence and course celestiall,
No planet prest to perturb the ayre,
For Mercurius by moving naturall
Exalted was into the throne imperiall
Of his mansion vnto the .xv. degree,
In his owne signe of Virgo true lie.

That day did Phebus pleasantly depart
From Gemini, and entred into Cancer,
That day Cupido did extend his dart,
Venus that day conioyned with Jupiter,
That day Neptune hid him as afeare,
That day Dame Nature with great businesse
Furthered Daine Flora to shew her craftinesse.

And retrograde was Mars in Capricorne
And Cinthia in Sagitary assailed,
That day Dame Ceres goddess of the corne,
Full ioyfully the husband man pleased,
The yll aspect of Saturne was appeased,
That day by Iuno of Jupiter the ioy,
And troublous blast were caused to be coy.

The sound of birdes wrait vp to all the eyes,
With melody of notes musicall,
The balmy drops of dew Titan by dyes,
Hanging vpon the tender twigs small,
The heavenly hew and sound Angelicall,

Such

Such perfect pleasure printed in my hart,
That with great pain fro thence I might depart?

So still among those herbes amiable
I did remaine a space for my pastaunce,
But worldly pleasure is so variable,
Mired with sorrow, dread, and constancie,
That therein is no continuance.

So might I say my short pastime alas,
Was giuen into dolour in a little space.

For in that garden among those sweete flowers,
Walking alone, none but my bird and I,
Untill the time that I had said mine owters,
This bird I set vpon a braunce hard by,
But she began to climbe right speedily,
And in that tree she did ascend so hye,
That by no way I might her well come by.

Sweete bird saide I beware mount not too hye,
Returue in time perchance thy sette may faile,
Thou art right fat and not well bled to flye,
The greedy slede I dread will thee assaile.
I will (quod she) ascend come what shall,
It is my kind to climbe by to the height,
Of feathers and bone I wot well I am wight.

So on the hiest little tender twig,
With wing displaide, she sat full wantonly,
But Boreas blew a blast o're her the while,
Which brake the braunce, and blew hir sodenly
Downe to the ground with many carefull cry,
Upon a stub she lighted with her brest,
The blood rushd out and she cryed for a priest.

God wot if then my hart was too begone,
 To see that fowle flutter among the flowers,
 Which with great sorow gan to make hir mone.

Now comin are (said she) my fatali houres,
 Of bitter death now must I bide the showers,
 O dame Nature, I pray thee of thy grace,
 Lend me leasure to speake a little space,

For to complaine my fate vnfortunate,
 And so dispose my good or I depart,
 Since of all comfort I am desolate

Along, and death is ready with his dart,
 Full cruelly to pearce my tender hart.
 Then with that word she did fall doونه,
 And lift vp her head and fell into a swoone,

With sory hart pearst with compassion,
 And salt teares distilling from mire eyne,
 To heare that birdes sad lamentation,
 I did appoach vnder an hauchorne greene,
 Where I might heare, and see, and be vntene,
 And when this bird was frounded t'wile of thine,
 She gan to speake, sayin g in this wise.

O false fortune why hast thou me beguiled,
 This day at night who knew this carefull case?
 Waine trust in thee my reason hath exiled,
 Hauing such trust in thy fained face,
 That euer I was brought into the court alas,
 Had I in forest floونه among my feares,
 I might full well haue lined many yeares.

Prudent counsell alas I did refuse,
 Against reason vsing my appetite.
 Ambition did to my hart abuse,
 That Colus had me in great dispite,
 Poets of me haue matter to indite,
 Whiche shame so hye that was is me this houre,
 Not doubting that death durst me deuote.

This day morning my forme and feders fayre,
 Aboue the proud Peacocke were excellling,
 And now a raitiue carion full of care,
 Bathing in bloud out from my hart distilling,
 And in mine eare the bell of death is knelling,
 O false world lye on thy felicitie,
 Thy pride, auarice, and inmundicite.

In thee I see nothing is permanent,
 Of thy short solace sorow is the ende,
 Thy false vnfortunate giftes be but lent,
 This day proud, to morow nought to spende:
 O ye that do purpose for to ascende,
 My fatall ende haue in remembraunce,
 And beware of such vnhappy chaunce.

Whether that I was stricken with extasy,
 Or through a proude imagination,
 But it appeared in my fantasy,
 I hard this dolent lamentation,
 Thus turned into desolation,
 He thought this bird did giue in her maner,
 Her counsell to the king as you shall heare.

The

The Popinayes epistle to king James

the fifth king of Scots

O Repotent prince pereles of pitchitude,
Gloze, honour, laud, triumph, and victorie,
Be to thy his excellent celsitude,
With martiall feates worthy of memory.

Since Atropos consumed hath my gloze,
And dolent death, alas must vs depart,
I leaue to thee my true unfained hart.

Together with this sedule subsequent,
With most reuerent recommendation;
I graunt thy grace hath many a document,
By famous fathers predication,
With many notable narration,
And pleasant Poets in stile Heroicall,
How thou should guide the frate imperiall.

Some do bewaile the great calamities
Of diuers realmes, and transmutation;
Some piteously do treat of tragedies,
All for thy graces information.

So I intend without adulation,
In barbarous rusticall verse to indite,
Among the rest sir something for to write.

Soueraine conceaue this simple similitude,
Of officers seruing in the signory,
Who guides them well let them be well indude,
Who is vniust disgrace him of his gloze,
And put him quite out of thy memory,

Providing

Prourding mote convenient in their place,
Euen so shall God do also with thy grace.

Consider well thou art but officer
And baylyse to the king incomperable,
Strive thou to please that Prince most plectare,
Thy riche rewarde shall be inestimable,
Exalted hye in glory interminable,
Aboue Archangels, powers and potestates,
Pleasantly placed among the principates.

Of thy vertue Ports perpetually
Shall make mention vntill the world be ended,
So that thou exercise thy office prudently,
In heauen and earth thy grace shal be comended,
Wherfore take heede that he be not offended,
Which hath exalted thee to such honour,
As of his people to be the gonerour.

In earth by this appoynted ordinance,
Under thy feete all things terrestiall
Are subiect to thy pleasure and pascence,
Both foule and fise, and beasts that wolthall,
Men to thy seruice, and women eke be thrall,
Hauking, hunting, armes and lawfull armoury,
Disordinate are by God for thy pleasure.

With masters of manlike to recreate thy minde,
With most sweete voyce & pleasant instrument,
Thus of all pleasures thou mayst plenty finde,
So in thy office thou be diligenc,
But if thou be found slothfull and negligent,
Or vniust in thy execution,
Thou shalt not faile deeme punitiō.

where

The fourth booke

no heretofore since thou hast such capacite, to learne
To learne to play, and pleasantly to sing, of man &
Ride horse, run speares with great audacitie,
Shoote with handbow, crossbow, & culvering,
Among the rest first learne to be a king, & then
Set on that craft thy pregnant frethe engine,
Graunted to thee by influence deuine,

And since the definition of a king,
Is for to haue of people gouernance,
Adresse thee first above all other thing,
To put thy body to such ordinaunce,
That thy vertue thy honour may aduance,
For how should Princes rule great regions,
That cannot duely guide their owne persons?

And if thy grace would liue right pleasantly,
Call thy Counsell and haue them in cure,
Their iust decrees defend and fortifie,
Without good counsaile may no Prince indure,
Wooke with counsell, so shall thy wooke be sure,
Choose thy counsaile of the most sapient,
Without regard to bloud, riches, or rent.

Among all thy pastime and pleasure,
Now in thy youthfull flourishing,
Should thou ech day study but halfe an houre,
The regiment of princely gouerning:
Unto thy people it were a pleasant thing,
There mayst thou finde thine owne vocation,
How thou should vse thy scepter sword & crowne.

The Cronicles to reade I thee exhort,
Which may be a mirrour to thy maiestie,
There

There shall thou finde both good and ill report,
 Of euery pynce after his qualitey.
 Though they be dead their breddes shall not dye,
 Trust well thou shalt be stiled in the story,
 As thou desirest to be put in memory.

Request that king which rent was on the roode,
 Thee to defende from all dangers & treame,
 That no doer report of thee but goodnes.
 For Princes dayes endure but as a dreame.
 Since first king Iergus bare the diademe,
 Thou art the last king of finescore and fure,
 And all are dead, and none but thou alieue,
 Of whose number fifty and fure be slayne,
 And most part by their owne misgouernance.
 Wherefore I thee desire my Soueraigne,
 Consider of their lines the circumstances,
 And when thou knowest the cause of their mischaunce,
 Of vertue then cast the sayles on byes,
 And thou shalt scape that fatall destenpr.
 Intreat ech true Baron as he were thy brother,
 which must at nede thee and thy Realme defend,
 when sodenly one both oppresse the other,
 Let iustice mixt with mercy them amend.
 Haue thou their hearts thou hast enough to spend,
 And by the contrarie thou art helplesse alone,
 when time thy Subjects hearts are fro thee gone.
 I haue no leasure for to write at length
 My whole intent vnto thy excellency,
 Decreased so I am in wit and strength,
 My mortall wound doth me such violence,

The fourth booke
All men of me may haue experience,
Bicause alas I was not reformable,
Now must I dye a caitiue miserable.

The Popinay to the brethren

in the Courts.

Brethren of the Court I right hartly
To the great God with my mind comend you,
Imprint my fall in your memory,
Together with the seditule that here I send you,
To climbe ouer hie I pray you not pretend you,
The baue climbing in Court if you consider,
He that sits most hie shall find he seat most slipper.

So ye that now be mounting by the ladder,
Take heede in time, fasten your fingers fast,
Who climbeth most hie, most hurt hath by the ladder,
And least defence against the bitter blast
Of false fortune, which rudely down doth cast
The most redoubted, and dayly downe brings
(without sparing) Popes, Emperors, and Kings.

Though ye be mounted by above the skyes,
And haue both king and gouernance,
Some was as hie that now right lowly lies,
Complayning sore the Courts variance,
Their passed time may be experience,
Which thought haue hope of court did climbe so hie,
And wated wings when they thought best to flye.

Since ech Court is so instable and transitorie,
Chaunging as oft as wethercocke with winde,
Making fomic glad, and other some right soye,

The

The foremost this day, to morrow may be behinde.
Let not vaine hope of court your reason blinde
Trust me some men will giue you laude as lords,
which would be glad to see you hang in cords.

I durst declare the mutabilitie,
Of diuers Courts were not my tyme so short,
The dreadfull chaunge, vayne glory and vtilitie,
The painfull pleasure as Poets doe report,
Sometime in hope, sometime in discomfort,
How some men do spend their riches, good and all,
In Court, and rude at last in the Hospital.

And some in Court be tricked counsellers,
without regarde to common wealth or kings,
Casting their care for to be conquerors,
And when they haue bin in their bryd showings,
The change of fortune them woefully down brings,
And when they are from their state deposed,
Many of their fall haue bene reposed.

And how fonde fayned fooles and flatterers,
For small seruice obtaine great rewards,
Applequires, picthawks, Blabs and Chatterers,
Leape by from ladders, and light among lordes,
Blasphemers, beggers, and common baudes
Sometime in court haue more authoritie
Than demost doctors of Diuinitie.

How in some court are children of Beliall,
Full of dissembling paynted flattery,
Dronking by intoricate counsell
Princes to wbozdom and to reuelry,
Who do in Princes print much harlotry.

I say for me such peert proud countours
 Should punit be aboue all traytours.
 What trauell, trouble and calamitie
 Hath bene in court within this hundred yeeres?
 What mortall chaunges, and what misery?
 What Noble men be brought vpon their beares?
 Trust well my friends, follow you must your fears.
 So since in Court is no tranquillitie,
 Set not on it your whole felicitie.

The Court changeth sometime with such outrage
 That few may make resistance,
 And spares not the Prince more than the page,
 As well appeareth by experience.
 The Duke of Rothesie might make no defence,
 Which was pertaining to the King of this nation;
 But wofully was deuoured in prison.

What dread, what dolour had that noble King,
 Robert the third, from the time he knew the case
 Of his two sonnes wofull departing?
 Prince David died, and James captiue alas,
 Two true Scottmen which was a careful case.
 Thus may ye know the Court is barbaund,
 When bloud royal can not the change withstand.

Who raigned in court more hye and triumphant
 Than Duke Murdocke, while in his dayes indured?
 Was he not great protector of Scotland?
 Pet of the court he was not well assured,
 It chaunged so, his long seruice was refused,
 And he and his sonne he alter remedlesse,
 Did suffer of death the wofull distresse.

King

King James the first paterne of prudence,
 Gem of engine, a pearle of polycy,
 Well of iustice, and fount of eloquence,
 Whose vertue doth surpasse my fantasie
 For to discerne, yet when he stood most hye,
 By false malicious conspiracie,

For all his goodnes was put to none cruelly.

Also James the seconde king of great renouue,
 Being in his most glory and flowre,

Through reckless shooting of a great Canon,

Dreadfull death alas did deuoure.

One thing there is the which I maruell more,

That fortune had at him such mortall hate,

Through fifty thousand to take him by the pate,

My hart is pearst with paine and greenaunce,

To write the Courts variation,

And of James the third when he had gouernance

The dolour dread and desolation,

The chaunge of Court and conspiration,

And how that Cochram with his company,

That time in Court clombe so presumptuously,

It had bene good that they had not bene borne,

By whome that noble Prince was so abused,

They grew as did the weede about the Corne.

That the counsel of prudent Lords was refused,

The king held him quiet as he had bene included,

And alas that Prince by their abusion,

Was finally brought to confusion.

They clame so hye and gat suche audience,

And with their prince grew so familiar,

That

That his owne brother might get no preference. Quia
 The Duke of Albany, and the Earle of Mar, and
 Like banisht men were holden at the bar: so llesse
 To the king there grew such mortall dread, that
 He put downe the Duke, & the Earle lost his head.

Thus Cockram with his cattive company, he
 Compelled them to flye, but yet they wanted fe-
 About the hye Ceders of Libany. (there)
 They clame so hye til they lepe ouer their ladders
 On Lawder bridg since kept they were in tedders
 And strangled to death they gat no other grace,
 Of their king captiue, which is a rarefull case.

To put in beere that fate infortunate, that
 And mortall chaunce, it troubleth this wit of mine:
 My wit is weake, my fingers larygate,
 To dite or write the cancor of ruine,
 The ciuill warre and battell intestine,
 How that the sonne with banner boode displaid,
 Agaynst the father in battell came arayd.

would God that prince had bin that day comforted
 with sapience of that prudent Salomon,
 And with strength of strong Sampso supported,
 Or with the bold hoste of great Agamemnon.
 What would I wish, remedy was there none,
 At moine a king, with reuer woodd and crown,
 At euen a dead deformed Carion.

Alas where is that iuell of ioy, gentle James the fourth,
 That mighty Prince, gentle James the fourth,
 I pray Christ his soule for to conuay to such a good
 A greater Noble raigned not in the earth then thou.

O Atropose curse we may thy wrath,
for he was mirrour of humilitie,
Lodester and lampe of liberalitie.

During his time so Justice did preuaile,
The Savage Iles trembled for terrour.
Erdaile, Cusdaile, Liddaile, and Amerdale,
Durst not rebell, doubting his strokes shewer;
And of his Lordes he had such perfite fauour,
That for to shew that foes he had none,
Throughout his realme he would ride alone.

And of his Court through Europe sprang the fame
Of Lusty Lordes and Laydies flourishing,
Triumphant toneys and knightly game,
With all pastime belonging to a king.
He was the glory of princely governing,
Till through the ardent loue he had to Fraunce,
Agaynst England he moued his ordinaunce.

Of Floden fielde the ruine to reuolue,
O that most dolent day to deplore,
I nil for to dread that dolour to you dissolue,
To shew how that prince in his triumphant glory
Destroyed was (what needeth processe more)?
By the vertue of English ordinaunce,
And by his owne wilfull misgouernaunce.

Alas that day had he bene reformatable,
He had obtained land, glory and victory,
And his pitious processe is so lamentable,
I will not at length put it in memory,
I neuer read in tragedy nor story,

At one iorney so many nobles slaine,
For the defence and lone of their Soueraignes
Now brethren make in your remembraunce,

A mirrour of these mirabilites,
So may ye know the Courts inconstance,
When princes be thus pulled from their seiges
After whose death right straunge aduersities
And great misrule did come vpon vs thow
Ere our yong prince could either speake or goe

During his tender youth and innocency,
Was great conspiracy, murder and mischief.
There was nought els but taking of vengeance
Within that Court there raigned such variance,
Diuers rulers made diuers ordinances
Sometime Our Queene raigned in authoritie,
Sometime the prudent Duke of Albany

Sometime the realme was ruled by regents,
Sometime Alirenantes were leaders of law,
There raigned there so much disobedience,
That few or none stood of other in awe,
Oppression did so leud his Bugle blow,
That none durst ride but in the feare of warre,
The husbandman that time did misse his share,

who was more hie in honour eleuate,
Then was our gracious he and mightie prince,
Such power was to him appropriate,
That of king & realme he was made gouernesse,
Yet came a chaunge within short processe,
That

That noble Pearle that lusty pleasant Queene,
Long time durde not in the Court be seene.

The Archbishop of S. Andrews James Beton
Chauunceler and primate in power pastorall;
Clame next the king most high in his region;
The Lather shooke, he lept and had a fall.
Authoritie and power spirituall,
Riches friendship might not that time preuaile,
When that dame Curia began to stir hir taile.

His hye prudence preuailed him not a mite,
That time the court bare him such mortall hate;
That prisoner they kept him in despite,
Sometime he wist not where his head to hide,
But like a ruffian discolouredly did ride,
Had not sure hope borne him such company on his
He had strangled bene by melancholy.

What combat and care was in the court of France,
When king Fraunces was taken prisoner;
The Duke of Burgh in the midst of his ordinance,
Died at one stroke right woofull brought on beere;
The Court of Rome that time ran all apeare,
When Pope Clement was put in prison;
And the noble Citie was brought to confusion.

In England who had greater gouernance,
Then their triumphant courtly Cardinall;
The common weale some faith he did aduance,
By equall iustice both to great and small;
There was no mate to him then equall.
P. II. English.

Englishmen say, had he rained longer space,
He had deposed **S. Peter** out of place.

His princely pompe, nor papall graunt,
His palace royall rich and radious,
Nor yet the foud of superfluitie
Of his riches and trauell tedious,
What time Dame **Curia** held him odious,
Drenaild him not, nor prudence most profound,
The ladder brake, and he fell to the ground.

Where are the doughty **Carles** of **Wonglas**,
Which royally in this realme did raighe?
They are dead & staine, what nede more processe?
The **Carle** of **March** was placed in their staine.
Dame **Curia** threw them down in great dishaine.
And now of late who rose more he among vs,
Then did **Archbale** sometime **Carle** of **Angus**?

Who with his prince was more familiar,
Or of his grace had more authoritie?
Was he not great warden and Chancelier?
Yet when he stood upon the highest degree,
Hoping for nothing but perpetuie,
He was sodenly deposed from his place,
And cruelly staine, he had no other grace.

Wherefore trust not in authoritie,
My deare brethren I pray you hartely
Presume not in your same prosperitie,
But your trust in god all betterly
And serue your prince with intire hartednes
And

And when ye see the Court is at the best,
I counsell you then draw you home to your rest.

Where is the hye triumphant Court of Troy,
O! Alexander with his twelve peeres?
O! Julius that right redoubted King of Ioy,
Agamemnon with his most worthy warres?
(To shew these things thy hart yet still feares)
Some murdered were, some poysoned piteously,
Their carefull Courts dispersed woefully.

Know well there is no constant Court but one,
Where Christ is king, whose time indurable,
And his triumphant glory is neuer gone,
That quiet Court mirthfull and immutable,
Without varlaunce standeth firme and stable.
Dissimulation, flattery, nor false report,
Into that Court shall neuer haue resort.

Adue Edenborow, thou his triumphant towne,
Within whose bandes right ioyfull haue I bene,
Of true marchandise the roote of this region,
Most ready to receiue Court, king, and Queene,
Thy policy and iustice may be seene.
Were deuotion, wisdom, and honesty
And credence lost, they might be found in thee,

Adue faire Snaresdow with thy towres hie,
Thy Chapell royall, parke and table round:
May, June, and July, would I dwell in thee,
Were I a man, to heare the birdes sound,
Which doth agaynst thy royall rocke redound.

Adue Lithgus, whose place of pleasure,
Might be a patron to Portugall or France.

Farewell falk and the fortreffe of life,
With thy goodly Darke vnder the lowman low.
Sometime in thee I led a lusty life,
The fallow deere to se walke on a rove.
Courtiers to come to thee do stand in great awe,
Saying thy borrow is of all borrowes bale,
Because in thee they neuer gat good ale.

Trust well my friends this is no fained face,
For who that is in the extremity of death,
The verity without doubt will declare,
Without regard to fauour or to birth.
While ye haue time seeke remedy,
Adue for ever with hart right sore,
Beseeching God to bring you to his glory.

*The communication betwene the Po-
piny and hir Executors.*

THe Pie perceiuing the Popinay in payne,
Lighted downe and did hir greeke:
Sister saith he who hath you slaine,
I pray you make prouision for your spere:
Dispose your goods, confesse you as is meete.
I haue power vpon your contrition,
Of all your sinnes to giue you remission.
I am (said he) a Chanon regulare,
And of my brethren Prior principall
My white Rochet, my cleane life doth declare,
The blake are of death memoriall;

wherefore

wherefore I thinke your goods naturall,
Should be submitted wholly to my power,
Ye knowe I am an holy creature.

The Raven came colping when he hard the rore,
So did the Glede with many a piteous pite,
As though her death had grieved them right sore:
Sister saide he your great mischaunce I rewe,
Now best it is our counsell to ensue:
For we be folke of his promotion,
Religious men of great deuotion.

I am a blake Monk he saide the Raven,
So saide the Glede I am an holy frer,
And haue power to bring you quicke to heauen,
It is well knowne my conscience is full cleare.
The black Byble I shall shew in the quiet,
So to our brethren ye will giue some good,
God wot that we haue neede of liues food.

The Dopsinay said, Father by the roode,
Although your raiment be religious like,
Your conscience I suppose is not good,
I did perceiue when priuely ye did picke
A Chicken from a henne vnder a dike.
The henne was my good friend, I graunt, said he,
And I that Chickenooke but for my fee.

Ye knowe that we all must sustaine the faith,
And by the hope it is preordinate,
That spiritual men should liue by their tythe,
But well I see ye are predestinate,
In your extremitie to be so fortunate,

To haue such holy consolation,
wherefore I giue you exhortation.

Since dame Nature hath graunted you suche
Leysure to make confession generall;
Shew forth youre sinne while ye haue space,
And of your good make a memoriall.
We three shall make your feastes funerall;
And with great blisse bury we shall your bones,
And trentals twenty trattle all at ones.

The Rookes shall roare that men shall them rebo,
And cry Commemoracio adimissio,
We shall make Chickens chirpe, & Gollings perre,
And thereto the Geis, and Hens shall cry alarum,
And we shall serue the Secunda vsum sarum,
And make you safe, we find saint Blas to beholde
Crying for you both euell and more woe.

And we shall sing about your sepulture,
Saint Hungo's mattens and the mighty Crede,
And then deuotely say, I you assure,
The old Placbo backward on the bode,
And we shall weafe for you the mourning weede,
And though your spere with Pluto were profest,
Deuoutly shall your dirge be adrest.

Father saide she your pleasant wordes faire,
Full sore & dread dissent farre from your deedes:
The wyues of the village crye with sate,
When they perceine you ouer their meedes,
Pour false conceit both Duches & drake soe deedes.

I maruell truly ye be not ashamed,
 For your defaults beeing so defamed,
 It doth abhorre my poore perturbed spirit,
 To make vnto you any confession,
 I heare men say ye are an hipocrite,
 Exempted from the life and session
 To put my goods into your possession
 I purpose not, so helpe me Dame nature,
 Nor of my corpes to you giue any cure.

But had I heare the noble Nightingale,
 The gentle Jay, the Oeple, and the Turtle true,
 My obseques and feastes funerall
 Order they would with notes of the new,
 The Pleasant Downe, most Angelike of hue,
 Would God I were this day with him confest,
 And my aduise duly by him adrest
 The nyghtfull Hauls with the gay Goldspink,
 The lusty Larks, would God they were present,
 My infortune forsooth they would forthinke,
 And comfort me that am so impotent:
 The swift swallow in practise most prudent,
 I would she could my bleeding stop beline,
 With hir most vertuous stone restringitine.

Shew me thy case vnder confession,
 The Glede said to the Popinap,
 And we shall sweare by our profession
 Counsell to keepe, and shew it to no mo,
 We thee beseech or thou part vs fro,
 Declare to vs some causes reasonable,
 Why we be holden so abhominable.

By thy trauell thou hast experience,
 First being bred in the Orient,
 And by thy good seruice and diligence,
 To princes made heire in the Occident:
 Thou knowest the bulgar peoples iudgment,
 Where thou transcurred the hote meritionall,
 And next the Pole the plauge septentrionall.

So by thy hye engine superlatiue,
 Of all Countreys thou knowest the qualities,
 Wherefore I thee confute by God aloue,
 The veritie declare withouten lyes,
 What thou hast hard by lande and seas
 Of vs Churchmen, both good and ill report,
 And how they iudge shew vs we thee exhort.

Father (saide he) I captiue creature,
 Dare not presume with such matter to meddle,
 Of your cases I know you haue no cure,
 Demanded them which in prudence do excell,
 I may not speake my paynes be so fell:
 And also perchance ye will not stand content,
 To know the bulgar peoples iudgement.

Yet if that death a little withdraw his dart,
 All that lyes in my memoriall
 I shall declare with true vnfained hart:
 And first I say to you in generall,
 The common people sayes ye be all
 Degenerate from your holy primatines,
 As testifieth the processe of your lines.

Of your percles prudent predecessours,
 The beginning I graunt was very good,

Apostles, Martyrs, Virgins, Confessors,
 Their conuersion whiche in true holinesse stood,
 Was hard ouer all the world, both land and flood,
 In planting of the Christen fayth by preaching,
 According to Christes institution and teaching.

To fortysie the fayth they tooke no feare,
 Before princes preaching prudently,
 Of dolorous death they doubted not the dare,
 But to declare the veritie feruently,
 And martyrdome they suffered patiently.
 They tooke no care of lands, riches, nor rent,
 Doctrine and deede are both equiualent.

To shew at length their works it wer gret wonder,
 Their myzacles were so manyfest;
 That in þ name of Christ they won many hundred
 Rayling the dead, and purging the posselt,
 With peruers spiritis which had bin opprest,
 The crooked ran, the blinded had their eyne,
 The deafe men hard, þ leapers were made cleane.

The Prelates spones were with pouertie,
 Those dayes when so they flourished in fame,
 And with them gendred lady Chastitie,
 And dame Deuotion notable of name,
 Humble they were, simple and full of shame.
 Thus Chastitie and dame Deuotion,
 Were princypall cause of their promotion.

Thus they continued in this life deuine,
 Untill they raigned in Rome that Citie,
 A mighty Prince named Constantine,
 Who perceiuing the church had sponesd pouertie,
 With

The fourth booke.

with good intent, and moued of pitie,
Cause of deuotion found betwixt them two,
And parted them withouten words mo.

And shortly with a great solemnitie,
without any dispensation,
The Church was spoused vnto proprietie,
which hastely by proclamation
To pouertie made narration,
Under the paine of losing hir eyne.
That with the Church she should no more be sene.

S. Siluester that time raigned Pope in Rome,
which first consented to the marriage
Of property, the which began to blome,
Taking on hir the cure with hie Courage,
Deuotion drew hir to an hermitage,
When she considered the lady Propertie
So hie exalted was in dignitie.

O Siluester where was thy discretion?
which Peter did renounce thou didst receiue.
Andrew and John did leaue their possession,
Their ships and nets, lines and all they did leaue
Of temporall substance nothing would they haue
Contrarious to their contemplation,
But soberly their sustentation.

John Baptist went to the wilderness,
Lazarus, Martha, and Mary Magdalene,
Left heritage and goods more and lesse;
Prudent S. Paule thought Propertie prophane;
From towne to towne he ran in wind and rayne,
Upon his feete, teaching the worde of grace,
Yet subiect to riches he neuer was.

The

The Glode sayd, yet I heare nothing but good,
 Proceede shortly and thy matter aduance,
 The Popinias sayd, father by the roode,
 It were too long to shew the circumstance,
 How Property with her new aliaunce
 Grew great with child, as true men to me told,
 And bare two daughters goodly to behold.

The eldest daughter named was riches,
 The second sister sensualitie,
 which did increase within short space,
 Right pleasant to the spiritualitie,
 In great substance and excellent beauty
 These Ladies two grew so within few yeares,
 That in the world none might be their peeres.

This royall riches and Lady sensuall,
 From that time forth tooke all the gouernance,
 Of the most part of the state spiritual,
 And they agayne with humble obseruance,
 Amorously their wittes did aduance,
 As true louers their Ladies to please,
 God wot that then their hartes were at ease.

Soone they forgot to study, pray and preach,
 They grew so subiect to dame sensuall,
 And thought it payne poore people for to teach,
 Then they decreed in their counsell generall,
 They would no more to mariage be thrall,
 Trusting surely to obseue chastitie,
 And all beguiled through sensualitie.

Apparentely they did expell their wiles,
 That they might liue at large without bondage,
 At liberty to leade their lusty liues,

Chm;

Thinking men shall chaunge in marriage
 For new faces mouoke new courage
 Thus chastitie they turne into delight
 Wanting of mines is cause of appetite

Dame chastitie did finde a way for shame
 From time she did perceiue their mouldernesse
 And dame Sensuall a letter did proclaime,
 And hir exiled Italy and fraunce
 And in England she could get no ordinance
 Then to the king and court of Scotland
 She hasted hir without more demaund

Trusting in the Court to get comfort
 She made hir humble supplication
 Shortly they said she would haue no support,
 But charged hir with blasphemation,
 To do this so make ye molestacion
 It is (sayde they) many hundred yere
 Since Chastitie had any interest here

Tyred for trauell she to the Priests past
 And to the rulers of religion
 Of hir presence soothly they were agast,
 Saying they thought it but a bulion
 Hir to receiue for conclusion
 With one aduice they decreed and gaue dome
 They would receiue no rebell out of Rome

Should we receiue that Romanes haue refused
 And is banisht England, Italy and fraunce
 Through your flattery then woe we well abused:
 Wasse hence (said they) in fast your way aduance
 Among the flames go for your ordinance

among the flames go for your ordinance

For we haue made an othe of fidelity
 To daunt riches and sensuality
 Then patiently she made progression
 Towarde the Quaires with hart full soze,
 They met hir presence with procession,
 Receiuing hir with honour, laude and glory,
 Purposing to preserve hir euermore.

Of that came nouels to Dame Propetty,
 To riches and to sensuality

They shewd them in post right speedily
 And so a while prouly about the place,
 The seely Maides did seeke them hastily
 And humbly of that offence asked grace,
 And gaue their bandes of perpetuall peace,
 Receiuing them they cast the wickets wide,
 And then chaffis would no longer abide.

So for refuge fast to the friers she fled,
 Which sayd they would of Ladys take no cure,
 Where is she now, then sayd the greedy Glode,
 Not among you (sayd she) if you ensue,
 I trust she is vpon the borow mure,
 By south Edenborow, that right many means
 Profeest among the sisters of the Seanes.

There hath she found hir mother Pouerty,
 And deuotion hir sister carnall,
 There hath she found fayth, hope and charitie,
 Together with the vertuous Cardinall.
 There hath bene found a Couent yet vnthral
 To vaine Sensualitie and of riches vnabused,
 So quietly those Ladys be enclosed.

The

The Wyot said, I dread, be they assayed,
 They render them as did the holy nunnys,
 Doubt not, sayd she, for they be so well mayled,
 They purpose to defende them with their guns,
 Ready to shoote they haue fire great Canons,
 Perseueraunce, Constauncy and Conscience,
 Austeritie, Lowlynesse and Abstinence.

To resist subtil sensualitie,
 Strongly they be euarned feete and hands,
 By abstinence, and keepe pouertie
 Agaynst riches and all other false seruantes,
 They haue a humbarde bound by in bandes,
 To keepe their port in midst of their close,
 Which is called, Domine custodi nos.

Within whose shot there dare no enemies
 Approche their place for feare of strokes stowte,
 Both night and day they worke like busy bees,
 For their defence ready to stand in showre,
 And haue such watches on the vtter towre,
 That dame Sensuall dare no siege lay,
 Nor come within their shot any way.

The Wyot said whereto should they presume
 To resist sweete sensualitie?
 O? dame riches, which rulers be at Rome?
 Are they more constant in there qualitie
 Than the Princes of spiritualitie,
 Which pleasantly without obstacle,
 Haue them receiued in their habitacle.

How long (thinke ye) the Ladies shall remaine
 So solitary in such perfection?

The

The Popiniay said, brother certaine,
So long as they obay correction,
Chosing their heads by election,
Unthall to riches or to pouerty,
But as requireth their necessity.

O prudent Prelates where was your prescience,
That tooke on hand to obserue chastitie
Without auster life, labour, and abstinence?
Perceiued ye not that great prosperitie,
Aparantly doth come of property?
Ye knowe great cheere, ease and idlenes,
To lechery was mother and mistres.

Thou rauest vnrocked sayd the rauē by the rood,
So to reprene riches and property.
Abraham and Isaac were rich and very good,
Jacob and Joseph had prosperitie.
The Popiniay said that is veryty,
Richer I graunt is not to be refused,
Prouiding alway it be not abused.

Then made the Rauen one replication,
And said thy reason is not woth a mite,
As I shall proue with protestation,
Let no man take my words in dispite:
I say the temporall princes haue the wite
That in the Church such pastours do prouide
To gouerne soules, themselues they cannot guide.

Long time after the Church toke property,
The Prelats liued in great perfection:
Unthall to riches or sensualitie,

The fourth booke
Under the holy spirites protection.
Orderly chosen by election,
As Gregory, Jerome, Ambrose, and Austine,
Benedict Barnard, Clement Clete, and Line.

Such patient prelats entred by the port,
Pleasing the people by predication.
Now Dichleapers do in the Church resort,
By simony and supplication,
Of princes by their presentation.
So seely soules that be Christes sheepe,
Are giuen to hungry wolues for to keepe.

No maruell is though we religious men
Disgraded be, and in our liues confused:
But sing and drinke none other craft we ken.
Our spirituall fathers haue vs so abused.
Agaynst our will those traitours be intruded.
Leude men put religious men out of doores,
And profest Virgins turne to strong whores.

Princes, Princes, where is your prudence,
In disposition of your benefites?
The garding of your courtiers expence,
Is some cause of these great iniquities.
There is one sort waiting like hungry eyes
For spirituall cure, though they be nothing able,
Whose greedie thirstines is unsatiabie.

Princes I pray you be no more abused.
To vertuous men hauing so small regard,
Why should vertue for flattery be refused,

That

That men for cunning can get no reward?
 Alas that euer a bragger so hard,
 A whoremaister or a common riotour,
 Should in the church get any kind of cure.

Were I a man woorthy to weare a crowne,
 Sure when their failed any benefites,
 I would call together a congregation,
 The principall of all the premisses,
 Most cunning clarkes of vniuersities,
 Most famous fathers of religion,
 And by their deuise make disposition.

I would dispose all offices and auayles,
 To Doctours of diuinitie or law,
 And cause Dame Vertue to set vp all her sayles,
 When cunning men had the Church in awe,
 Lordes did send their sonnes I you assure,
 To seke science, and famous scholes frequent,
 And them promote that were most sapient.

Great pleasure were to heare a prelate preach,
 A Deane or Doctour in diuinitie,
 An Abbot that could well his couent teach.
 A person flowing in Philosophie.
 I lose my time to wishe that will not bee.
 Were not the preaching of the begging Fryers,
 Lost were the faith among the seculers.

As for their preaching (quod the Popiniay,)
 I them excuse for why they be so thrall,
 To property and his daughter two,
 Dame riches and faire ladie sensuall,

The fourth booke

That they may not vse no pastime spirituall,
In their habits they take such delite,
That they haue renounced Russet and white.

Taking vnto them Sharled and Crimson,
With Miniver, Martrike, Grece and rich Armine
Their hartes are exalted as hye as the sun.
To see their papall pompe it makes me to pine,
More riche aray is now with frindges fine,
Upon the garding of a bishops mule,
Then euer had Paule and Peter agaynst yule.

Now faire Ladyes may not their chaine escape,
Dame sensuall now such seede in them hath sowne
Lesse hurt it were in despite of the Dope,
That euery relate a wife had of his owne,
Then to see their basterds ouer the countrey blown
For now a dayes they skud abrod in skulles,
They fall to worke as it were common bulles.

Then quod the Glede thou preacheest all in vaine,
Pe secular men haue of our case no cures.
I graunt (said she) yet men will speake agayne,
How ye haue made an hundred thousand hores,
Which neuer had bene but for your filthy lures:
And if I lye I hartely do repent,
Was neuer bird more penitent,

Then she hir shroue without longer continuance
To that false Glede which fained him a fyer.
And when she had fulfilled her penauce,
Full subtilly of her he did inquire:
Choose you (said he) which of vs byethzen here,

Shall

Shall haue of all your naturall good the cures,

Ye know none be more holier creature

I am content quod the poore Popinjay,

That ye fyer Glede and the Monk your brother

Haue cure of all our goods: thus much I say,

Since at this time friendship I find no other.

We shalbe to you true as to our mother

(Quod then) and I wote to fulfill hit intent

Of that (said she) I take an instrument.

The Popinjay what shall mine office bee?

Quyre man said she both the other two

The rauning Hauke said, sister let us see

Your whole intent, for it is time to go.

The greedy Glede said, brother do not so,

We will serue you to hold by hit head

And neuer depart from him till he be dead.

The Popinjay then thanked tenderly

And said, since ye haue taken on you this cure,

I depart my naturall goods equally

All that ever I had or haue of diuine nature

First to the Howlet indigent and poore,

Which on the day for shewt may not be scene,

To hit I leaue my gay garment of greene,

My bright and perfect eye as Christ all cleare,

Unto the Wasp ye shall them both present;

In which his presence which dares not appeare,

Of naturall light he is so impotent,

My pretty beke I leaue with good intent,

Unto the gentile peccous Pelican

To helpe to preache his tender heart

I leave the Cuckolds, which hath no song but one,
 My musike with my boye: Angelically, or on a 3
 And to the Goose ye shall giue when I am gone,
 My eloquence with my tongue: Rhetoricall, or ma 1
 Then take and dry my bones great and small,
 And close them in a case of Irony fate, 10
 And then present to the Ashes in times 15

To burne with the fowle the his life dearest,
 In Araby, ye shall find in feare, 20
 And shall her know by her perfect beuies,
 Gold, Alace, Soules, and 25
 Her date is set to the five hundred 30
 Beue to that hind my 35
 Also I make to you supplication, 40

Since of my corps I haue given you the time, 45
 Ye hye ye to the Court without tarrying 50
 And take my hart of perfect portrature,
 And present it unto my Loue: aigne to the King 55
 I know he will it close within his ring, 60
 Commend me to his grace I pray you, 65
 And of my passion giue him true report, 70

Ye three my toppes shall haue for your trauell, 75
 With liuer and lings, to part among you, 80
 Praying I unto the fearefull prince of hell.

If ye sayle that it is fect to be fect, 85
 Be to me true, though I nothing be worth your 90
 Sore I suspect your confidence is to large, 95
 Doubt not (said they) to take it with the charge 100

Adue brethren said the poe: 105
 More say to the 110

But since my spirit must from my body go,
I recommend it to the Mercy of the Father
Eternally into their Colours to stay, and (soul) rest
In wilderness among the holts here.

Then she forlorn her head and spake no more.

Plunged with his sword full
Full grievously she fell into the ground,
It were to long to make narration
Of his sighes sore with many a pang & wound.
Out of his wound the blood did so abound,
That a compass round was with his red blood died,
Without remedy she might not bide.

By that she had (I may so say) her
Extinguished were his natural light
His head full softly on his shoulder she laid,
And yielded the spirit with many a sigh
The Raven began cawing and crying
Full ravenously his empty throte to fede,
Cate softly heathen, said the grebe.

While the hote depart her even among
Take thou the haly and reach to me an other,
In our sight I would to night with many
The profound the fount of the fether:
Why make ye me a haly and your brothers
Ye do me wrong sir Glede I bespew your hart.
Take there (said he) the murtherers for thy part.

Then wit ye well, my hart was wondrous sore.

For to behold the wofull departing.

His Angelike fethers flew in the ayre thore.

Except the hart was left of his nothing.

The Dye said this belonged to the king, in which
which to his grace, I praye to present, in which
Thou (quod the Glade) shall be of mine intent

The Kauri said, then be I hanged in a rope, I praye
If thou get this either to king or Duke.

The Dye said complaine I not to the Duke, I praye
Then by a witch be I smothered in the Duke's house
With that the Glade there caught in his hoke, I praye
And fled his way the rest with all this might, I praye
To chase the Glade he would out of sight, I praye

Now haue ye heard this little tragedy, I praye
The soye complaint the testament and mischance,
Of this poore bird that did assend to he, I praye
Beseeching you excuse his ignorance, I praye
And rude writing which he sent to his master, I praye
And to the booke I praye to be made, I praye
Make no repair where I praye to be made, I praye

Because thou art with the king, I praye
Be neuer scene abroad with other booke,
with king nor Queen, with the king of God,
with folio in cleane shew, I praye to some booke
Steale in a corner where he list on thee to looke,
For smell of smoke men will abhorre to beare thee,
I counsell thee to be to the king, I praye

And thus I praye to the king, I praye

And thus I praye to the king, I praye
And thus I praye to the king, I praye
And thus I praye to the king, I praye
And thus I praye to the king, I praye

And thus I praye to the king, I praye

Here followeth the dreame of Syr
David Lindsay of the Mount, familiar secular
to king James the fifth,

The prologue.

W^hthin the Calends of January
when fresh Phebus by moving secular,
from Capricorne entred was into Aquary,
with blasts that branches made full bare,
The snow and sleet troubled all the ayre,
And chased flora from every banke and bulke,
Through boystrous blasts of windie Colus.
After that I the long winters night
Had line tumbling in my bed alone,
Through heavy thought I no way slepe I might
Remembering divers things that were forgone,
Up I rose and clothed me anone
By this fayre Titan with his beames light,
Over all the lande had spred his baner bright.
With cloke and hood I dressed me belue,
With double shoes and gloves on my handes,
And although the ayre was right penetrative,
Yet forth I farre launching ouer the landes,
Toward the sea to sport me on the sandes,
Bycause unblossomed was both banke and bray.
And so as I was passing by the way,
I met dame flora in dolefull wise disguised,
which in May was sweete and delectable,
With belement stormes hir sweetenes was surpris
Hir heavenly hues were turned into sable.

251
 which sometime were to louers amiable.
 fled from the frost the tender flowers I saw,
 Under dame natures mantle lurking full low.

The small fowles in flockes saw I flye,
 To nature making great lamentation,
 They lighted downe beside me on a tree;
 Of their complaynt I had compassion;
 For with a piteous exclamation
 They said, blessed be thou summer with thy showres,
 And cursed be thou winter with thy shoures.

Alas Aurora the seely lacke did crye,
 Where hast thou left thy balmy licour sweete,
 That vs reioyced morning in the skyes?
 Thy siluer drops are turned into fleete,
 Of sayre Phebus where is thy hole some heat;
 Why sufferst thou thy heavenly pleasant face,
 The foggy mists thus owgly to disgrace?
 Where art thou gay with June thy sister yere,
 Well bordred with daylies of delight?

And gentle July with thy manifest Greene,
 Enameled with Roses red and white;
 Now olde and cold Ianuer in despite,
 Keeues from vs all pastime and pleasure;
 Alas what gentle hart may this endure.

Quersleed are with clouds odious
 The golden skyes of the Orient,
 Chaunging in sorrow our song melodious,
 Whiche we were wont to sing with good intent
 Resounding to the heavenly symoniments;
 But now our day is chaunged into night
 With

with that they rose and flew out of my sight,
 Pensive in hart passing full soberly,
 Unto the sea forthwarde I went anone,
 The sea was sooth, the sand was smoth and dyed
 Then vp and downe I mused my selfe alone,
 Till that I spied a little cawe of stone,
 Hye in a cragge vpwarde I did approche
 without taryng, and clunbde vpon the roche,

And purposed for passing of the time,
 To defende from ocelitie,
 With pen and paper to register in time,
 Some merrey matter of antiquitie,
 But idleness the ground of iniquitie,
 Made to dull my spirites me within,
 That I kold not at what ende to begin.

But fate will be that came where I might see,
 The weltring of the waves vp and downe,
 And this false worldes instabilitie
 Unto that sea making comparison,
 And of the worldes wretched variation,
 To them that fixe all their intent,
 Considering who most had, should most repent.

So with my hood my head I lapped warme,
 And in my cloke I folded both my feete,
 I thought my corps with cold shuld take no harme,
 My gloues helde my handes well in heate,
 The holow crag me couered from the fete,
 There still I fate my bones for to rest,
 Till Morpheus with sleepe my spirite oppress.

So through the boystrous blast of Colus,
 And through my walking the night before,
 And through the seas mowing marvelous,
 By Neptunus with many rout and rols,
 Constrayned I was to sleepe withouten more:
 And what I dreamed in conclusion,
 I shall you tell a marvelous vision.

Here followeth the dreame:

ME thought a Lady of portrature perfite
 Did salute me with beaming countenance,
 And I which of hir pleasure had debte,
 To hir agayne made humble reverence,
 And hir demaunded sauing her pleasure,
 What was her name, she answered curtously,
 Dame remembrance she sayd called am I.

My comming is for pastime and pleasure
 Of thee, and to beare thee company,
 Because I see thy spirit without measure,
 So sore perturbed by melancholy,
 Causing thy ropes to wear colde and dry,
 Therefore get vp and go anon with me,
 So were we both in the twinkling of an eye.

Downe through the earth in midgs of the Center,
 Or euer I wold within the lowest hell,
 Into that carefull caue when we did enter,
 Howling and shouring we hard with many yell,
 In flame of fire furious and fell
 Was crying many a carefull creature,
 Blaspheming God, and cursing nature.
 There

There saw we diuers Dopes and Emperours,
 And without couer many carefull kings.
 There saw we many wrongfull conquerors,
 without all right reuers of others things.
 The men of Church lay bonden there in byings,
 There saw we many a carefull Cardinall,
 And Archbishops most pontificall,

Proud and peruers Prelates out of number,
 Priors, Abbots, and false flattering Friers
 To specifie them all it were both care & cumber,
 Beguler Chanons, churle Monkes, & Charterers
 Curious Clarke, and priests seculars,
 There was some part of eche religion,
 In holy Church which did abusion.

Then I demaunded Dame Remembraunce,
 The cause of these Prelates punition.
 She said, the cause of their vnhappy chaunce
 Was couetise, lust and ambition,
 The which now makes them want fruition
 Of God, and heere eternally to dwell,
 Within this painefull place of hell.

For why, they did not instruct the ignorant,
 Warning them to repent by preaching,
 But serued worldly Princes insolent,
 And were promoted by their fained seeking,
 Not for their science, wisdom nor teaching,
 But by simony was their promotion,
 More for deneers than for deuotion.

An other cause of the punition
 Of these vnhappy Prelates imprudent,

was

The fourth booke
was that they made not equall distribution
Of holy Church the patrimony and rent,
But temporally haue it all mispent,
Which should haue bene departed into thre,
First to vphold the Church in honestie,

The second part to sustaine their estates,
The third part to be giuen to the poores.
But they dispose that part on other mates,
On cardes and dice, on ribaudry and whores.
These caytiues tooke no heede on their cures,
Their churches decayed, their Ladies were clenly
And richly ruled both at bozd and bed. (cled,

For their bastard babes they proudly prouided,
The Church goods largely they did on them spend,
Through their default their subiects were misguit
And cared not their God for to offend, (ded),
Which made them want grace at their latter end,
Ruling that route I saw in caps of brasle,
Simon Magus and the Bishop Caiphas,

Bishop Annas, and the traytour Judas,
Mahumet that prophet abhominable,
Chore, Bathan and Abiron there was,
Heretikes we saw innumerable.

It was a sight right wondrous lamentable,
How that they lay within the flames burning,
With carefull cries greeting and gurning.

Religious men were punisht painfully,
For baynglozy and for disobedience,
For breaking their constitutions wilfully,
And for not hauing their heades in reuerence.

To

To know to their rule they made no diligence,
Unlawfully they vsed property,
Passing the bandes of pouerty.

Full sore weeping with voyces lamentable,
They cried loude, O Emperour Constantine,
We may blame thy possession paysonable,
For all our punishment and pine,
Howbeit thy purpose was till a good fine.
Thou hast banisht vs from true deuotion,
In hauing suche eye to our promotion.

Then we did heare a noyse full dolorous,
Where that Princes and Lords temporal,
Were racked with paynes rigorous.
But to expresse their paynes inspeciall,
It doth exceede skill and wittes all.
Importable payne they had without comforting,
Their blood royall made them no supporting.

Some caitiue kings for oppression,
And other some for their wrong conquest
Were condemned they and their succession.
Some for publike adultery and incest,
Some let their people neuer liue in rest,
Delighting so in pleasure sensuall,
Wherefore their payne was there perpetuall.

There was the cursed Emperour Nero,
Of euery vice the horrible vessel.
There was Pharao and diuers Princes mo
Oppressours of the children of Israell.
Herod and many more than I can tell,
Poncions Pilate was there hanged by the hals,
With vniust Iudges for their sentence false.

Dukes,

Dukes, Marqueses, Eries, Barons & knights,
 with their Princes were punished painfully,
 Because they were partakers of their brightness.
 Forward he went, and let these Lords lye,
 And saw where Ladies lamentably,
 Like wood Lions carefully crying,
 In flame of fyre were furiously fryng,

with Emperresses, Queenes, & Ladies of honours,
 Many Dutcheses and Countesses full of care.
 Then prest my hart these tender creatures,
 So pined in that pit full of dispayre,
 Plunged in payne with many ruthfull rore,
 Some for their pride, and some for adultery,
 And some for tyling men to lechery.

Some had bene cruell and malicious,
 Some had made wrongfull inheritors.
 For to rehearse their liues vicious,
 It were but tedious to their auditors.
 Of lechery they were the very lures,
 With their prouocations of impudicitie,
 They brought many a man to infelicitie,

Some women for feare of dishonour,
 Querlet with shame did them neuer shrine
 Of secrete sinnes done in privacy,
 And some repented neuer in their life.
 Wherefore without ruth the fiends did them rive
 Rigorously without compassion,
 Great was their dole and lamentation.

That they were made they cryed oft alas.
 Thus tormented with paynes intollerable,

was mended not when we had time and space,
 But tooke in earth our lusts delectable,
 Wherefore with findes onely and horrible,
 We are condemned for euermore alas,
 Eternally without all hope of grace.

Where is the meat and drinke delicious
 With which we fed our carefull carions?
 Gold, Silver, Silke, with perles precious,
 Our riches, rent, and our possessions,
 Without all hope of our remissions,
 Alas our paines are now perburable,
 And our tormentes to count innumerable.

Then we beheld where many a thousand
 Common people lay stryng in the fyre,
 Of every state there was a wofull band,
 There might be seene many a sorowfull crye,
 Some for enuy suffered, and some for pryde,
 And some for lacke of restitution,
 Of wrongfull good without remission.

Forsworne Marchantes for their deceitful handling
 Houders of Gold, and common extortioners,
 False men of lawe in cautels right cunning,
 Thieves, Routers, and publike oppressors,
 Some part there was of unlawfull labourers,
 Craftsmen there saw we out of number,
 Of eche state to declare it would meumber.

Nothsome it is to me for to indite,
 Of this prison the paynes in speciall,
 The heat, the cold, the dolor and despight,
 Wherefore I speake as now in generall,

That dolefull den, that furies tollerall;
whose reward was such without remedye;
Euer dying and heere dead to be;

Hunger and thirst in steede of meate and drinke,
And for their clothing, Todes, and Scorpions.
That darke mansion, is tapetised with filth;
They see nothing but horrible visions,
They heare nought but scorne and derisions,
Of foule feedes and blasphemations;
Their feeling is importable passions.

For melody they haue miserable mourning;
There is no solace, but dolour infinite
In balefull beds bitterly burning,
With sobbing, sighing, howling, and fighting;
Their conscience, their hartes did full vnto
To heare them cry it was a case of care;
So in despite plunged in dispaire.

A little aboue that dolorous dungeon,
we entred into a countrey full of care,
where that we saw many a legion,
Greeting and howling with many a ruthfull face,
what place is this (quod I) of mirth so bare?
She answered and said purgatory,
whiche purgeth soules of they come to glory.

I see no pleasure here but too full paine,
wherfore (said I) leaue we these sore in thrall,
I purpose neuer to come here againe;
But yet I do beleue and euer shall,
That the true Church can no way erre at all.

Such things to be great clarkes do giue scope,
Howbeit in Christes bloud is all my hope.

Above that in the third prison anone,
we entred into a place of perdition:
where many babes were making dirty mone,
Because they wanted the fruition
Of god, which was a great punition:
Bicause of Baptisme the scale they did without,
Upwarde we went and left that mirthles rout.

Above that place in a vault of some paine,
Unto the which without tarying we ascended:
There was the Limbo, in the which did remaine
Our forefathers, bicause Adam offended,
In eating the fruite, the which was forfended,
Many a yere they dwelt in that region,
In darknes and in desolation.

Then through the earth, of nature colde and dry,
Glad to escape those places perilous,
wee hasted waight wondrous speedely.
Yet we behelde the secretes maruelous,
The Mines of Gold, and stones precious:
Of Silver and of every fine mettell,
whiche to declare, it were long to tell.

Up through the water shortly we intended,
which inuirones the earth without all doubt.
Then through the ayre we shortly ascended,
his regions through beholding in and out,
which earth and water closeth round about:
Then shortly by ward through the fyre we went,
which was the highest and hottest Element.

When we had all these Elements ouerpast,
That is to say, earth, water, ayre, and fyre,
Upward we went without any rest,
To see the heauens which was our most desired,
But o? we might win to the heauen Empire,
It behoued vs to passe the way full euery,
Up through the spheres of the Planets seuen.

First to the Moone, and visited all her sphere,
Queene of the sea, and beauty of the night,
Of nature weake and cold and nothing cleare,
For of hir selfe she had no other light,
But the returne of Phebus beames bright.
The twelue Signes she passeth round about
In .xxviii. dayes without all doubt.

Then we ascended to Mercurius,
whome Poets call the God of eloquence,
Right Doctour like, with tearmes delicious,
In art expert and full of sapience.
It was pleasure to write of his prudence,
Painters, and Poets, are subiect to his cure,
And hot and dry he is of his nature.

Also as cunning Astrologers sayes,
He doth complete his course naturally,
In three hundredeth and thirty eght dayes.

Then upward we ascended hastily
To faire Venus, where she right lustely,
was sitting in a seate of siluer sheene,
That fresh goddess of lusty loue the Queen.

My harte was pearst with his blinkes amorous,
And though that sometime she is changeable,

poeth

with countenance and chearefull hololous,
 Sometime right pleasant glad and delectable,
 Sometime constant and sometime variable,
 Yet hir beauty resplendant as the fyre,

Swageth the wrath of Mars the god of pyre,

This pleasant Planet, if I can right distinctly plaie
 She is both hot, and weake of hir nature,
 which is the cause that she is provocative
 To all them that are subject to hir cure,
 To Venus woorkes while they may indure,
 Also she endes hir course naturall,

In twelue Monethes or therabouts in all,

Then past we to the sphere of Iehus bright
 That lusty lampe, and Lanterne of the heauen,
 And gladder of the starrs, with his great light,
 And principall of the Planets seven,
 He sat in the midst of them all most eminent
 As royall king ruling in his sphere,
 Right pleasantly in golden chare there,

His influence and vertue excellent,
 Gives life to every earthly thing,
 That Prince of Planets whose power is never spent,
 Doth foster flowers, and make herbes to spring
 Through the cold earth; and cause birds to sing
 Also his orderly moving in the heauen,

Is iust vnder the Zodiac full seen,

For to discerne his Diademe royall,
 Bordered about with stones shining bright,
 His Golden Charet of hyne imperiall,
 The four stedes that drawes it full right,

I leane to Poets because I haue no sight.
But of his nature he is hot and dry:
In a yere fulfilling his course truly.

Then by to Mars on hys waye we hasted by;
Wondrous hote and drier then the tunder.

His face flaming as fire right furious:
His boast and brag more fearefull then thunder,
Made all the heauen like to shake in sunder.
He that had seene his countenance but a farre,
Might call him well of men, the God of warre.

With colour red and looke malicious,
Right colericke he was of complexion,
Grim, angry, cruell, and sedicious;
Principall cause of the destruction
Of many a good and noble region.
Were not that Venus his yre doth mitigate,
The world of peace would be full desolate.

This god of griefe without faryng,
In yeaeres two his course doth complete.
Then past we by where Iupiter the king
Sate in his sphere right amiable and swete,
Complexioned with weaknes and with heat,
That pleasant prince, fayre, meeke and delicate,
Brougeth peace and baniseth debate.

The old Poets by superstition,
Held Iupiter the father principall
Of all their gods, for the feuntion
Of his prerogatiues inspeciall,
And for his vertues ingenerall.

Against old Saturne he makes resistance,
When in his malice he would wo: his vengeance.

This Jupiter without colouring,
Passeth through all the choleue signes full even,
In yeeres twelue: then without tarrying
He past vnto the highest of the seven,
To Saturne which troubles all the heauen,
With heauy theere, and colour pale as lead,
In him we saw but colour like the dead.

Cold and dry he is of his nature,
Full like an owle of euill condition:
Right ougly he is of portraiture,
His intoricate disposition
Puts all thinges vnto perdition:

He is ground of sickness melancolious,
Froward, and crabbed, false, and mulish.

His qualitee I cannot loue but hate,
As for his due measuring ye shall heare,
About the signes of the Zodiacke in date,
He doth finish his course in thirtie yeare,
And so leauing him in his frosty sheare,
Upward we did ascend our thimble,
Without rest till we came to the firmament.

The which was fixed full of starrs bright,
Of figure round, right pleasant and perfite,
Whose influence and right excellent light,
And whose number may not be put in write,
Yet cunning clarkes do naturally indite,
How that it doth end his course not in lesse
Than seven hundred thirtie thousand yeare doubtlesse.

Then the ninth sphere and mouer principall
Of all the rest, we visited all that heauen; in respect
Whose daily motion is continuall,
Both firmament and all the Planets seuen,
From East to west, that welken diues even
Within the place of four and twenty houers.
Yet by the minds of the Astronomers and Sages

The seuen planets in their proper spheres, and thence
From west to East are moued naturally,
Some swift, some slowe, as their kind beares,
As I haue shewne before especially,
Whose motion causeth continually
Right melodious harmony and sound,
And al through mouing of those planets round.

Then mounted we with right serene desire,
Up through the heauen Chusell we came,
And so we entred into the heauen Empire,
Whiche to discerne is pasteth prime engine,
Where God in his holy throne Deuine,
Raigneth in his glory ineffable,
With Angles cleare that are innumerable.

Into orders nine these spirits glorious
Are deuided; the which excellently
Giue praise, with sound melodious,
Singing right wondrous seruently.
These orders nine are full pleasantly
Deuided into Hierarchies three,
And three orders in every Hierarchie.

The lowest order are of Angels bright,
As Messengers sent unto this lower region;

The second Archangels full of might,
 Then vertues, powers, & princehoods of comone,
 The sixt is called domination,
 The seuenth Thronus, the eyght Cherubin,
 The ninth and hiest is called Céraphin.

And these are next the blessed trinitie;
 In his triumphant throne imperiall
 Which is three in one, and one substance in three,
 Whose indiuisible essence eternall,
 The rude engine of man is to small
 To comprehend, whose power infinite,
 And diuine nature no creature can write.

Therefore my wit is not sufficient
 For to treat of his hye diuinitie,
 All mortall men are insufficient
 To consider them three in vnitie;
 Such subtile matter I must needs let bee,
 To study on my credite it were more meete,
 And leaue such poynts to doctors more discrete.

Then we beheld the blessed humanitie
 Of Christ sitting in his throne royally,
 At the right hand of the diuinitie,
 With an excellent Court celestially,
 Whose exercise continuall,
 Was in louing their prince with reuerence,
 And on this wise they kept their ordinance.

Next to the throne we saw the Queen of Queene
 Well companied with Ladies of delight,
 Sweet was the song of those blessed virgins,
 No mortall man their solace may indite.
 The

The Angels Bright in number infinite,
 Euery order in their owne degree
 were officers vnto the deitie.

Patriarkes and Prophets honorable,
 Collaterall counsellors in this consistorie,
 Euangelists and Apostles venerable,
 were captaines to the king of glory,
 which Christian like had won the victory.
 Of that triumphant Court celestiall,
 Saint Peter was lieutenaut generall.

The martyrs were as noble stalworth knights,
 Discomfetoys of cruell battels three,
 The flesh, the world, the fiend and all his might,
 Confessors, doctors in diuinitie,
 As Chapell Clarke vnto his deities;
 And last we saw an infinite multitude
 Doing seruice vnto his celsitude.

All these by the hye deuine permission
 Had felicitie inuariale.

And of his Godhead cleare sanctioun,
 With perfect peace vnspeakeable;
 Their glory and honour was inseperable,
 That pleasant place full of ioyfull rest,
 Was sure so sweete as cannot be exprest.

There is plenty of all pleasures perfect,
 Euident brightnes without obscuritie,
 without dolour, sweetenes and delight,
 without rancour, perfect charitie,
 without hunger, satiabilitee,
 O happie are those soules predestinate,
 when soule and body shall be gloriocate.

These

These maruelous mythes for to declare.
By arithmetike are bnnumerable,
The portrature of that place most rare
By Geometry is bnnesturable,
And by Rethorike bnprouounceable.
No eare may heare, noz eye may see,
Noz hart may thinke their felicitie.

Wherto should I presume for to indite
That which Sainct Paul that Doctor sapient,
Can not expresse nor in papre write.
Namely that worke most sayne and excellent,
Of perfect pleasure euer permanent
In preasence of that king of glory,
Which was and is and euer shall be.

Of Remembraunce humbly I did inquire,
If I might in that pleasure still remayne.
She sayd as now thou must it not desire.
Wherefore my friende thou must retorne agayne,
And for thy sinnes repent and suffer payne,
And abide death with cruel paynes right soz,
Or thou be woorthie to raigne with him in glorie.

Then we returned soze agaynst my will,
Down through the spheres of the heauens cleare.
His commaundement I must fulfill
With soz hart, as you shall heare.
I would full sayne haue tarried there a yeare;
But she sayd to me there was no remedie,
Or thou remayne heere, dead must thou bee.

Quod I, I pray you hartly Madam,
Since we haue had such contemplation

Of heavenly pleasures: yet or we passe home, And
 Let vs haue some consideration in our hearts
 Of earth, and of his situation. She answered and saide, that shall be done.
 So were we both brought in the ayre full soone,
 Where we might see the earth all at one sight.
 But like a mote, as it appeared to mee,
 In the respect of the heavens bright.
 I haue maruell (quod I) how this may bee,
 The earth seemeth of so small quantitie,
 The least starre fixed in the firmament,
 Is more than all the earth, by my iudgment.

The quantitie of the earth.

She sayd some, thou hast behoord the beetle,
 The smallest starre fixed in the firmament.
 In drede is of a greater quantitie
 Than all the earth, after the intent
 Of wise and cunning Clarks sapient.
 What quantitie is then the earth (quod I) he saide
 That shall I shewe to thee shortly.

After the mindes of Astronomers,
 And specially the author of the sphere,
 And other diuers great Philosophers,
 The quantitie of the earth is thus
 Is fiftie thousande leagues in length,
 Seven hundred and fiftie in breadth,
 Accounting for a league miles two.

And every mile in eght stages deuide,
 Eche stage an hundred paze twenty and fwe,
 A paze fine foote, who would them right describe,
 A foote four palmes, if I can right discerne,
 A Palme, four inches, and who so would belue
 The circuit of the earth, passe round about,
 Must it consider in this wise out of doubt.

Suppose that there were no impediment,
 But that the earth without perill were playne,
 And if the person were right diligent,
 And went ech day ten legues certayne,
 He might passe round about and come agayne,
 In four yeres, sixtene weekes, and dayes two:
 Go reade the author, and thou shalt finde it so.

The deuision of the earth.

Then certainly she took me by the hand,
 And said, my sonne come on thy way to mee
 And so she let me cleerly vnderstand
 How that the earth departed was in thre,
 Into Affrike, Europe, and Asie,
 After the minds of the Cosmographers,
 That is to say, the worldes describers,
 First Asie lieth in the Orient,
 And is well more than both the other thre,
 Affrike and Europe in the Occident,
 And are deuided by a sea agayne,
 Called the Midlande sea certayne,
 Which at the straite of Gibraltor entrencheth,
 That is betweene Spayne and Barbary.

Towarde the Southwest lyeth Africa,
 And in the Northwest Europe doth stande,
 And all the East conteyned Asia.
 On this wise is deuided the firme lande.
 It were too much for me to take in hande,
 These Regions to declare in especiall,
 Yet shall I shew their names in generall.

Into many diuers famous regions
 Is deuided this part of Asia,
 Replenisht with Cities, towres and towner,
 The great Inde and Mesopotamia,
 Pentapolis, Egypt, and Siria,
 Capadocia, Seres, and Armeny,
 Babylon, Caldea, Parth and Arable,

Sidon, Iudea and Palestina,
 Persie, Scythia, Tyre and Galilee,
 Hiberia, Bactria, and Phelistina,
 Nircania, Campagna, and Samaria,
 In little Asia stands Galatia,
 Pamphilia, Cesaria and Iudea,
 Regia, Arathusa and Gedea,

Secondly we considered Africa,
 With many admirable famous regions,
 As Ethiope and Tripolitana,
 Zewages, where stands the triumphant towne,
 Of noble Carthage, that Citie of renowne,
 Garamantes, Gadabar, Libia,
 Getulia and Mauritanie,
 Fezenis, Panmedy, and Tugetaim,
 Of Affrike are the principall.

Then

Then Europe we considered playne, and of sundry
whose regions shortly rehearse I shall, and so will
Three principals I finde about them allyed, and first
whiche are Spayne, Italy and Fraunce,
whose vnder countries were much to aduantage.

Neyther Scythia, Thracia and Germania, nor the
Thulcia, Histria, and Danonia, nor yet in this
Denmarke, Gotlande, Scutland, and Ymagne, nor
Pole, Hungary, Boheme, Moravia Rethica, nor
Dutchland and many diuers more, nor yet
In foure than was deuided Italy,

Tuscaine, Etruria, Naples, and Campania, nor yet

It was subdeuided sundry other wayes, and first
As into Lombardy, Venise and other more, nor yet
Calaber, Romania and Calabria, nor yet
Greece, Epirus, and Dalmatia, nor yet
Thessaly, Attica and Illicia, nor yet
Achaia, Boetia, and Macedonia,
Archadia, Bietie, and Lacedemon.

And Fraunce we sawe deuided into three, and first
Belgica, Rethia and Aquitaine, nor yet
And subdeuided into Flaunders, Picardy, nor yet
Normandy, Gascoine, Burgonie and Britaine,
And other diuers dutcheles certayne more
The which were too long for to declare,
nor herefore of them I will speake no more.

In Spayne lieth Castell and Aragone, nor yet
Rauerne, Galice, Portingale and Granat,
Then in the famous Iles many one,
which in the Ocean sea were situate:
which

Which to discerne my wit were desolate,
 Of Cosmographie I am not expert,
 For I did neuer study in that art,
 Yet I shall some of their names declare
 As Madagascar, Sades, and Tabrobane,
 And other Iles diuers good and fayre,
 Situate in the sea Mediterranean,
 As Cypre, Candy, Cosica and Sardaigne,
 Crete, Abidos, Thors, Sicilia,
 Caplane, Colie, and many other mo

Who would at length heare the description
 Of euery Ile as well as the firme lande,
 And properties of euery nation,
 To studie and reade must take in hande,
 And the famous works well vnderstande
 Of Plinius and worthy Cholonie,
 Which were expert in Cosmographie

There shall they finde the names and properties
 Of euery Ile, and of eche region.

Then I inquired of earthly Paradise,
 Of the which Adam lost the possession,
 Then shewed he me the situation
 Of that excellent place full of delight,
 Whose properties were long for to indite

Of earthly Paradise

This Paradise of all pleasure chetore,
 Situate I saw in the Orient,
 That glorious garden of euery flower had store,
 As lussy Lillies, and Roses redolent,

Fresh

Fresh wholesome fruites indelicient,
Both herbes and trees there grow sweet greene,
Through vertue of the temperate aire serene.

The sweete wholesome Aromaticke odours,
Proceeding from the herbes Medicinall:
The heavenly helmes of fragrant flowers,
As a sight wondrous celestiall:
The perfection to the w inspeciall,
And ioyes of that region deuine,
Of mankind it exceeds the engine.

Also the height in situation,
Surmounting the mid region of the aire,
Where no maner of perturbation
Of whether may ascend or repaire,
Foure floods flowing from a fountaine faire,
As Tigris, Ganges, Euphrates, and Nile,
Which in the East do run many a myle.

The countrey closed is about full right
With walles hie of hore and burning fyre,
And straightly kept by an Angell bright,
Since the departing of Adam our grandfyr,
Who through his crime incurred gods fyre,
And of that place lost the possession,
Both from hymselfe and his succession.

When this lonely dame remembrance
All this forsaide had made me vnderstand:
I prayed hir of hir beneuolence,
To shewe to me the countrey of Scotland.
Well soone she said that shall I take in hand.

Then

Then sodenly he brought me certayne,
Euen with aboute the bradyle of Britanie,
Which standes Northwest in the Ocean sea,
And deuided is into famous regions two:
The South part England, a full rich countrey,
Scotland by North with many Isles mo.
By west England Ireland doth stand also,
Whose properties I will not take in hand
As now to lye at length, this vnderstand.

But after my simple intendiment,
And as remembraunce did to me report:
I shall declare the truth in berament,
As I best can and in teachinge short.
Wherefore effectually I you exhort,
Although my writing be not so aduantageous,
Yet where I faile excuse my ignorance.

When I had ouerseene this region,
The which of nature is both good and faire,
I did put forth a little question,
Beseeching him the same for to declare:
What is the cause our lands be so bare
(Quod I) or what moues our misery,
Of whereof doth prouide our countrey.

For through the support of our prudence,
Of Scotland I perceiue the properties,
And well consider by experiance,
Of this countrey the great commodities:
First the aboundance of Fishes in the seas,
And fruitefull mountaines for our bestiall,
And for our turnes many a lusty vale.

The

The rich rivers pleasant and profitable,
 The lusty poides of fish of sundry kindes:
 Hunting, Hawking, for nobles conuenable,
 Forrestes full of Deere, Hartes, and Hindes,
 The fresh fountaines whose wholesome strindes,
 Refresh all the faire flourishing meedes,
 That we lacke nothing that nature needes.

Of euery mettle we haue the rich Mines,
 Both Gold and Silver, of stones precious:
 And though we want hote spices and wines,
 Or other strange fruites delicious,
 We haue as good, and more needefull for vs,
 Wheat, Drink, faire cloths that may be gat abunde
 The like is not in all the happs monde.

For fairer people, nor of greater engine,
 Nor of more strength great deeds to induce.
 Wherefore I pray you that ye would define,
 The principall cause that we are so poore.
 For I maruaile greatly I you assure,
 (Considering the people and the ground)
 That riches should not in this realme abound.

My sonne (said he) by my discretion,
 I shall make answer as I vnderstand.
 I say to thee vnder confession,
 The fault is not I dare well take in hand,
 Neither in the people nor in the land,
 As for the land it lackes no other thing,
 But labour and the people governing.

Then wherein lies our misprosperitie,
 (Quod I) I pray you hartely Madam,

The fourth booke

Ye would declare to me the verities herein this ad
O: who shall beare of all our griefe the blame?
For by my truth to see I thinke great shame,
So pleasant people, and so faire a land,
And so few vertuous deeds taken in hand.

(Quod she) I shall after my iudgment,
Declare some causes in generall,
And in tearmes short shew mine intent;
And then transcend to more inspeciall:
So this is my conclusion finall,
The want of Justice, Policie, and Peace,
Are cause of all this unhappines.

It is right hard riches to increase,
Where Policie maketh no residence,
And Policie may neuer haue entres,
But where Justice doth not diligence,
To punish where there may be found offence,
And iustice may not haue domination.

What is the cause, that would I vnderstand,
That we should want Justice and Policie,
More then doth Fraunce, Italy, and England?
Madam (quod I) shew me the verities,
Since we haue lawes in this countrey,
Why want we suche as with discretion,
Should put iustice in execution?

Wherein doth stand our principall remedy?
O: who may make amends of this mischief?
(Quod she) I find the fault in the head,
For they in whome doth lie all our reliefe,

I find them ground of all our griefe: And priuie
 For when the heades are not diligent,
 The members of neede must be negligent.

So I conclude the causes principall,
 Of all the trouble of this nation,
 Are in the princes in especiall,
 The which haue the gubernation,
 And of the people domination,
 Whose continuall exercise should be,
 The execution of due iustice to see.

For when the thoughtfull shepheard doth slay & sleepe
 Taking no care in keeping his flocke,

Who will go now among such herds of sheepe

May happen to find many a robbed flocke,

Going well at large withouten hope.

Then Lynx comes and Lawrence in a hunting
 And doth without pite the fere sheepe doun bring.

But be the good shepheard true and diligent,
 Then are his flocke ruled all at right,

To his whistle all are obedient.

And if the wolfe come day or night
 Them to deuoure, then are they put to flight.

Hunted and slaine by their welltoothed dogs.

So are they sure both from the Lynx and the dogge.

So I conclude that the negligence
 Of our misfortunate heads insolent,

Is cause of all this realmes indigence,

Which in iustice had not bene diligent.

But to good counsell disobedience,

Is the cause of all this realmes indigence.

But to good counsell disobedience,

Is the cause of all this realmes indigence.

But to good counsell disobedience,

Is the cause of all this realmes indigence.

But to good counsell disobedience,

Is the cause of all this realmes indigence.

Having small eyes to the common weale
But to their singular wickedness
For when these wolves by extortion,
The poore withholden from oppresse,
Then should the princes make inquisition,
And cause the ribaldes for to cease
That riches might be better increased
But right hard it is to be obeyed
When that all the world is in the heade.

I haue maruaile to see you supplied and still far
 no home I haue seene ere this honorable I might be
 To all the world ye haue bene profitable, till now
 And well honoured in every region,
 Now happeneth now your tribulation.

Alas (quod he) thou seest howe I do stand
 with me, and how I am disherished
 Of all my grace, and must go out of Scotland
 And go before, where I was cherished,
 Remaine I heare, I am but perished
 For there are few that to me haue intent,
 That makes me go thus ragged, thin and rent.

My tender friendes are all put to the flight
 For peace is fled, againe into France,
 My sister Justice hath almost lost her light
 That she cannot holde up right the balance
 Whayne wrong is cleare, contains of ordinance
 Which utterly debarres truth and reason,
 And small remedy is found for open treason.

In the South part I was alas neare lame,
 Ouer all that land I could find no reliefes
 Almost betwene the Spars and Lowmabane
 I could not knowe a true man from a chiefe,
 To shew the theft, murder, and mischies,
 And vicious workes, it would infect the ayre,
 And lothsome it weare for me to declare.

In the hie land I could find no rest,
 But I was put in exile,
 The lull of winders would make me no less
 Among them let me repose a while,

Much like unto the our Iles and argueth
 With hift swerding, fallowes, and sheweth
 But policie in daunger of his life.

In the low land I came to seeke refuge,
 And purposed there to make my residence,
 But singular profite did me soone refuse,
 And did me great injuries and offence,
 And said to me thou hast let hie the hence,
 And in this countrey see thou take no cures,
 So long as my authority indures.

And now I make no longer beate,
 Nor I wot not to whome to make my mone:
 For I haue gone through the spiritual lye,
 Which took no compt to heare me complaine,
 Their officers had as no vnderstande,
 For many ruled all that was there,
 And couster that they did vnto me here.

Pride hath chased from them humilitie,
 Deuotion is fled from the friers:
 Sensuall pleasure hath banished chastite,
 Lordes of religion go like retailers,
 Taking more care in telling their diuertes,
 Than they do of their constitution,
 Thus are they blinded by ambition.

Our gentleness is all degenerate,
 Liberalitie and friendship both are lost,
 And cowardies with Lordses is taunted,
 And knightly courage changed into blisse,
 And small shewes of valour carry toll.

There is nought els but eche man for him selfe,
That makes me go thus banisht like an elfe.

Therefore adue I may no longer tary,
Farwell (quod I) and with S. John to barow,
But wit ye well my hart was wondrous sorry,
When common weale so wryapt was in sorow.
Yet after night comes the glad morow;
Wherefore I pray you tell tell me certaine
When that ye purpose to come agayne.

What thou requires it shall be soone described,
(Quod he) there shall no Scot haue comforting
Of me, till I see the countrey guided
By wisdom of a good olde prudent king,
Which shall delight aboue all thing
To put iustice in operation,
And for strong traitours, make provision.

Also yet I say to thee another thing,
I see right well the prouerbe is full true,
Who to the Realme that hath an ouer pong king:
With that he turnde his backe and saide adue.
ouer frith and fell right fast from me he flew,
whose departing to me was displeasand,
with that remembraunce tooke me by the hand.

Then soone me thought she brought me to the roch,
And to the caue where I began to sleepe.
With that a ship did spedly approche,
Full pleasantly sayling vpon the deepe,
which there did flake hit sailes & forth did sweepe
Toward the lande where that I lay,
But know ye well there was a wretched pray.

The fourth booke

All hir Canons she let fyre at once,
Downe fell the streamers from the top Castle,
They spared not the poudre nor the stones,
They shot their bolts, and down their ankers fell,
The Mariners loude did shoute and yell,
That out of my dreame I start right hastily,
Halfe in a faze, and went home spedely.

And lightly dined with lust and appetite.
Then after I went into an oratorie;
And tooke my pen, and there began to wyte
All the vision that I haue shewne before,
Sir of my dreame as now thou gets no more;
But I beseech God for to send vs grace,
And in this Realme let vnitie haue place.

An exhortation to the Kings grace.

SIr since that God of his preordnance
Hath graunted thee to haue the gouernaunce
Of his people, and created thee a king,
Fayle not to print in thy remembraunce,
How he wil not excuse thine ignorance,
If thou be retchles in thy governing.
Wherfore blesse thee aboue all earthly payne,
Of his lawes to keepe the obseruaunce,
If thou thinke long in royalty to raigne.

Thanke him that hath commaunded Dame Nature
To print thee of so pleasant portraiture;
Hir gifts clerely may be on thee knowne,
To Dame Fortune thou needest no procurator,
For she hath largely on thee cast hir store,
Hir gratitude since she hath on thee shewen.

Because

Bycause that thou maist heare as thou hast to do,
 Haue all thy hope in God thy creator,
 And aske him grace that thou mayst be his owne.

And then consider thy vocation,
 That for to haue the gubernation
 Of this kingdom thou art predestinate.
 Thou maist well heare by true narration,
 What sorow and what tribulation
 Hath beene, & is in this poore realme vnfortunate.
 Now comfort them that haue beene desolate,
 And of thy people haue compassion,
 Since thou by God art so preordinate.

Take manly courage and leaue insolency,
 Use counsell of noble dame prudence,
 Ground thee firmly on faith and fortitude,
 Draw to thy reuer, fastice and temperance,
 And by thy common weale haue attendaunce,
 And also I beseeke thee by Christes blood,
 Hate vicious men, and loue them that are good,
 And all batterers put thou from thy presence,
 And false report out of thy court exclude.

Do equal iustice both to great and small,
 And be example to the people all,
 Exceeding vertuous deedes honorable,
 Be not in wrath foroughe may befall,
 To make thy happy vice withon be thall,
 To all men thou shalt bee abhominable,
 Kings and knights are neuer tolerable,
 To rule people be they not liberall:
 without freewill is none honorable.

The fourth booke

And take example of the wretched ending,
 which made Midas of Thracia the mighty king,
 who to his Goddes made invocation,
 Through grecdines, that all substantiall thing
 which he should touch might turne without taryng
 To fine golde, he had his supplication,
 All that he toucht without dilation,
 Turnde into gold both meat, drinke, and clothing,
 And he died of hunger without recreation.

Also I beseeke thy maiesty serene,
 From Lechery thou keepe thy body cleane,
 Taste neuer that intoricate porson.
 From that vnhappy lust thy selfe abstayne,
 Till that thou get a lusty pleasant Queene,
 Then take thy pleasure with my benison.
 Take heede how pudent Tarquin lost his crowne
 For the inforcing of Lucrece the chaste,
 And was depriued and banisht Rome's towne.

And in despite of this Lecherous living,
 The Romaynes would be subject to no king,
 Many long yeres as stories doth recorde,
 Till Julius through vertuous gouerning,
 Freedome and manhoode wan agayne the ring,
 And was chosen Romes Emperour and Loide,
 Wherefore my soueraigne in thy minde accorde,
 That vicious life makes oft an ill ending,
 without they be through speciall grace reformed.

And if thou wilt thy fame and honour true,
 Use counsell of thy prudent Lords true,
 And see thou nought presumptuously pretende,
 Thy owne perticuler wealth for to inue.

no:ke with counsell, then shalt thou neuer rue,
 Remembying well thy friends fatal end,
 Which to good counsell would not condescend,
 Till bitter death alas did them pursue.
 From such unhap I pray God thee defende.

And finally remember thou must dye,
 And passe on this mortall sea sodenly.
 Thou art not sure of thy life two howers,
 For from that sentence there is none may flye,
 King, Queene, no: knight of low estate no: hye,
 But all men feare of bitter death the showres.
 Where are become these Popes and Emperours,
 Are they not dead: so shall it fare of thee,
 No remedy in strength, riches no: honours.

And so for conclusion, whiche bled with effusion,
 Make your provision, } with scorne and derision,
 To get the infusion, } And died with confusion.
 Of his hye grace, } To confirme our peace.

The bewayling of the death of

Queene Magdalen.

Cruell death to great is thy puissance,
Denourer of all earthly living things:
 Adam we may thee blame of this mischaunce
 Thy default this cruell tyrannie brings,
 which spares neither Emperour nor kings:
 And now alas hath rest foorth of this lande,
 The flower of Fraunce, & comfort of Scotland.

Father Adam alas that thou abused
 Thy free will, beeing disobedient,

Thou

Thou chosedst death, and lasting life refused;
Thy succession alas may well repent,
That thou hast made mankinde so impotent
That he may make to death no resistance,
Example our Queene, the flower of France.

O dreadfull dragon with thy dolefull dart,
Which did not spare of womankinde the flower,
But cruelly didst pierce hir through the hart,
And would not giue hir respite for an houre,
To remayne with hir Prince and paramoure:
That she at leysure might haue had licence,
Scotland may cry on thee a loud vengeance.

Thou sufferedst Iherusalem to liue nine hundred
And threescore and nine, but in thy furious rage,
Thou didst deuoure this yong Princes about peere
Of she was complete seuentene yeere of age.
Greedy Gouernan why didst thou not assuage
Thy furious rage against that lusty Queene,
Till we some fruite had of hir body seene?

O dame nature thou didst no diligence
Against this theefe which al the world consumes,
Hadt thou with naturall targets made defence,
That briber had not come within our bondes,
She had beene saued from such mortall bondes
This many a yeere, but where was thy discretion
That lettedst hir passe ere we had seene successions?

O Venus with thine owne sonne Cupido,
Spe on you both that made no resistance,
Within your court ye neuer had such two,
So true louers without dissimulation.

As James the first, and Magdalen of Fraunce,
 Described both of bloud imperiall,
 To whome in loue I finde no paragell,

Leander swamme through the raging flood,
 To his faire Lady Hero many nights:
 So did this Prince through burling streames,
 With Carles, Barons, Squires, & with knights,
 Against Neptune, and Colus strong mights,
 And left this realme in great desperaunce,
 To seeke his loue the first daughter of Fraunce.

And the like prudent Queene Penelope,
 Full constantly would change him for no other:
 But for his pleasure left his owne countrey,
 Without regard of father or mother.
 Taking no care of sister nor of brother:
 But shortly tooke his leaue and left them all,
 For loue of him to whome loue made him thall.

O Dame Fortune where wast thy great comfort,
 To him to whome thou wast so fauourable,
 Thy flyding giftes made him no support,
 Nor his hye linage nor riches but speakeable.
 I see thy puissance is but variable,
 Seeing his father the most hye Christened King,
 To his deare childe might make no supporting.

The potent Prince his lusty loue and knight,
 With his most hardy nobles of Scotland
 Against that woofull wyber had no might.
 Though all the men had beene at his commaund,
 Of Fraunce, Flaunders, Italy, and England,
 With fifty thousand Million of treasure,
 He might not prolong the Ladies life an houre.

O Paris of all Cities principall, which did receiue our Prince with laud & glory,
Solemnly with Arkes triumphall,
Which day is worthy to put in memory.

For as Pompey after his victory
Was into Rome receiued with great ioy,
So thou receiued our right redoubted Roy.

And at his Marriage made vpon the morne,
Suche solace and solemnization
Was neuer before since Christ was borne,
Nor to Scotlande suche consolation.

There sealed was the confirmation
Of the well kept auncient alliance,
Betwixt Scotland and the realm of France.

I neuer did see day more glorious,
So many in so riche abilliments
Of silke and golde with stones precious,
Suche banketing, suche sound of instruments,
With song and daunce, and martiall ornaments,
But like a storme after a pleasant morow,
Soone was our solace chaunged into sorow.

A traytrous death, to whom none may countermaide,
Thou might haue seen the preparation
Made by the three estates of Scotlande,
With great comfort and consolation.

In euery citie, castie, towne and towne,
And how eche noble set his whole intent
To excell others in abilliment.

These, sawest thou not the great preparatiues
Of Edenbrough to the noble famous towne,

Thou

Thou sawest the people labouring for their lives
 To make triumph with trumpe and clarion,
 Such pleasure was neuer in this region,
 As should haue bene the day of hir entrance,
 With great gifts hir noble grace to aduance.

Thou madest a right costly scaffolding,
 Depeynted well with golde and asure fine,
 Ready prepared for the vsitting,
 Flowing with water cleare and wine.
 Disguised folkes like creatures deuine,
 Were on that scaffold to play a certaine story,
 But all to mourning thou turnedst that glory.

Thou beheldest many a lusty fresh galland,
 Well ordered for receiuing of that Queene,
 Eche craftsman with bent bow in his hand;
 Full gallantly in short clothing of Greene,
 The honest burges clad thou shouldest haue seene
 Some in scarlet, and some in cloth of graine,
 For to haue met their Lady soueraigne.

The Proud, Baillifs, and Lords of the towne,
 The Senators in order consequent,
 Clad in silke of purple, blacke and browne,
 And the great Lords of the Parliament,
 With many knights and barons went
 In silke and golde, and colour comfortable.
 But thou alas hast turned all to Sable.

Also all the Lordes of religion,
 And Princes of the Priests venerable,
 Full pleasantly in their procession,
 With all the cunning Clarkes honorable,

Came forth, but spitefully thou tyrant unreasonable,
All their great solace and solemnities,
Didst turne into dolefull dirges.

Then next in order passing through the towne,
Thou shouldest haue had þe noyse of instruments,
Of tabor triumphant, shalme and clarion,
With noyse redounding through the Elements.
The Heraulds with their royall bestiments,
With maces in either of their handes,
To rule the pree with burnisht siluer wandes.

And last of all were in order triumphall,
The most renowned Princes honorable,
And with them the lusty ladies of Scotland all,
Which should haue bene a sight most delectable,
Their raiment to rehearse I am not able.
Of gold and perle and precious stones bright,
Twinkling like starres in a frosty night.

Under a canap of gold she should haue past,
By Burgeses borne clothed in silkes fine:
The great master of household at the last,
With him in order all the kings trayne,
Whose ordinance were glorious to define.
On this maner she passing through the towne,
Should haue receiaued mane a benison.

Of virgins and of lusty Burges wifes,
Which should haue bene a sight celestiall,
Viue la Royna, crying for their liues,
With an armonious sound angelicall,
In every corner minthes musically.

But thou tyrant in whome is found no grace,
Our Alleloys hast turned into alas.

Thou shouldest haue had the ornat oratours,
Making to hir highnes salutation,
Both of the Clergy, to wome and Counsellers,
With many a notable narration,
Thou shouldest haue seene hir coronation,
In the faire Abbay of the holy Roode,
In presence of a myrthfull multitude.

Suche bancketing, such cherefull ornaments,
On horse and foote that tyme should haue beneyd on
Such to all cheere with such instruments,
And crafty musicke singing from the splene in Cune
But all this great solennitie and game,
Turned thou hast into Requiem exequam.

Inconstant world thy friendship I defie,
Since strength, nor wisdom, riches no honour,
Vertue nor beauty, none can certifie,
Within thy bondes to remaine one houre.
What availeth to the King and Emperour,
Since princely puissance may not be releast,
Nor senators in order consequent
From death, whose doloure can not be exprest.

Since man in earth hath no place permanent,
But all must passe by that horrible port,
Let vs pray to the Lorde omnipotent,
That dolefull day to be our great comfort,
That in his Realme we may with him resort,

which

which from hel with his blood ransomed be,
with Magdalene sometime of Scotland Queene

O death though thou may deliuer the body
Of euery man, yet hast thou no puissance
Of their vertue to consume the glory,
As shall be seene of Magdalene of France,
Whome quickly our Poets shall aduance,
And put hir in perpetuall memory,
So shall hir fame ouer thee haue victory.

Though thou haue slaine the heavenly Rose of
which likened was to the thistle here,
wherein all Scotland set their whole pleasure,
And made the Lion reioyced from the spleene,
Though roote be pulled from the leeuys greene,
The smell of it shall in despite of thee,
keepe these two Realmes in peace and amitie.

The complaynt and publique confession
of the Kings olde Hounde called *Barry*, directed to
Barry the Kings best beloued Dog, and his com-
panions: made at the commaundement of
King James the sixth, by Syr David Lind-
say of the Mount, knight, alias, Lion,

King of Armes &c.
As, to whome should I complaine,
In my extreame necessitie,
Unto whome declare my payne,
In Court no dogge will do for me.

Delee

Beseeching some for charitie,
 To beare my supplication
 To scudlar, Luffra, and Bawty,
 Now ere the king forth of towne be gone.

The Court I long haue followed so,
 Till in good faith no more I may,
 The countrey knoweth I cannot go,
 I am crooked, old, and sore in decay,
 That I wot not whither to take my way.
 For when I had authoutie,
 I thought my credite still would stay,
 I neuer dread necessitie.

I re'w the race that Geordie Stell
 Brought Bawtie to the kinges preasence,
 I pray God let him neuer do weill,
 Since that, I gat no audience
 For Bawtie now getteth such credence
 That he lieth on the kings night gowne furre,
 Where I perforce for mine offence
 May in the fieldes lie like a cur.

For I haue been ay to this house,
 Of lambe and hogge a weerier,
 A Tyrant and a ruffe-dog,
 Of many a dog a murtherer,
 Fine coltes through the thornes I made to scour,
 Wherefore their damnes did me weerie,
 For they were drownded all in on mire,
 Aske of John Gordon of Pittarie.

which in his house did bring me by,
 And bled me to slay the deere.

Sweete milke, and meale he made me sup,
That craft I toke soonc to lay cheere,
All other vertue ranne erreere,
When I began to barke and sitte:
For there was neither Monke nor frier,
Nor wife, nor childe, but I would bite.

When to the king the case was knowne
Of mine unhappie hardinesse:
And all the truth vnto him showane,
How euery Dog I did oppresse:
Then gaue his grate commaund expresse,
I should be brought to his presence.
Notwithstanding my wickednesse:
In court I gat great audience.

I shewed my great ingratitude
To the Captaine of Badgers,
Which in his house did finde me foode:
Two yere with other hounds mo,
But when I sawe that it was so
That I grew hie into the court,
For his reward I wrought him wo,
And cruelly I did him hurt.

So they that gaue me to the king,
I was their mortall enemy:
I tooke care of no kinde of thing,
But to please the kings merye:
But when he knewe my cruelty,
My falshood, and my plaine oppression,
He gaue commaund that I should be
Hanged without confession.

And yet, because that I was olde,
 His grace thought pity for to hang mee,
 But let me wander where I would.
 Then sat my foes to fang me,
 And euery butchers dog downe dang me,
 When I hoped most a Lord to be;
 Then in the Court eche wight did wong me,
 This I obtained for my remedy.

I had weeried blacke Hakesonne,
 But knaues came vs a fumbie to part and red;
 Howbeit he was banished out of the towne,
 After the king saw how I bled;
 He caused me be laid vpon a bed,
 For with a knife I was mischeued;
 This Hakesonne for feare he fled
 A long time, or he was releued.

And Watlike Struiling in Regille,
 I bare him backward to the ground;
 And had him flaine within a while,
 Were not the helping of one hound;
 Pet gat he many a bloudie wound;
 As yet his marked skin can testifie;
 Find me a dog where euer ye found,
 Hath blounded so many hirtes as I.

Good brother Lanceman, Lindesairs dog,
 Which aie hath kept thy loyall duetie,
 And neuer weeried lambe nor hog;
 Pray Luffray, Scodlar, and Sawty,
 Of me Baghe to haue pitie,
 And prouide me a portion,
 In Dumfermeling, where I may enioyne mee
 Venance for mine extortion.

Let there be made by solicitation,
A letter from the kings grace,
That I may haue collation
With fire and candle in the place.
But I will liue short time alas,
If flesh for my gummes I want fresh and good:
Betwixt Alshwednesday and Pascoe,
I may weerie lambes and sucke thir blond.

Sawtie, consider well this bill,
And read this sCHEDULE that I send you,
And euery poynt thereof fulfill,
And now in time of misse amend you,
I pray you that you not pretend you
To climbe ouer hie, nor any wrong to do,
But from your foes with right defend you,
And take example how I go.

I was, that no man durst come neare me,
Nor put me forth of my lodging,
No Dog durst from my dinner dyue me,
When I was tender with the King,
Now euery Dog doth me downe bring,
The which before were wronged by me:
And sweares I am fit for none other thing,
But in an haulte hanged to be.

FINIS.

Imprinted at London by Thomas Pur-

toote, dwelling in Newgate Market within

the New Rannet of olden Tyme

For the first time printed

in the year of our Lord 1600

1600

